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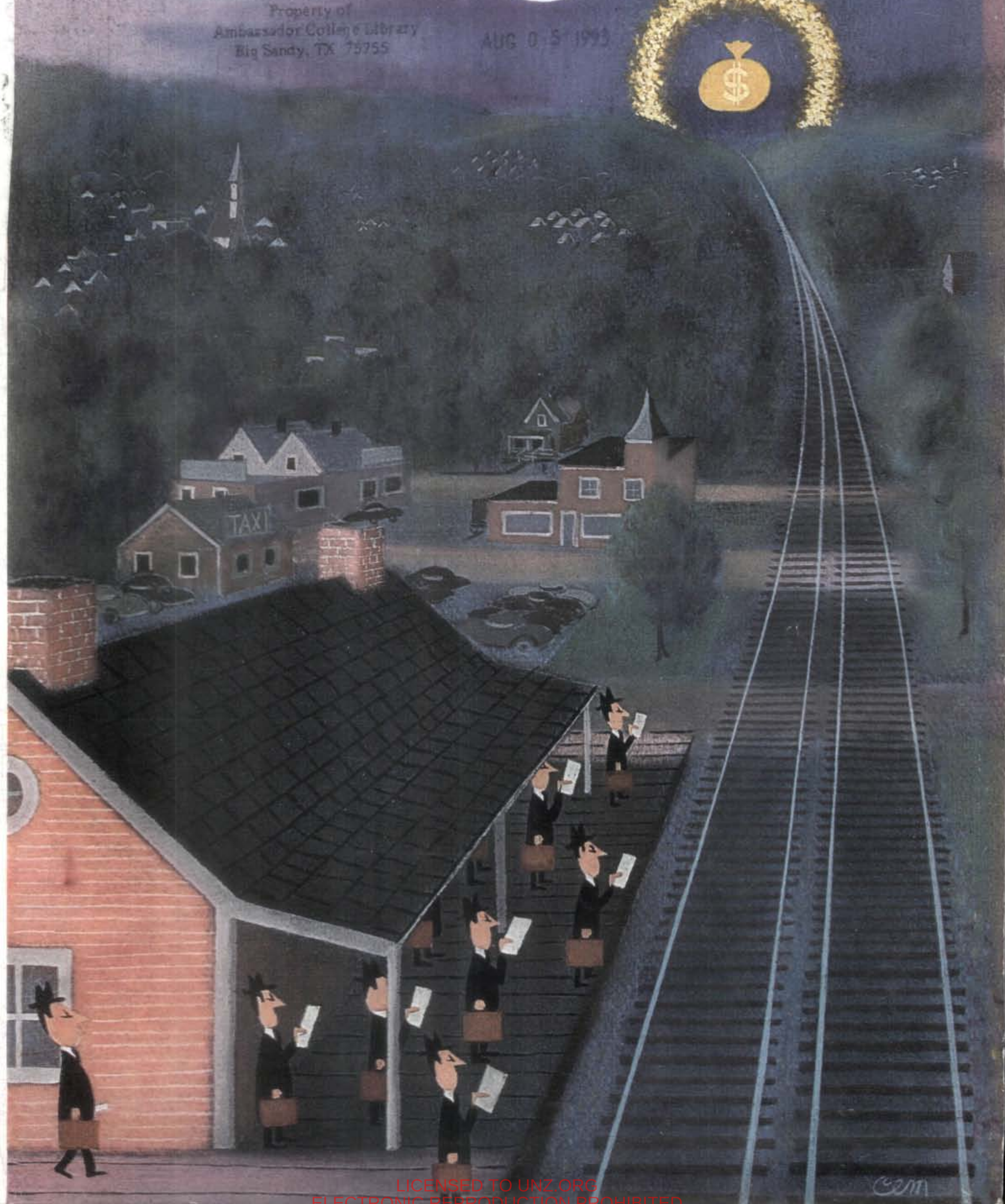

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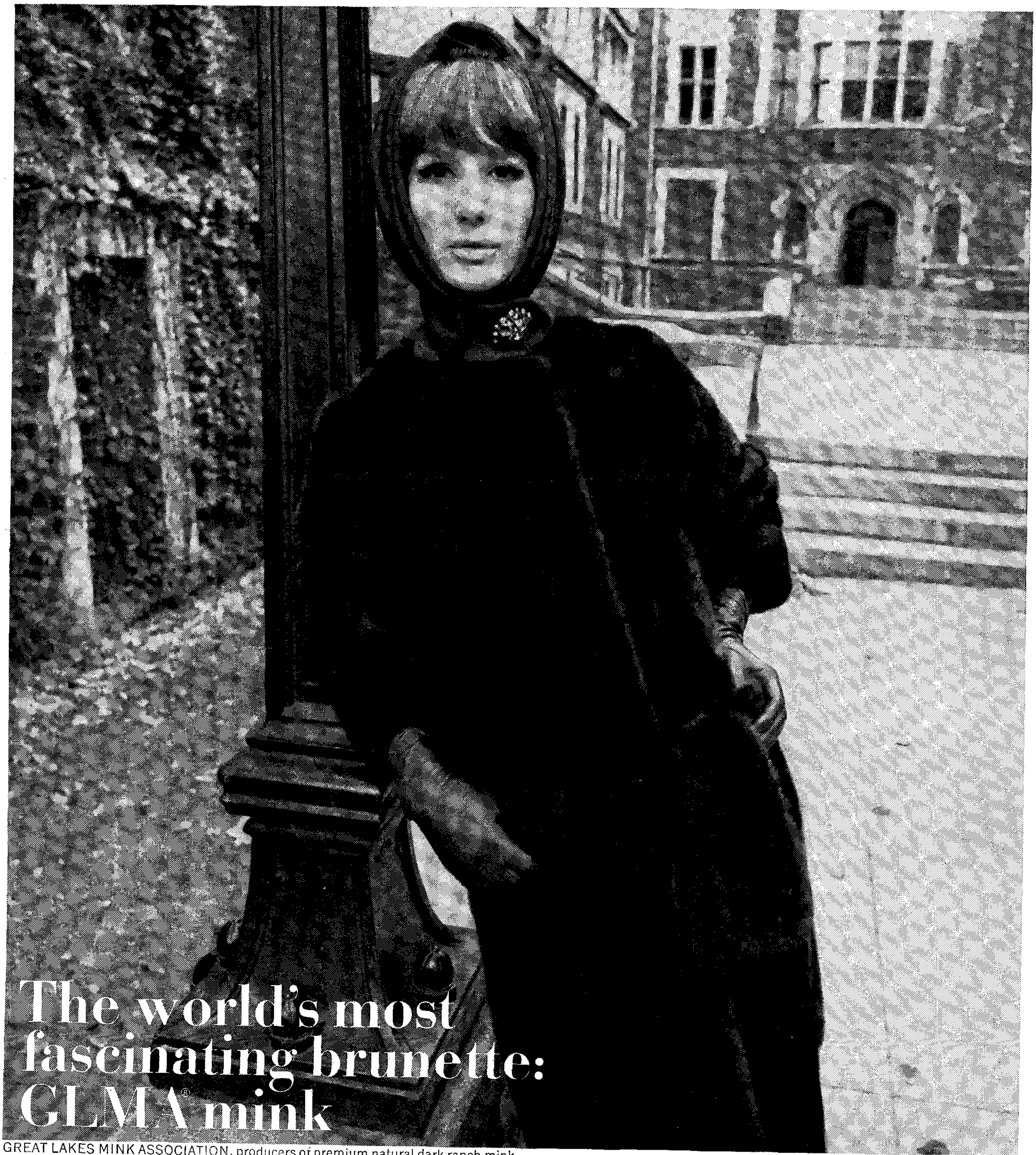
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Written by Frank D. Gilroy, the play concerns itself with the return of a Second World War soldier to his native haunt, where his father and mother are constantly bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames Theatre, formerly the Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 20. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—barefoot in the park: An account of the troubles a young couple have in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Committee—A San Francisco comedy-revue with a cast of eight, including Scott Beach and Irene Riordan. Directed by Alan Myerson and presented by Arthur Cantor. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

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Wiener Blut—Johann Strauss's operetta, performed by a Viennese company of sixty-five. Presented by the Greek Theatre Association (James A. Doolittle), in association with Felix G. Gerstman, for a three-week engagement. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—how to succeed in business without really trying: The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Traveller Without Luggage—Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock in Jean Anouilh's play, translated by Lucienne Hill. Directed by Robert Lewis and produced by Carroll and Harris Masterson and Norman Twain, in association with ANTA. Opens Thursday, Sept. 17. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Girl Could Get Lucky—Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle in a two-character comedy written and staged by Don Appell. Presented by Gerard Oestreicher and Laurence Feldman. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 19. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 20. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Absence of a Cello—A comedy by Ira Wallach, with Fred Clark, Ruth White, and Murray Hamilton. The director is James Hammerstein, and the producers are Michael Ellis and Jeff Britton. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 19. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 21. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A musical starring Zero Mostel, with a book by Joseph Stein (based on Sholom Aleichem's stories), music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Harold Prince is the producer, Jerome Robbins the director. Previews through Monday, Sept. 21. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 22. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—Antonio and the Ballets de Madrid (a company of seventy-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra), in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 27.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 31, September 19, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

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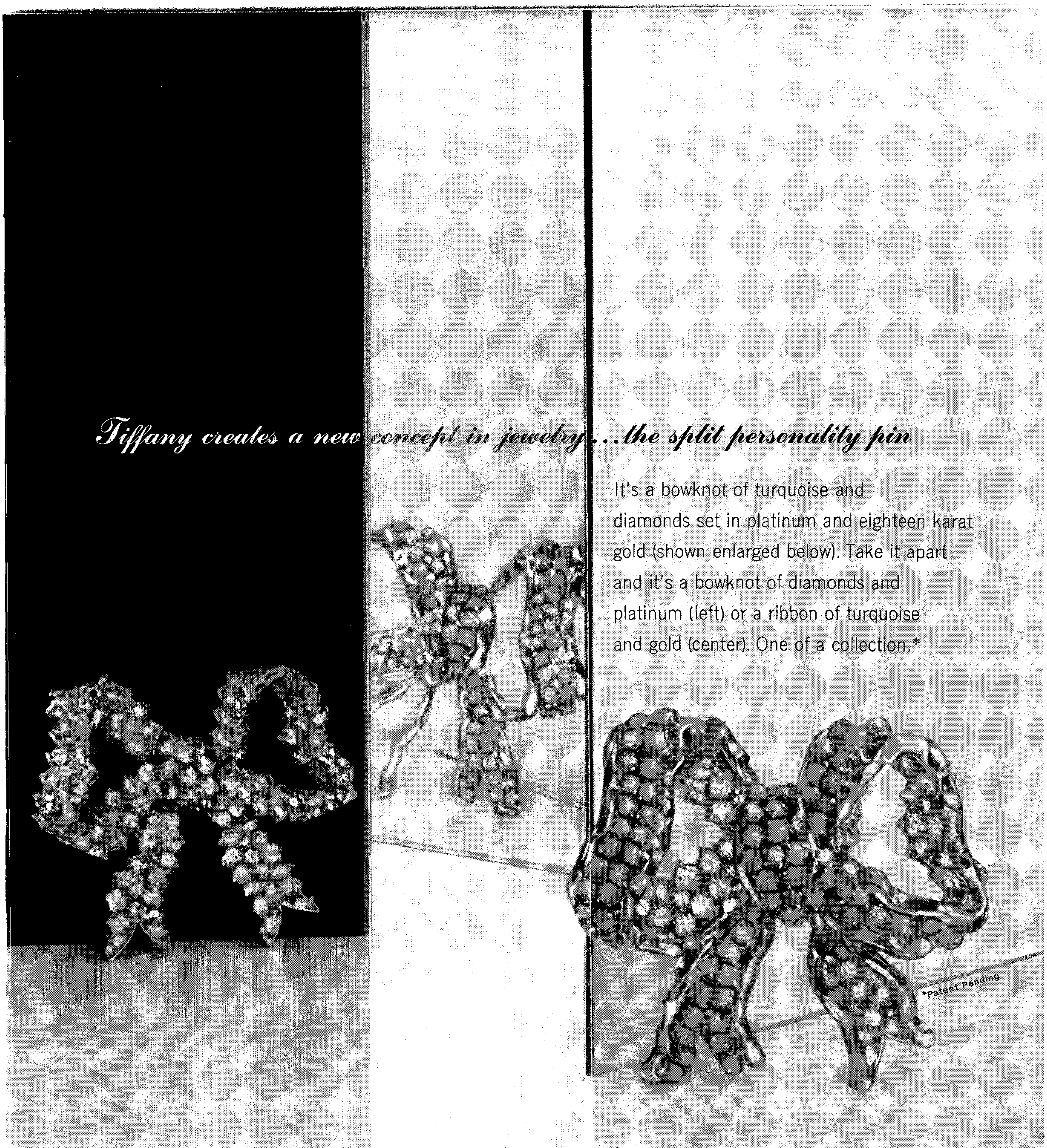

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Patrice Munsel, Bob Wright, and Mischa Auer, is the second of two productions by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 19.)

The Alchemist—John Heffernan in the Ben Jonson comedy. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Showcase Theatre—Through Saturday, Sept. 19: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Sept. 25: "Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Reopens Thursday, Sept. 17. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 8—Tuesday, Sept. 22: "Raymonda Variations," "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 23: "Scotch Symphony," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "Bugaku," "Episodes," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—"Raymonda": Thursday, Sept. 17, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 21-22, all at 8. . . . ¶ Gala Program ("Bayaderka," the American première of "A Distant Planet," "The Nutcracker Waltz and Pas de Deux," "The Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor"): Friday, Sept. 18, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30; and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Swan Lake": Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Cinderella": Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty": Friday, Sept. 25, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2:30. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-3275.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ice Show—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Ice Capades." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 8; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday at 1 and 5. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin, who can persuade one that he is built entirely out of patent leather, is in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The songs he sings are made of the same stuff. The best of the dance music comes from the trio of Arturo Arturos. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre-in-the-round expressly designed for talented (and perhaps a few untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler waves a reasonably magic wand at a fiddle. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a plaza with Roman antecedents, reopens for business—dancing from eight to one every night but Sunday and Monday—on Friday, Sept. 18. I Cavalieri di Roma will supply music that can be danced to by Americans but that never loses its Roman stripe.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band provides the dance music. Yvette Souviron, who carols as she strokes a keyboard, is the rest of the music; Mondays are her vacations.

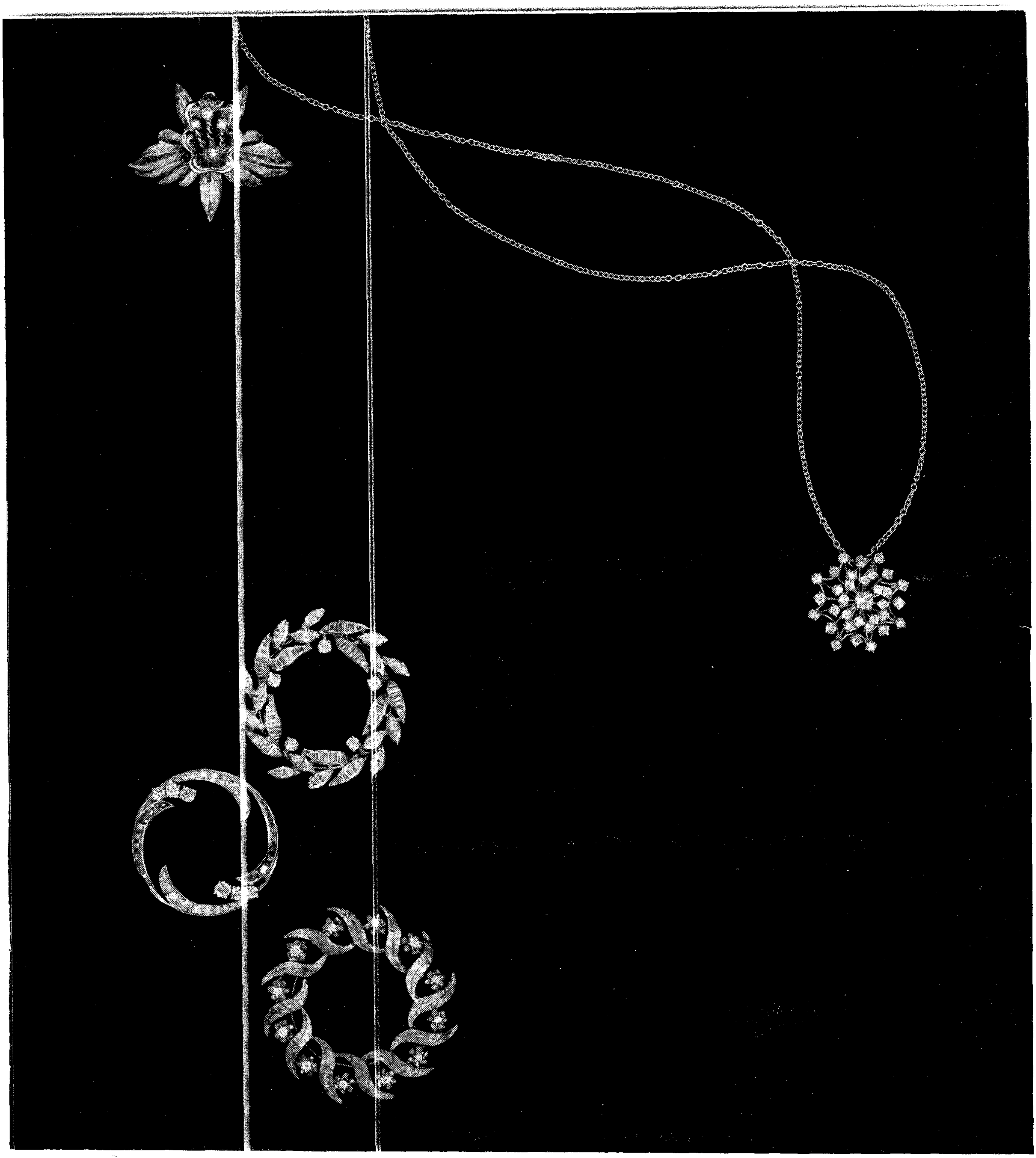
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, the first spectacular of the new night-life season, must be seen to be believed, for her dinner and supper concerts in the Persian Room really bristle with bravura. Emil Coleman's big, sturdy band and Mark Monte's gadflies play around the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs cut classes every Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On Wednesday, Sept. 23, Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's superlative Latins blow their last alpenhorns on the peaks of this lofty playground. Then, on Saturday, Sept. 26, the Quinteros descend to earth to help Peter Duchin's orchestra reopen the Maisonette. Across the hall from it, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, resumes activities, such as dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano, the same evening. Both of these establishments will be shut Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—You'll know where the wild thyme grows when you watch our gilded youth revel on the dance floor, almost at risk of life and beautiful limb. The setting purports to be the house that Somerset Maugham built in the Cairo of another day. The music, created by machinery, not mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Outdoor sports, boy and girl, take the floor from around eight until a fair piece past midnight every evening underneath the same stars they use in Heaven. Ted Auletta's band, which gets a summery sound out of its harp and its flute, trades places hour after hour with a flight of Latinos. An indoor rink is ready in case of rain.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room comes to life on Friday, Sept. 18, to let Gordon and Sheila MacRae start horsing around again. The materials with which they work are the mak-



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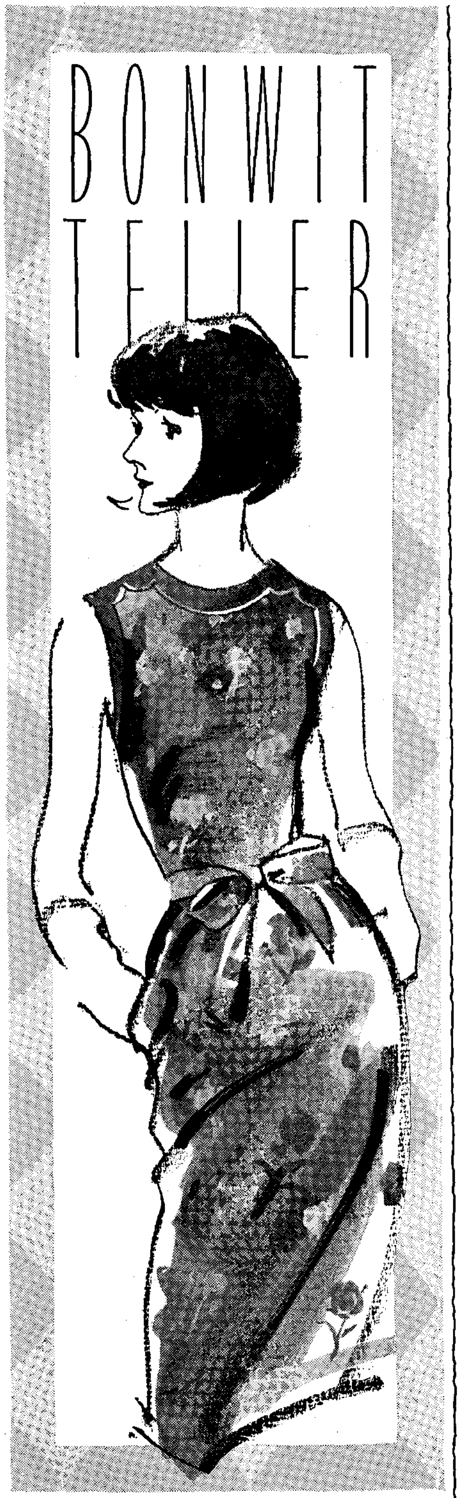

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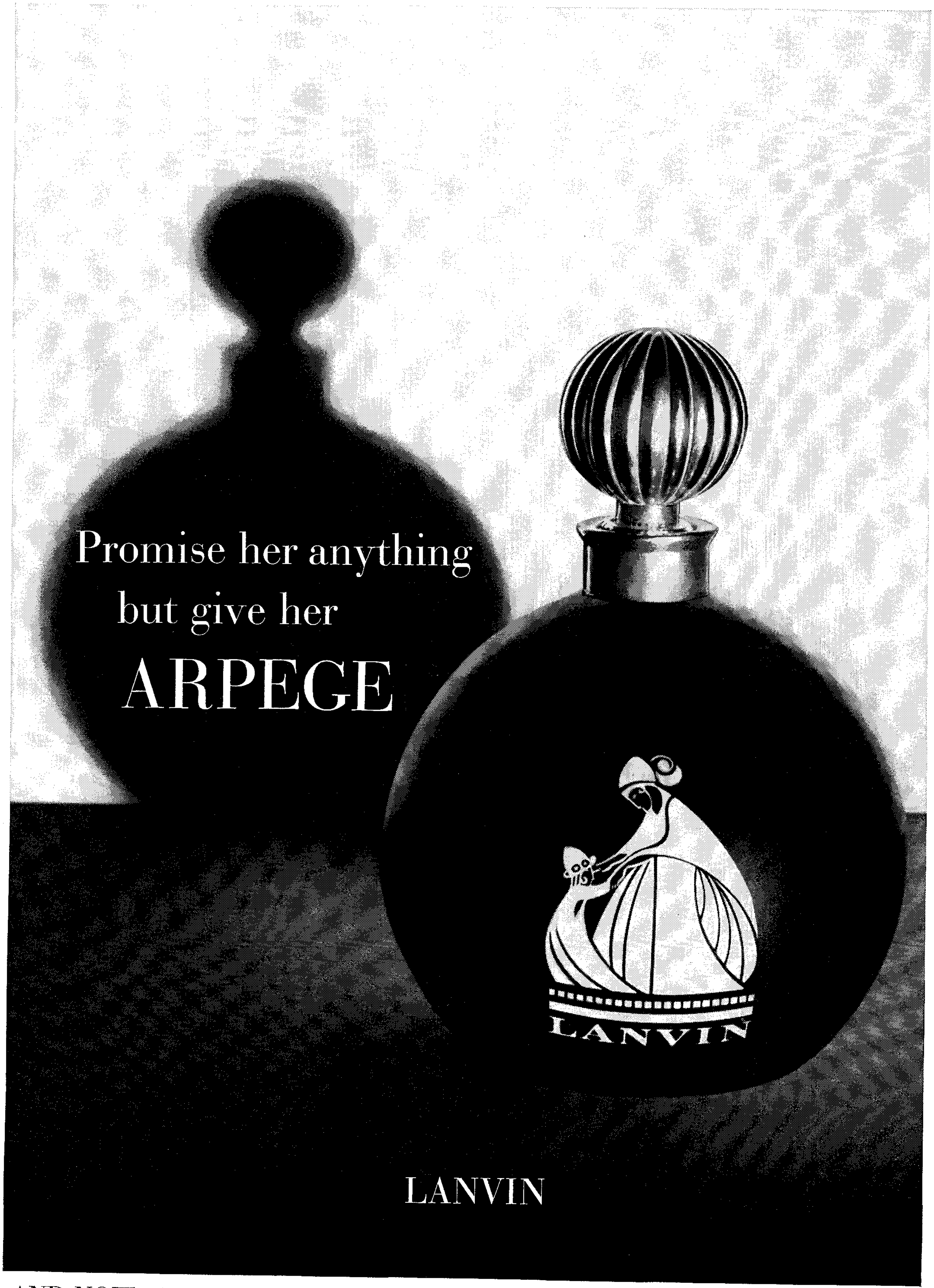
NOTE—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor—a hundred and fifty feet long—is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist has been ruled off this course.) The music, both Latin and local, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. Floor shows, too, Tuesdays at eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music are sometimes from Italy, sometimes from Broadway. Right now, they should be coming from "Kiss Me, Kate." Dancing Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.... **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, is applying supercharger technique to both piano and lyrics in a scene taken from a terribly fashionable spa—quite possibly this summer at Marienbad. He checks in at ten-thirty, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem—love—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, which up to now have been held only Fridays and Saturdays, will go on a daily-except-Sunday schedule as of Monday, Sept. 21. They begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Addison Bailey treats his piano with dignity and decorum. His last night is Saturday, Sept. 19. On Monday, Sept. 21, Cy Walter returns to the throne he has occupied, off and on, these many years. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The trappings of this medieval banqueting hall most certainly represent all of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Mobile Violinists, glides with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Every night, three of the office workers play jazz, new school.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays.... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion, and betweentimes a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Continuous and contented piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays. ... **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. From seven to nine, Daphne Hellman looks picturesque and sounds chamber-music as she plys her harp. Saturdays, Joyce Rosenfield is her alter ego.... **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A small but vocal set of pedestrians, guitars in hand, make one circuit after another of a plaza in which the dining, like the music, has more than a touch of Latin America. The circuit riders function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers, from wherever Spanish is spoken. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The music in this counting-house parlor is strawberry jam, which comes from the piano of George Feyer. He is on duty from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Time and tide operate on the Roman calendar, and the tide bears along a set of violinists who seem never to want to go home.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers'



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, a full-throated Cuban parakeet, rules this roost with a great deal of dashing song, practically all of it Spanish. She sets to at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, and dance music, also Spanish in tenor, occurs right along—and from two to seven, as well, on Sunday afternoons.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When the roll is called up yonder, it will be answered by Edlee, Darlene, Judi, Tanna, Barbera, Uli, and the rest of the Latin Quarter girls with the wonderful names and wonderful figures. On earth, their companions are the players of the Xavier Cugat band, which is surrounded by all sorts of accoutrements, among them Betty George, a singer so hourglass as to be almost fourth dimensional. The Cugats and Miss G. depart on Tuesday, Sept. 22, and so does Rico, a magician whose hand is very sleight. The Wassans, a swatch of acrobats who jump to death-defying conclusions, stay on. Next evening, Sophie Tucker and her sonic boom arrive. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Frances Faye can convert any ballad into a compound fracture. She desists from this contumacious but comic sport on Saturday, Sept. 19. The quartet of Wild Bill Davis is the rest of the amusement. On Monday, Sept. 21, another troupe will take their place. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis likes a fast track, and an inside one, and it is possible that some of us can follow his ranging wit only with the aid of—well, a trot. The carolling is done by Helen O'Connell, of whom we hear little these nights. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Bits and Pieces," the next-to-be-printed volume of Julius Monk's compendium of prank and persiflage, commences its preliminary run-throughs on Thursday, Sept. 24. Among the cast of six are Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, all experienced members of the Monk repertory theatre. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Inexhaustible cheer, augmented by a very busy assortment of Latins intent upon a hoof-and-mouth floor show. They appear at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A journeyman concept of life on the Danube, with such outriggers as a Japanese soprano and (praise be) a Parisian minx, Yvonne Constant, who is completely slapdash, completely amusing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A new miniature revue, "The Game Is Up," is planning to start a series of previews on Tuesday, Sept. 22. Since the cast includes Marian Mercer, R. G. Brown, Richard Blair, and Carol Morley, it should be at least up to professional standards. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thelonious Monk, who often suggests in mien and gesture that he is not sure what will come next out of his suggestible piano, heads a quartet. Roland Hanna's duo fills in any chinks in the program. Mr. Hanna et al. also attend the Sunday matinées, which start at four-thirty; Mr. Monk has other plans for such afternoons. All quiet Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120):

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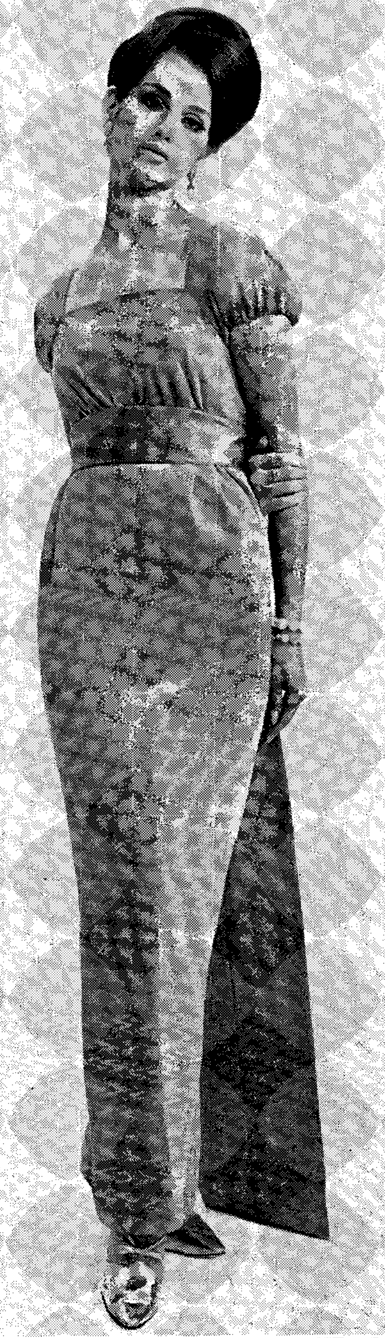

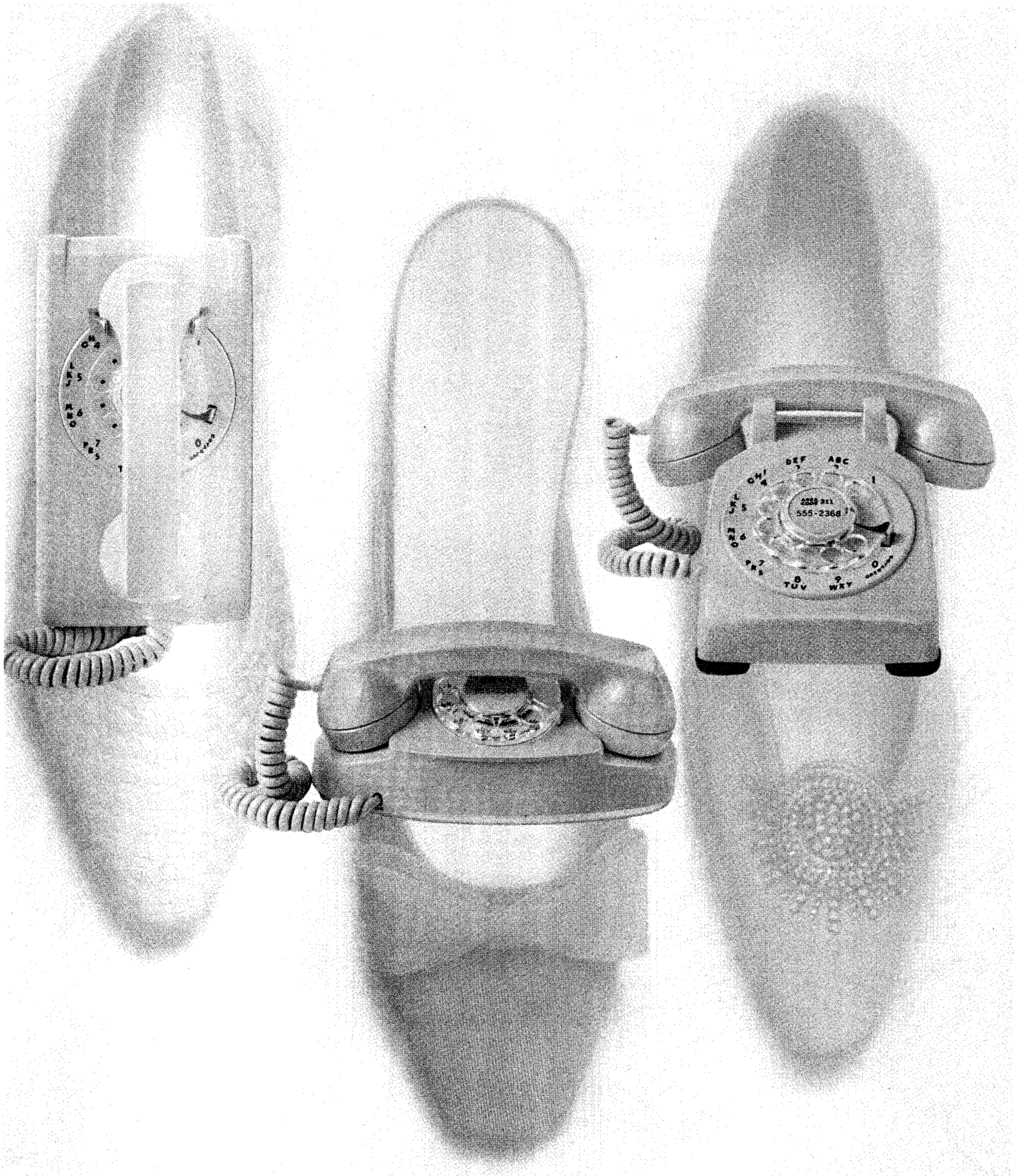

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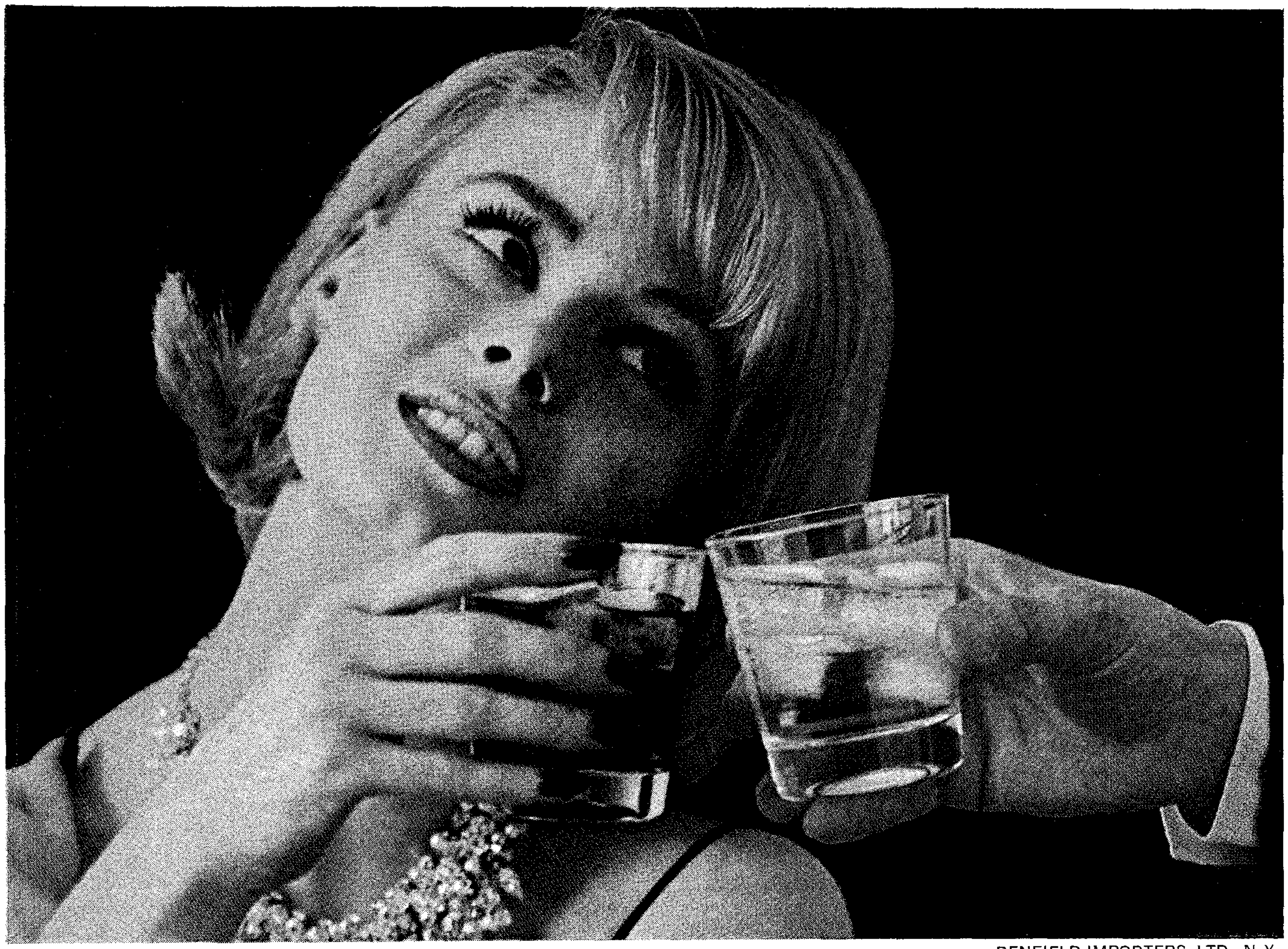

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Miriam Makeba, so luminous that she shines like a good deed (which she indeed is) in any world, shines with particular luminosity in the world of folk music. Mondays are assigned to visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Among the laborers on this coffee plantation are the squadron called Jim, Jake & Joan, who are young, personable, and full of disrespect. They take leave on Monday, Sept. 21, and so do the half-dozen Bitter End Singers, the current crew of folksters. New minstrels are expected on Wednesday, Sept. 23. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then the slightly self-conscious Dukes of Dixieland and Red Allen's firebrands take over. On Monday, Sept. 21, the Dukes will give way to Gene Krupa's slambangers. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Lloyd Price's sizable band moves out on Sunday, Sept. 20; Sonny Rollins and quartet move in on Tuesday, Sept. 22, and that is always a good move. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Bobby Brookmeyer-Clark Terry quintet winds up its affairs on Thursday, Sept. 24; another group will report at this temple of free-form music next evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, bravely keeps on trying. Five sidemen assist him in his staggering projects, which are on exhibit every night but Sunday and Monday. Mondays a quartet headed by David Amram works out. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing piano, indulges herself in many a flight of fancy. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, is also imbued with self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti are the administrators. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The new name for the Red Garter, a music g[illegible]nd whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Bill Evans feels deeply about every note he coaxes out of his piano, and he must be studied with care. His threesome works out nightly except Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko keeps changing the cast of his steeped-in-tradition band, but it is plausible that among his current crop of assistants you will find Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leemans. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON CHARLES—Semi-abstract paintings, through Oct. 3. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—Prints, drawings,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and one painting, on Biblical and allegorical themes, by this German artist; through Oct. 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Galantière—Abstractions by a California artist; through Oct. 10. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr.—Linoleum-block prints; through Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Kinematic art; through Saturday, Sept. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliqué banners; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Osborne, 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Sumers—Oils; through Oct. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Enrico Baj, Suzi Gablik, Jack Levine, Marcia Marcus, Nathan Oliveira, and Oliver Andrews; through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . BANFER, 23 E. 67th St.: Theodore Roszak, Dimitri Hadzi, and Robert Mallary are several of the sculptors participating in an exhibit of drawings; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '64-'65" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, including Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi, and Sidney Gordin; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Twentieth-century drawings by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and Max Weber; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of oils and watercolors by a hundred and twenty artist-members, among them Robert Brackman, William R. Leigh, and Robert Philipp; through Oct. 22. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Thon, Raimondo Puccinelli, and other painters and sculptors; through Oct. 3. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: The annual Art Faculty exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Julian Levi, Chaim Gross, and Clare Romano; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for example) Rosemarie Beck, Reginald Pollack, and Morris Brose; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Watercolors by John Marin, Charles Burchfield, Joseph Stella, and others; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the KOOTZ, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Painters and sculptors, including James Brooks, Ibram Lassaw, and Zao Wou-ki; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Calder, and others; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Klee, and Daniel Brustlein (to mention a few); through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting and sculpture show; through Friday, Sept. 25. (Closed Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Friday, Sept. 25. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . FEIGEN, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and constructions by (for instance) van Gogh, Braque, and Dubuffet; through Saturday, Sept. 26.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The portrait by James McNeill Whistler popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on

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loan from the Louvre, is being shown in the Great Hall; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Contemporary Painters and Sculptors As Printmakers," a survey of works made since 1950 in all graphic mediums by a hundred artists; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Will Barnet, Seong Moy, and Louis Schanker are three of the artists represented in a display of contemporary American woodcuts; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sunday, Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Drawings done within the past twenty years by American artists, including Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Tobey; through Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Wednesday, Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459.)

RECITALS

Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky—Violin and cello, in the first two in a series of three concerts. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 7: With Leonard Pennario, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 7: With Jacob Lateiner, piano; Israel Baker, violin; and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

Peter, Paul & Mary—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.)

Uta Graf—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

Chad Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Beatles—In a benefit performance. (Paramount Theatre, Broadway at 43rd St. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 7-7500.)

Ireland on Parade—A company of more than a hundred, including the Irish Police Band, pipers, singers, dancers, and drummers. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 23-25, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 2.)

Jazz Concert—Harry James and his orchestra, Nina Simone's quartet, Buddy Rich, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 1:30. . . . **Shea Stadium**: Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 25, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2.

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College Football—**SATURDAY SEPT. 19:** Army vs. Citadel, at West Point, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 26:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 25, at 8:35.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Briar Hall Golf and Country Club, Briarcliff, N.Y. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 23-25.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 19.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19, and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

Yachting—America's Cup races continue at least through Friday, Sept. 18.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "Hands Over the City" (Italy). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 9:15: "Salvatore Giuliano" (Italy). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "Une Femme Est une Femme" (France-Italy). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 9:15: "Band of Outsiders" (France). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "Nothing but a Man" (United States). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 9:15: "Lilith" (United States). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 3: "The Taira Clan" (Japan). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "The Brig" (United States). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 9:15: "Passenger" (Poland). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 21, at 6:30: "L'Age d'Or" (France). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 21, at 9:15: "Diary of a Chambermaid" (France). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 6:30: "Enjo" (Japan). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 9:15: "To Love" (Sweden). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 6:30: "Alone on the Pacific" (Japan). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 9:15: "King and Country" (Great Britain). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 6:30: "Inside Out" (France). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 9:15: "Before the Revolution" (Italy). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 6:30: "She and He" (Japan). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 9:15: "Cyrano and d'Artagnan" (France-Italy). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Ça Ira" (Italy). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 9:15: "Mahanagar" (India).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, belonging to Michael Gottlieb and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 1:45: Autographs, manuscripts, newspapers, broadsides, and sheet music, many of Civil War vintage; from the estate of Phillip H. Ward, Jr., and from other sources.

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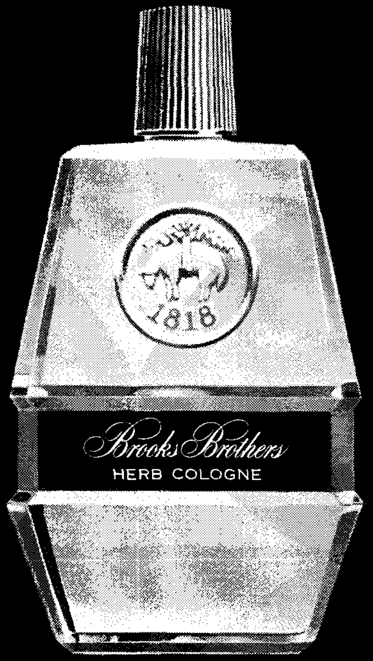

In keeping with the rapidly growing interest in good grooming aids for men . . . and our tradition of offering outstanding, exclusive products . . . we have spent over a year developing what we believe are the finest men's colognes and after shave lotions available. The specially created scents—handsomely packaged—are subtle, refreshing, masculine. You will find them a rewarding experience in gracious living . . . a distinctive gift for others.

"Herb Cologne," an unusual blend of rare herbs, has a rich, full-bodied fragrance. 6 oz. glass bottle . . . . **$6;*** 12 oz. . . . . . . **$10;*** 4 oz. plastic† **$4.50***

"Spice Cologne" is a light, yet tangy scent. 6 oz. glass bottle . . . . . . **$6;*** 12 oz. . . . . . . **$10;*** 4 oz. plastic† **$4.50***

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"Lime After Shave" is cool and invigorating, an excellent all-purpose lotion. 6 oz. glass bottle . . . . **$5;*** 12 oz. . . . . . . **$8.50;*** 4 oz. plastic† **$3.75***

"Citrus After Shave" is fresh and distinctive. 6 oz. glass bottle . . . . . . **$4;*** 12 oz. . . . . . . **$7;*** 4 oz. plastic† **$3***

"Woodmoss After Shave" is a subtle, woodsy fragrance, recommended for sensitive skins. 6 oz. glass bottle . . . . **$5;*** 12 oz. . . . . . . **$8.50;*** 4 oz. plastic† **$3.75***

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Sept. 22.)

Cartouche—This French spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit or apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Chalk Garden—A story as sentimental as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but with much wittier dialogue. Starring Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 22.)

The Fiancés—A melancholy, beautiful Italian tale about a pair of lovers not so much star-crossed as poor and lonely. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Harakiri—A Japanese film about an old Japanese custom. Not to be missed, in spite of the horrid subject matter. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Sept. 18.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 23.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner, and directed by John Frankenheimer. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 22.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 22.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 23.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (In English at the Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ In Italian at the 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 22.)

REVIVALS

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 18.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 17.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 19-21.)

Giant (1956)—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through Sept. 20.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; Sept. 19-20.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight (1960)—Heinz Ruhmann as a police inspector who dedicates his life to tracking down an insane murderer of little girls. A Swiss film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, and Maximilian Schell. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Sept. 21.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of unhappy lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 17.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore in the old operetta. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Sept. 17.)

My Name Is Ivan (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Victor Herbert's operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Sept. 18.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 23.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 22, tentative.)

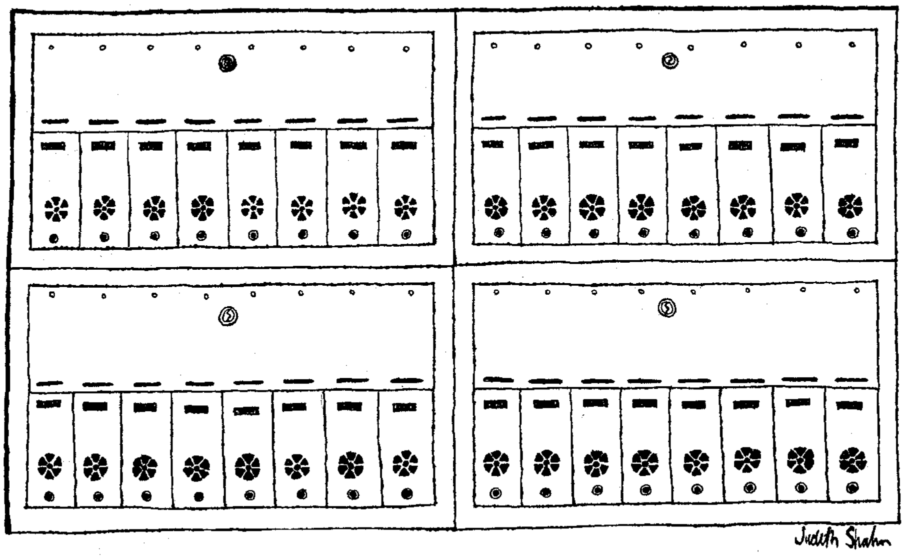
The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Sweethearts (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the Victor Herbert foolishness. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Sept. 18.)

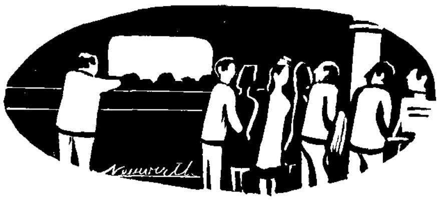
Two Daughters (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

Two-Way Stretch (1961)—An unserious study of British penology. Peter Sellers is the chief jailbird. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; Sept. 19-20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 19: "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954), with Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez. . . . ¶ Sept. 20-23: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Topkapi," Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"M-G-M's Big Parade of Comedy," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and others.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 23: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 22: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.
Sept. 23-24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Sept. 22: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.
Sept. 23-24, at 2:30 and 8:30: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 22: **BECKET.**
From Sept. 23: "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Bushido" (in Japanese), Kinnosuke Nakamura.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 22: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Sept. 23: "Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 22: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.
Sept. 23-24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 22: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**
From Sept. 23: **TOM JONES.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 22 (tentative): "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE FIANCÉS (in Italian); and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Topkapi," Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 22: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.
Sept. 23-24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LIMELIGHT, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 18: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
Sept. 19-20: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**, revival; and **THE GREEN MAN**, revival.
From Sept. 21: "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," Robert Shaw, Mary Ure.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Sept. 21: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.
From Sept. 22: "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 22: "Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.
From Sept. 23: "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Sept. 20: **GIANT**, revival.
From Sept. 21: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 22 (tentative): **TOM JONES**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 22: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.
From Sept. 23: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 22: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones; and "Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.
From Sept. 23: "Looking for Love," Connie Francis, Jim Hutton; and "The Golden Arrow," Tab Hunter, Rossana Podesta.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 18: "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
Sept. 19-21: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Sept. 22: "Landru" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.

Waverly, *6th Ave. at 3rd.* (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 22: **TOM JONES.**
From Sept. 23: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 22: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).
From Sept. 23: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Sept. 17: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Sept. 18: **HARAKIRI** (in Japanese).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 22: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones; and "Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.
From Sept. 23: "Looking for Love," Connie Francis, Jim Hutton; and "The Golden Arrow," Tab Hunter, Rossana Podesta.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 22: "Dimka" (in Russian); and "The 7th Juror" (in French), revival, Bernard Blier, Danielle Delorme.
From Sept. 23: "Disorder" (in Italian), Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg; and "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 22: "A Tiger Walks," Brian Keith, Vera Miles; and "The Three Lives of Thomasina," revival, Patrick McGoohan.
Sept. 23-24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 22: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**
From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Sept. 17: **MAYTIME**, revival; and "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From Sept. 18: **SWEETHEARTS**, revival; and **NAUGHTY MARIETTA**, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Marius," "Fanny," and "César" (all revivals, in French, with Raimu).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 17: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
From Sept. 18: "42nd Street," revival, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933," revival, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 22: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.
From Sept. 23: **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival; and "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 17: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 18: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
Sept. 19: "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
Sept. 20: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
Sept. 21: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**, revival; and "The Devil Strikes at Night" (in German), revival, Claus Holm.
Sept. 22: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
Sept. 23: A program of six short films, dealing with psychology—"Shyness," "The Feeling of Rejection," and such.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 22: "Dimka" (in Russian); and "The 7th Juror" (in French), revival, Bernard Blier, Danielle Delorme.
From Sept. 23: "Disorder" (in Italian), Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg; and "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. (at the latest) to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at eight-thirty in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens, at about 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Express Pavilion—Besides travel and financial information and a Western Union office, American Express offers a model of the Fair whose buildings light up as they are referred to in a recorded narration. Since more than one building at a time lights up, however, and since the narrator speaks of some exhibits that are no longer operating, and mistakenly says that the Unisphere is visible from all parts of the Fair, the display is not as useful as it is meant to be.

American Interiors—Included in the commercial exhibits in this large pavilion is a great deal of furniture and paintings to go with it; numerous soft-drink and candy machines; a display of paintings and sculptures sponsored by the National Art Museum of Sport, Inc.; and a handy display of reclining chairs to sit down in and go to sleep. Admission fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Dynamic Maturity—Those who get tired of observing the Fair directly may retire to the peace and quiet of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion and see views of Flushing Meadow projected onto a circular screen through a revolving periscope set in the roof.

Florida Pavilion—The best part of Florida's exhibit is the Everglades Show, a leisurely lecture on Florida wildlife, with live models, including a largemouth bass, turtles, alligators, snakes of various sizes, and a family of Seminoles (who are technically at war with the United States). Twenty-five cents.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting, the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

Transportation and Travel Pavilion—Projected on the concave ceiling of a theatre on the second floor is a movie about the universe, made by Cinerama and narrated by Lowell Thomas. The film is about twenty minutes long; sitting in the last row may be the best way to avoid a stiff neck; and a ticket costs seventy-five cents.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Bourbon Street—This sprawling exhibit, sometimes called the Louisiana Pavilion, contains a series of snack bars, a dancing chicken, an unopen French restaurant, a doll museum, several sidewalk artists who charge three dollars for a profile and five dollars for a full-face portrait, and a bar where the frug and the monkey may be danced until 2 A.M.

Carousel Park—A dreary area at the foot of the Amusement Area bridge. The carousel costs twenty-five cents a ride.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Poupées de Paris—An elaborate puppet show, but the barker luring the customers in at the top of his voice prefers never to use the word "puppet." Shows at 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 10:30. Adults two dollars, children one dollar.

Santa Maria—An authentic replica of Columbus's flagship, which shows, among other things, how much shorter people were in those days. Adults one dollar, children between 6 and 18 fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Pavilion of American Interiors—At the top there is a bar and restaurant with a splendid view of the Fair and the surrounding highways. The menu is conventional and prices are fairly high.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Baez, AR 1-2712.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Minnesota Pavilion—The restaurant serves an extensive but unexciting smörgåsbord for $3.75. More exciting dishes may be added for more money.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

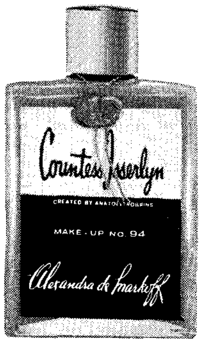
Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food; no reservations. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food; for reservations, call 888-7320. The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

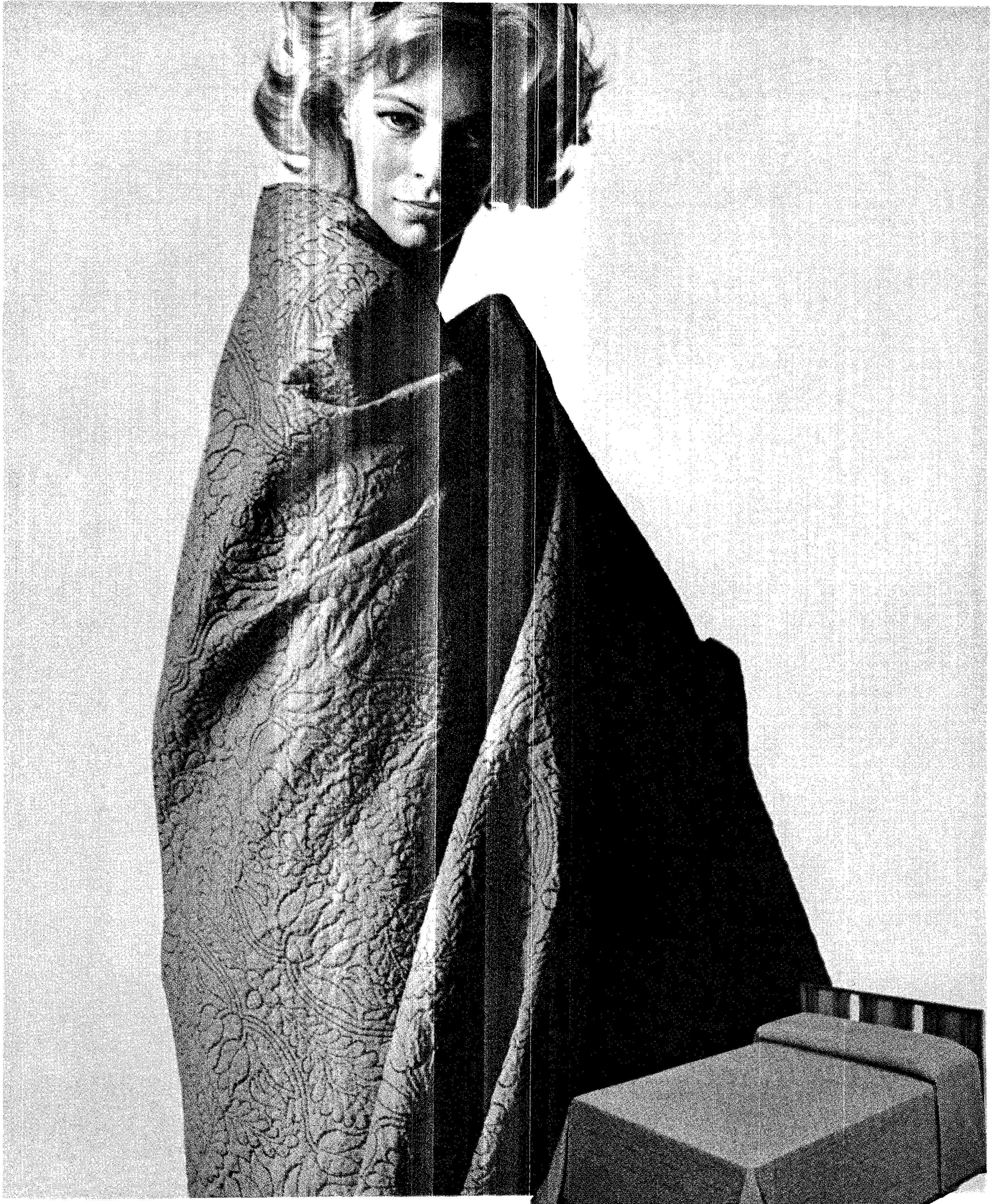
Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.

The make-up you *think* you see is Countess Isserlyn

ALL ACCESSORIES, SAKS FIFTH AVE.


Countess Isserlyn
CREATED BY ANATOLE ROBBINS
MAKE-UP NO. 94
Alexandra de Markoff

Countess Isserlyn Make-Up specializes in creating beauty mirages. What you actually see is your own complexion lit up for close-viewing with a new glow and translucence. A perfection of your own color-scheme. $50, $30, and $20 plus tax. Alexandra de Markoff

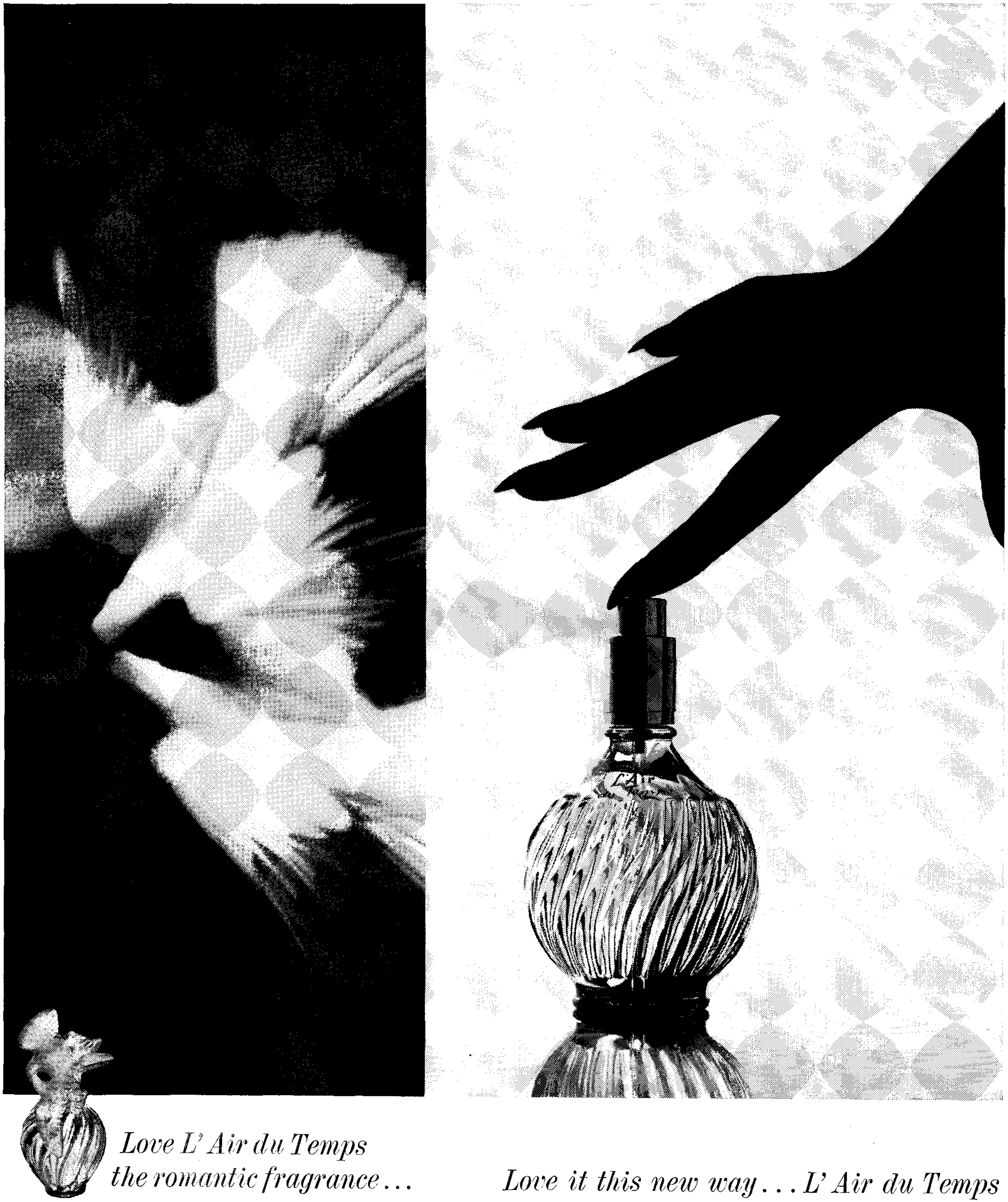


DRAMATIC ENOUGH TO WEAR...

Dreamiest costume ever to drape a bed—Brittany Brocade by Bates. Matelassé-woven to etch the floral motif... it has the elegant, puffed-up look of hand embroidery and a posh shag border. Every woman who sees it, wants it. Look away fast or you'll succumb!

Bates

BRITTANY BROCADE: IN OLIVE, SAND, RUST, BROWN, TOPAZ, BLUE, ROSE, PEBBLE, MINT GREEN, HYACINTH PINK, SNOW WHITE, GOLD, CYPRESS GREEN. TWIN, DOUBLE, QUEEN, HOLLYWOOD KING. $22.50 TO $47.50. A BIT MORE IN WEST. MACHINE-WASHABLE. ©1964 BATES FABRICS, INC., 112 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK 1



Love L'Air du Temps
the romantic fragrance...

Love it this new way... L'Air du Temps

Airomatique by Nina Ricci
PARIS

Dawn of a new day in spray...the Airomatique! An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. Just a touch of your finger releases a fine mist of L'Air du Temps Eau de Toilette. It's all fragrance. And all in all the most beautiful addition to your boudoir since sprays were first invented. Easily refilled, leak-proof and spill-proof. **Eau de Toilette 2½ ozs., $6.50**
In Capricci, 2½ ozs., $7.50
prices plus tax

How a squirt of nitrogen this small controls the flight of Cape Kennedy's birds in space.

How do you turn a satellite in space? You release nitrogen in quantities so small that the valve is open for only 500/1,000,000ths of a second. Read how the great engineers at Borg-Warner's Weston Hydraulics subsidiary build these exquisitely delicate control systems.

TIME WAS when a pilot sat hunched alone in a windswept cockpit and guided his airplane by pushing and pulling a stick and two pedals. He climbed, banked, turned, looped and – if he had a strong tailwind – clipped along at about 170 mph.

Those days are gone forever.

Nowadays planes can clip along at 1,700 mph. Missiles streak into space at 17,000 mph. And it takes a lot more than one man's pushing and pulling to keep them on course.

That's where the engineers at Borg-Warner's Weston Hydraulics subsidiary come in. They design and build flight control systems that help men fly everything from supersonic fighter planes to weather satellites.

Take satellites. They are steered by jet propulsion. But it's a delicate business. Satellites in space are practically weightless. It's not muscle that counts but finesse.

The engineers at Weston Hydraulics have developed a thrust valve that steers satellites by squirting tiny jets of nitrogen. How tiny? The valve stays open for only 500/1,000,000ths of a second. *Pssst.* The satellite turns.

It takes a lot of unusually precise effort to make these valves. They're built in rooms as sterile as the operating room where you had your tonsils out. Some of them are even gold-plated (to insure proper temperature control in space). Each finished valve is subjected to test after test after test – none leaves until it's failure-proof.

Supersonic aircraft pose a different problem. They are so heavy, so complex, so fast that the slightest error can send them miles off course. And man's reflexes are too slow to keep up with all the split-second adjustments required to keep them in line.

To steer these planes, Weston Hydraulics makes a device called a *servo actuator.* All the pilot need do is *point* the plane. The servo actuator handles all the details. Weston Hydraulics builds these remarkable servo actuators for all major aircraft manufacturers.

It's been a long way from push-pull to *pssst* and servo actuators, but it might have been a lot longer without the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Weston Hydraulics subsidiary.

BORG WARNER
The great engineers

Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604 ©1964, B-W Corp.

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Isn't it time you enjoyed it?

MARTIN'S
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Gold Bar
Extra Quality
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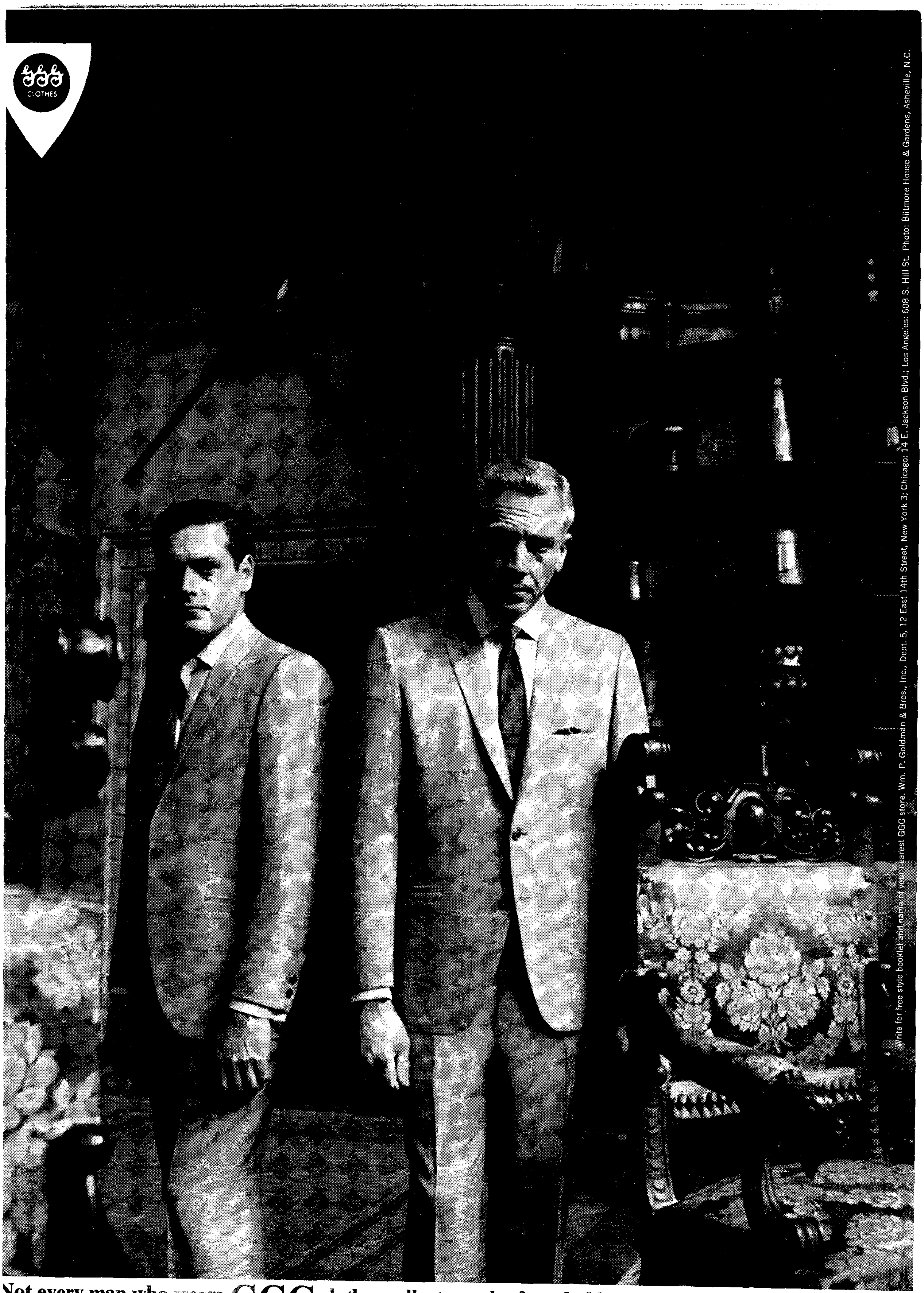
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y. © McK&R, 1964

GGG CLOTHES



Write for free style booklet and name of your nearest GGG store. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. 5, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3; Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St. Photo: Biltmore House & Gardens, Asheville, N.C.

Not every man who wears GGG clothes collects castles for a hobby.

This Legsize Lady knit top and center on every Belle-Sharmeer seamless stocking guarantees you the most intimate fit ever seen in a seamless.

She's your guide to Belle-Sharmeer's Legsizes. Your guarantee of a complete fit. Up. Down. And all around your legs. Ankles. Calves. Thighs. Even the dimples on your knees. Yes, this little Legsize Lady is your colorful clue to the most beautiful legs you ever crossed. She's purple for Brev: slender or small legs. Green for Modite: average legs. Red for Duchess: long, full legs. She's yours only in

Belle-Sharmeer®
Legsize Stockings

At fine stores everywhere. Or write Belle-Sharmeer, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10020.

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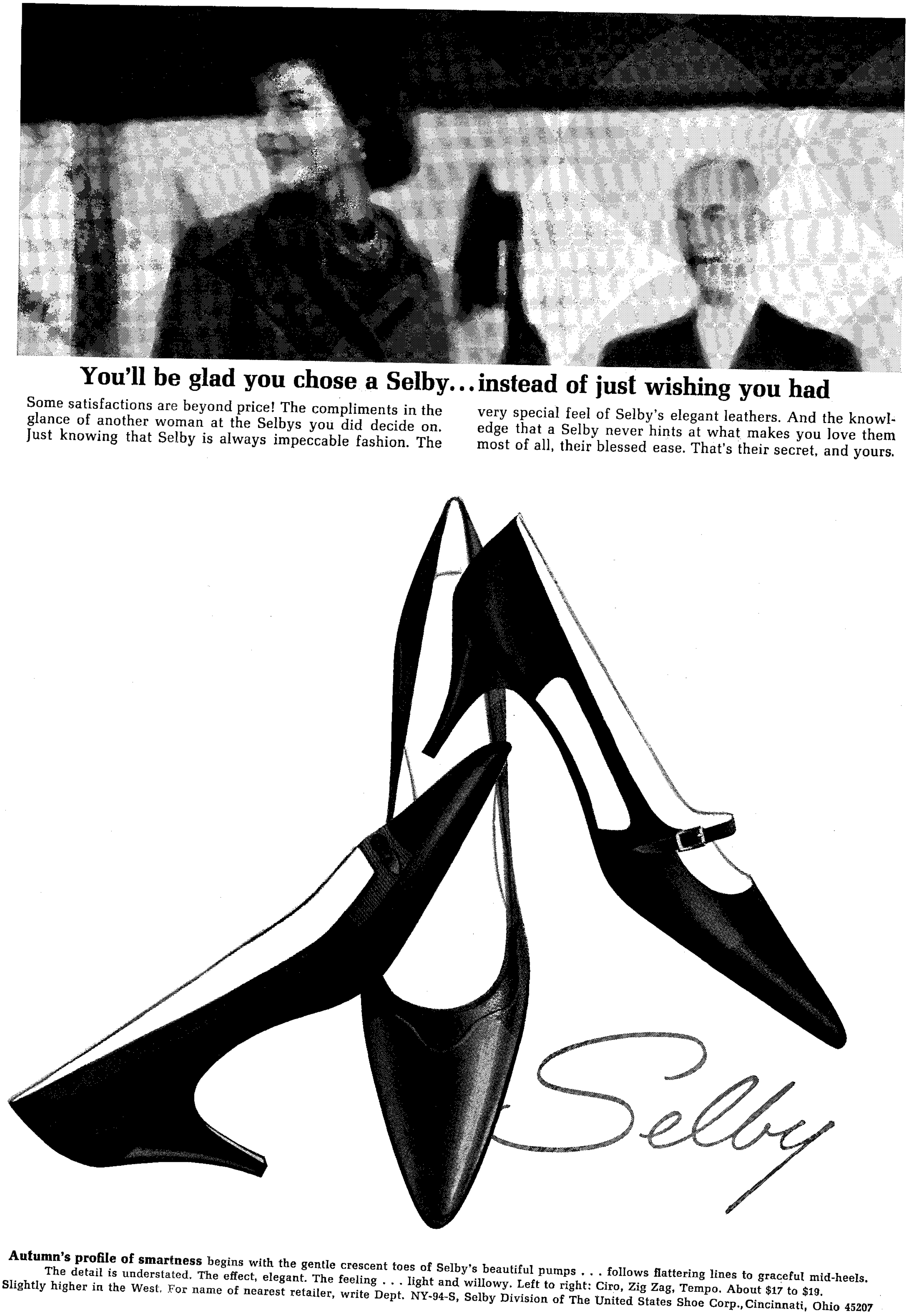


You'll be glad you chose a Selby...instead of just wishing you had

Some satisfactions are beyond price! The compliments in the glance of another woman at the Selbys you did decide on. Just knowing that Selby is always impeccable fashion. The very special feel of Selby's elegant leathers. And the knowledge that a Selby never hints at what makes you love them most of all, their blessed ease. That's their secret, and yours.

Autumn's profile of smartness begins with the gentle crescent toes of Selby's beautiful pumps . . . follows flattering lines to graceful mid-heels. The detail is understated. The effect, elegant. The feeling . . . light and willowy. Left to right: Ciro, Zig Zag, Tempo. About $17 to $19. Slightly higher in the West. For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. NY-94-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio 45207

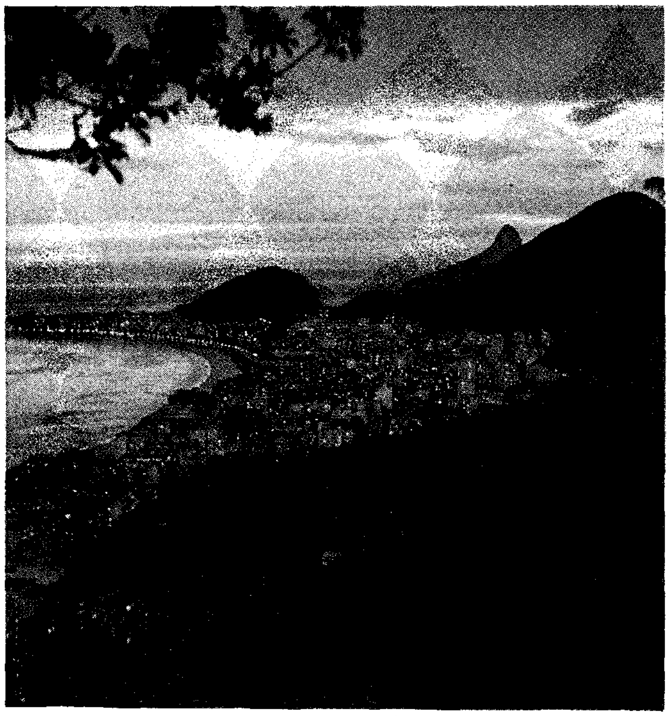
DONMOOR-ISAACSON, INC., 34 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 1

Would he captivate you even if he didn't wear a Donmoor?

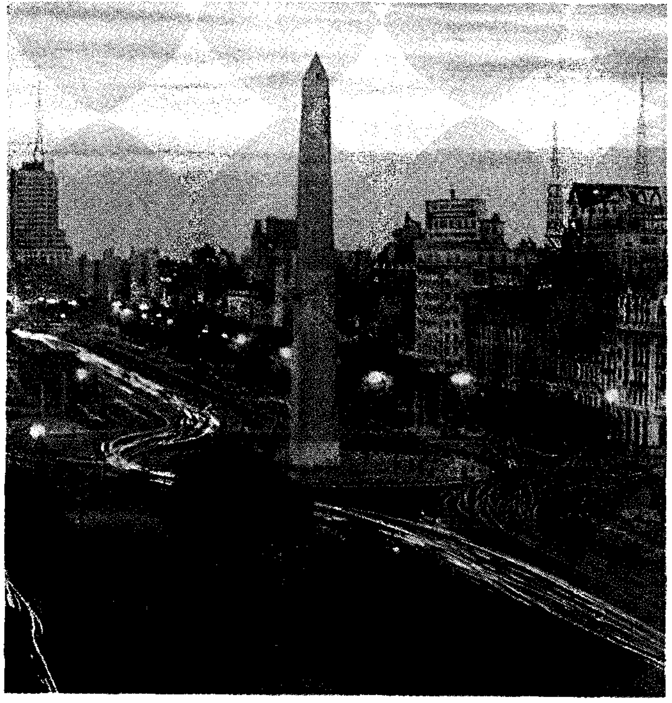
If you're like us, there's something about this youngster that will delight you. What makes him giggle at a dandelion? Don't ask us. All we know is that staid adults who see this picture break into a broad grin. Would this boy be just as irresistible even if he didn't wear a Donmoor shirt? Probably—but we like to think it helps.

Donmoor® is a trademark for knit shirts that make boys look good and feel great.

Spectacular scenery. Like the Chilean-Argentine lakes.



Exciting night life. Rio offers you some of the best.



Cosmopolitan cities. Buenos Aires is just one of them.

Old Spanish charm. Lima, for example, dates back to 1535.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!

Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am · Panagra.

Both coasts for the price of one. East coast or west coast, there's so much to do. So much to see. The ancient Inca palaces in Peru, for example. Night life along the glamorous Uruguayan coast. (As low as $4 a day in the smaller resort hotels.) Brasilia, the world's most modern capital city. And the unbelievably beautiful lake country of Argentina and Chile. You haven't seen anything till you've seen all South America. And your ticket 'Round South America will cost you much less than you think. As little as $630 Jet economy fare from New York, $578 from Miami, $641 from Washington. *On the only airline system that can fly you completely around the continent.*

PAN AM

PANAGRA

News:

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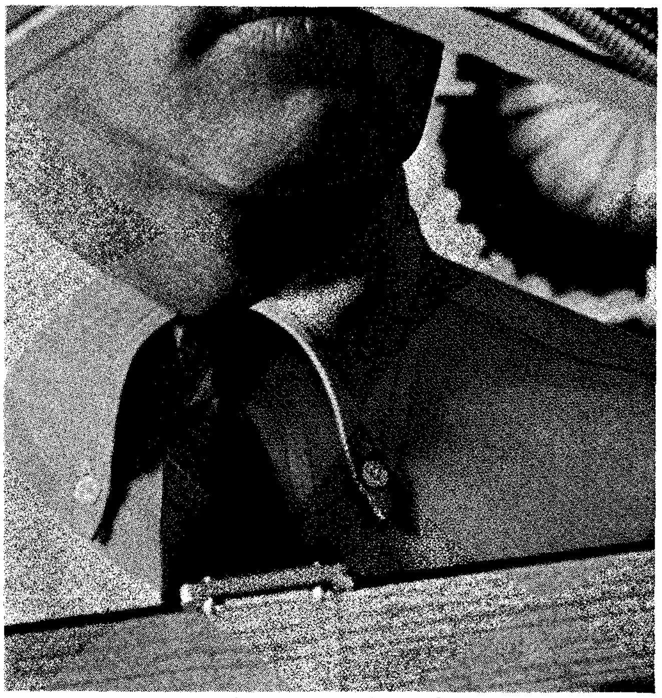
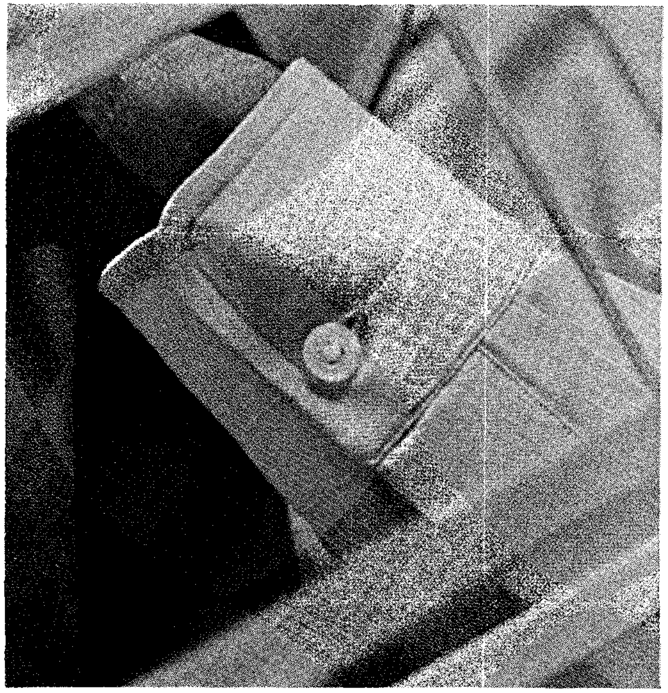
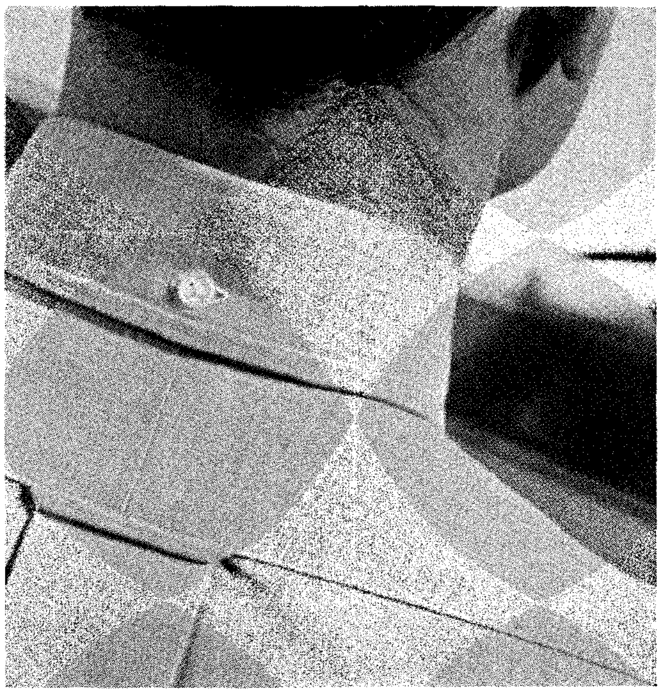


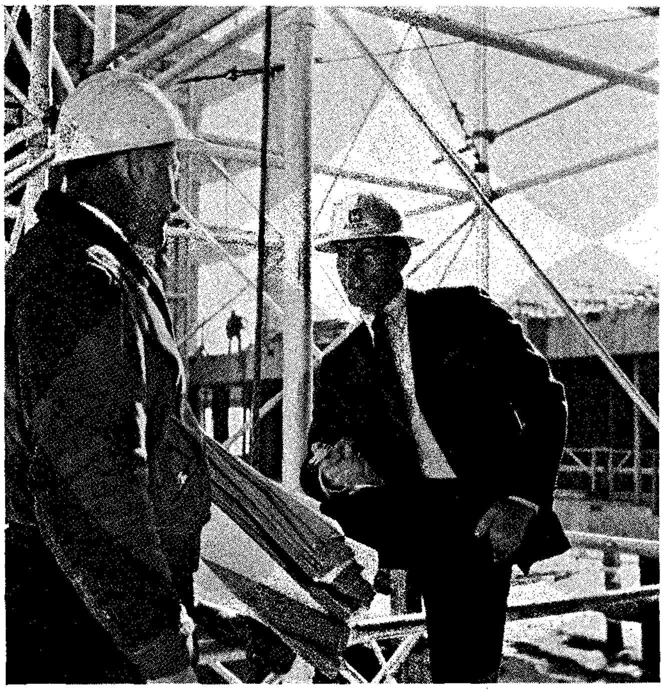
a long staple...



beefy oxford with...



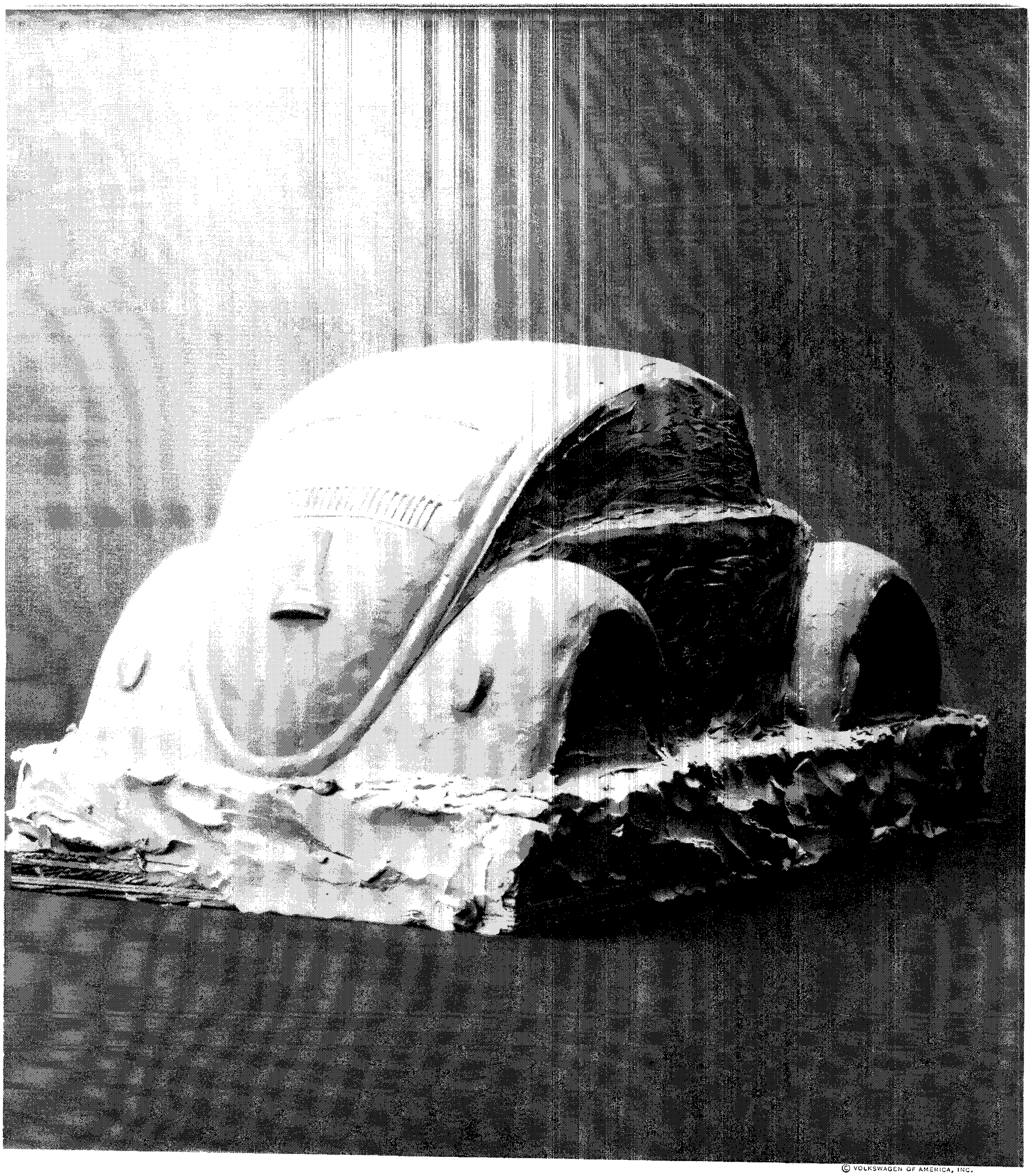
a luxuriant "hand"...



exclusively Gant

Hefty, great character—the very ultimate in cotton oxford. Called Beefy-Weave Oxford,™ this Gant exclusive is deftly tailored in a softly flared button down. Colors: oyster white, maize or blue. Added nicety: a contour yoke back which achieves a trim, tailored fit around the shoulders and back. About $8.50 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS



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We don't have to start from scratch each year.

We've been making the same basic VW for so long now, you'd think we'd be bored with the whole thing.

But the fact is, we're still learning.

We've learned how to finish the car superbly. And how to make the parts fit so well, the car is practically airtight.

So we have plenty of time to concentrate on making the car work even better.

This year the brakes are more efficient, and the heater, and some 20 other things.

When we do make new parts we try to make them fit older models, too. So there's nothing to stop a Volkswagen from running forever.

And nothing to stop it from looking new forever, either.

Starting from scratch each year can get in the way of all that.

Just when they've ironed out the kinks in the current model, they have to face the kinks in the next.

We'll never understand all the hoopla over the "big changes" for next year's models.

Weren't they proud of this year's?

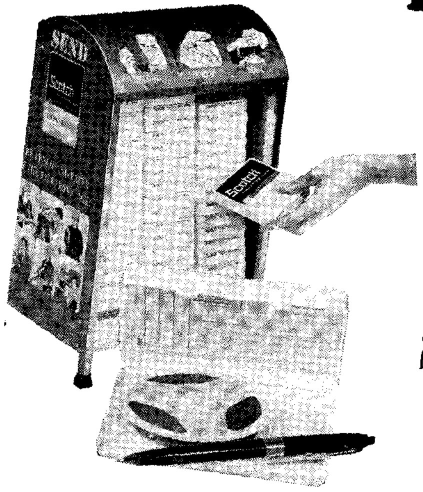
Scotch®
BRAND
DOUBLE

Good-bye thread-up problems!

FREE REEL
WITH THE PURCHASE OF ONE ROLL OF TAPE AT THE REGULAR PRICE
Scotch
TRIPLE LENGTH

FREE long-roll bonus! A self-threading reel with purchase of 7″ roll of double or triple length tape!

No more tape fumbles, even with boxing gloves on! Just lay tape inside this reel, start recorder—and watch the reel thread-up automatically. Takes any tape thickness or leader tape. Releases freely on rewind. Get one free in the special pack shown. Just purchase a regular 7″ reel of either double or triple length "SCOTCH" Brand Recording Tape (up to 6 hours recording time at 3¾ ips). See your dealer.



Hello new mailing ease!

FREE short-roll bonus! New heavy-duty plastic mailer with each "Living Letter" tape!

New high-strength dust-free case for "Living Letters" makes handling, storage, mailing of taped correspondence the easiest, most secure ever. Conforms to new postal regulations. Address label included. Built-in post holds reel securely. *And the reel is new, too*—fits all reel-to-reel recorders. Only 3" reel available that holds full 600' of triple length tape (an hour recording time at 3¾ ips). 150' and 300' lengths also offered. Look for the new "mail-box" display at your dealer.

Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

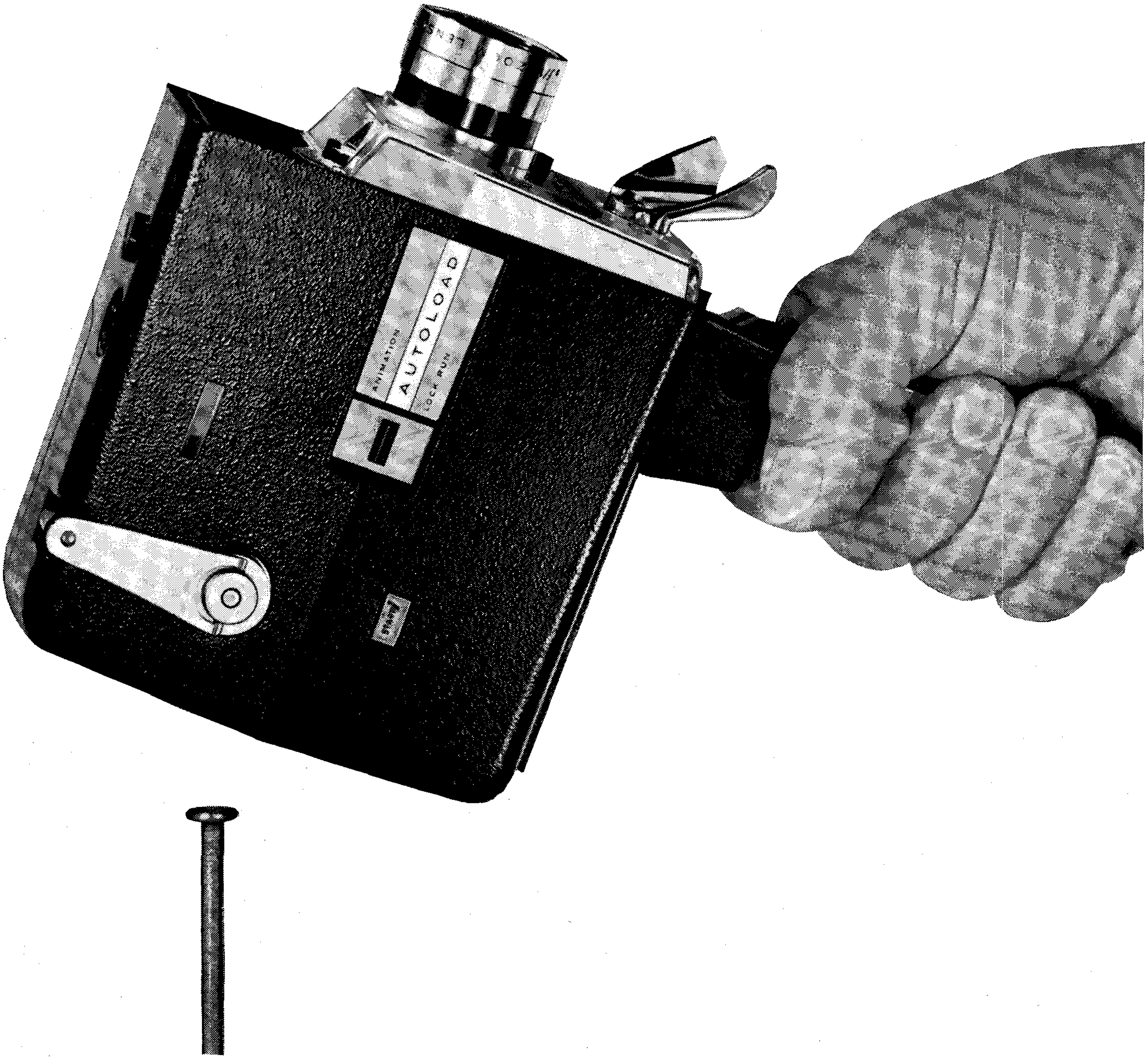
"SCOTCH" AND THE PLAID DESIGN ARE REG. TMS OF 3M CO., ST. PAUL, MINN. 55119. ©1964, 3M CO.

World's most expensive hammer

A Bell & Howell AUTOLOAD® movie camera makes a dandy hammer. (Our nail-banging was to show the sturdiness of our electric-eye system. It also makes a nice point about our camera bodies, doesn't it?) If your idea of a status symbol is close to one hundred and fifty dollars worth of hammer, though, make sure it's a Bell & Howell. Actually, we didn't plan on making a hammer. But when Bell & Howell makes something, we make it strong.

In case you're interested in taking movies, we'd like to point out the handy one-handed-zooming affair. Right there under the lens, see? You tuck your index finger in there and zoom smooth as you please. And the electric eye and reflex viewing. And the folding, built-in pistol grip. Naturally, you load this camera with a cartridge. There now. If you have any further questions, ask your Bell & Howell dealer. Nice fellow.

Bell & Howell



Dress by: Geoffrey Beene

Where else could you travel with a Roman goddess, Italian fine art, and 500 willing attendants?

The goddess in our photograph is top Italian fashion model Isabella Albonico, who commutes between the couturier salons of Rome and New York.

She's on an Italian Line ship. Behind her is a modern Italian sculpture masterpiece worthy of a museum. Above and below decks is a staff of some 500, wholly dedicated to service.

Signorina Albonico prefers to travel on Italian Line for the same reason you will. It's sheer luxury. For elegant surroundings, for sun-filled days and balmy nights, for variety of activities indoors and out, our ships rival the world's great resorts. You can *unwind* your way to Europe as you never have before.

Everything about our ships has a special Italian flair. Lounges enhanced with works of art by some of Italy's best-known contemporary artists. Colorful murals, exquisite tapestries. Deep, comfortable chairs... gleaming dance floors. And three orchestras keep you dancing.

Our dining rooms glow with silver, crystal, and china laid on spotless linen. Fresh flowers grace the tables.

Our English-speaking stewards and stewardesses have studied for years in a special Italian Line school, learning to serve you. Many of our chefs have trained in famed European hotels. Our governesses are all graduate nurses.

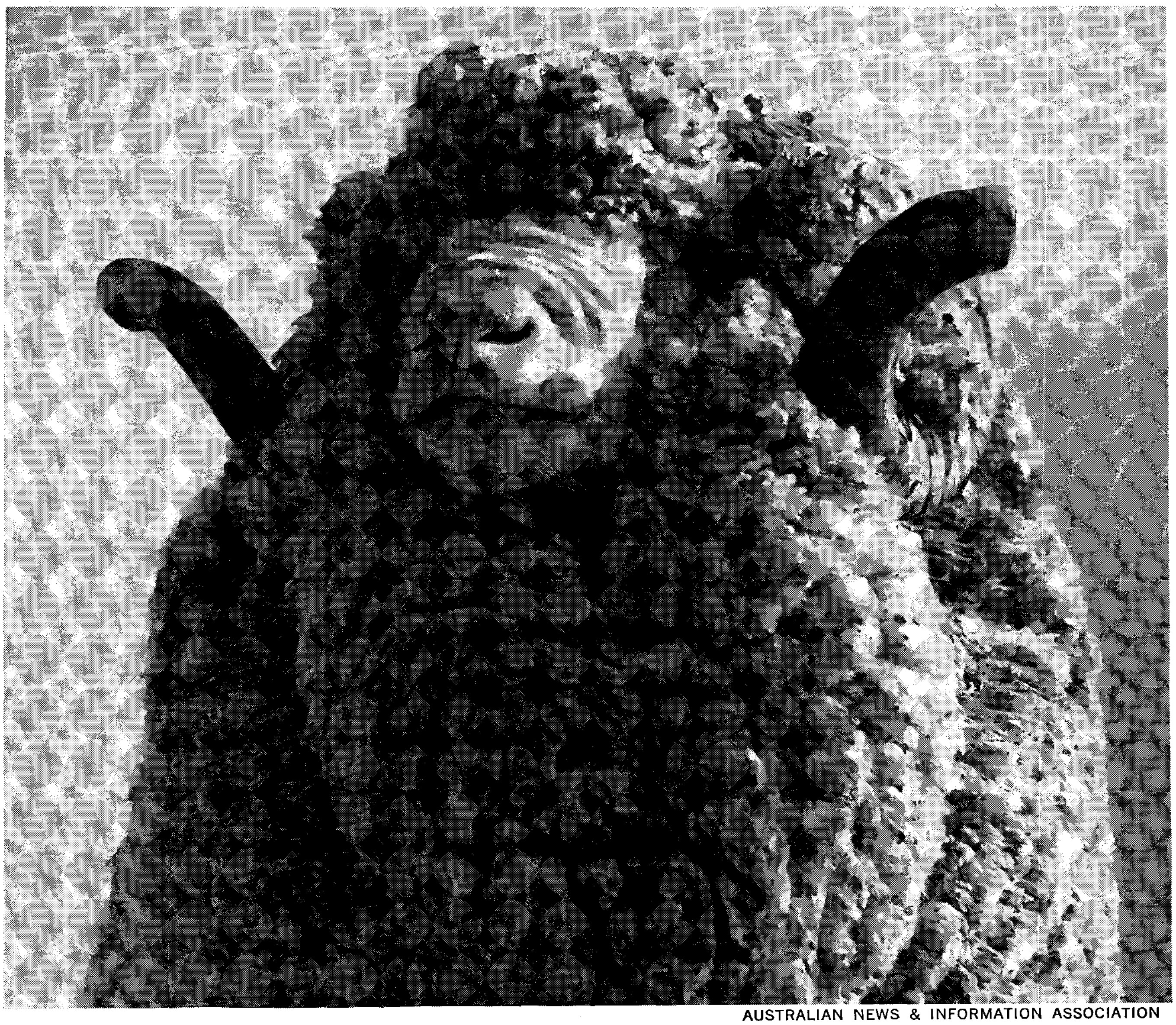
Above all, there's an atmosphere, a warmth, a gaiety about our ships that makes your trip the experience of a lifetime. The Italians call it *eleganza*. (If the First Officer kisses your hand, madame, take it as a tribute.)

Italian Line gives you more of *everything* you travel for. And when the Michelangelo and Raffaello join us in the spring we'll have the newest, most modern fleet to Europe. To learn more about what we offer, ask your travel agent for illustrated color brochures, or write us directly. Italian Line, Dept. B-942, One Whitehall St., New York 4, N.Y.—Tel: 797-7000.

Mediterranean/Near-East Gala Cruise LEONARDO DA VINCI from New York March 3, 1965 (41 days). From $1,250. Mediterranean Festival Cruises from New York: CRISTOFORO COLOMBO October 14 (21 days), December 22 (27 days); SATURNIA December 28 (42 days) (leaves Boston December 29) • Regular transatlantic sailings from New York on LEONARDO DA VINCI, CRISTOFORO COLOMBO, SATURNIA, VULCANIA • And, coming soon, the two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO

UNWIND YOUR WAY TO EUROPE

Italian Line



AUSTRALIAN NEWS & INFORMATION ASSOCIATION

A Member of the British Aristocracy

This is a picture of a prize Merino ram. He lives in Australia. Half way across the world, a mill in Yorkshire, England, called Broadhead & Graves uses his fleece to weave some of the finest worsteds in the world.

These cloths rank with the aristocracy of fine English products—motor cars, china, hand-made shoes.

Broadhead & Graves has the desire to excel in quality. They share a peculiar British ambition to be the finest, rather than the biggest. Their weavers, finishers and menders reflect the pride of John Bell, the managing director in producing quality.

They have many advantages in producing fine cloth. Huddersfield has a climate that is damp, raw, cold and nasty—just perfect for wool fibers to maintain their springy softness. Huddersfield water is filtered through hills of peat—there is no mineral content to mar the supple hand of the cloth.

They have the temperament and patience to lavish care on a relatively small production, and they have generations of experience.

The quality and character of Broadhead & Graves is unexcelled. It is with great pride that Norman Hilton offers natural shoulder clothes tailored of Broadhead & Graves worsteds.

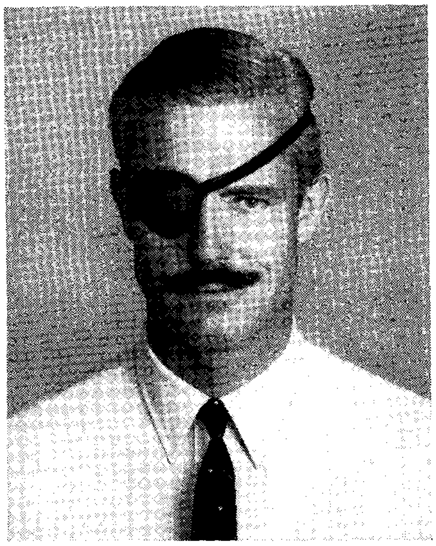
Norman Hilton

DOING ONE THING WELL

NORMAN HILTON, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

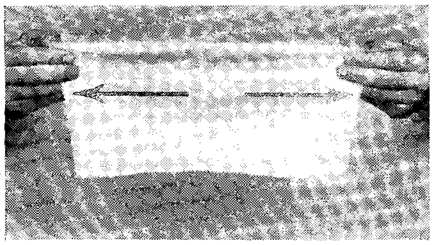
Hathaway presents a devilishly comfortable new shirt that actually stretches when you stretch

(Inspired by a miraculous new fiber called Lycra®)



THE SHIRT you see above *feels* more comfortable and *fits* infinitely better than ordinary shirts. And for good reason.

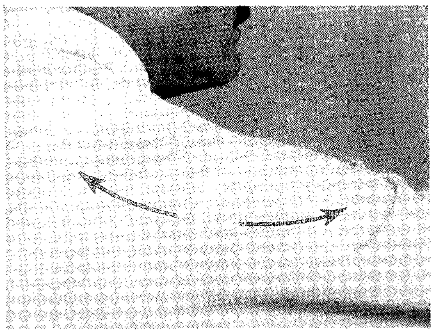
The secret is *Hathaweave Stretch*—Hathaway's dexterous new blend of Dacron,* cotton and an astonishing new fiber called Lycra.*



Stretches for fit and comfort.

Lycra is marvelously resilient stuff. It allows the fabric to actually stretch when you stretch. Up to 30 percent in the body and sleeves. Up to *two full sizes* in the collar.

This means that you get just the right amount of *give* wherever it's needed. Across back and shoulders. Around the neck. Under the arms. Even Hathaway's stitching stretches. *Yet the shirt always springs back into shape.*

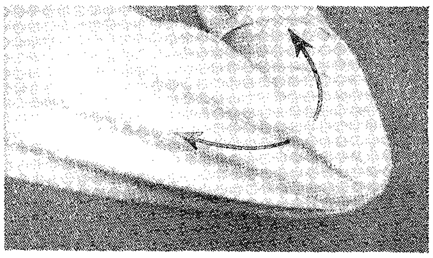


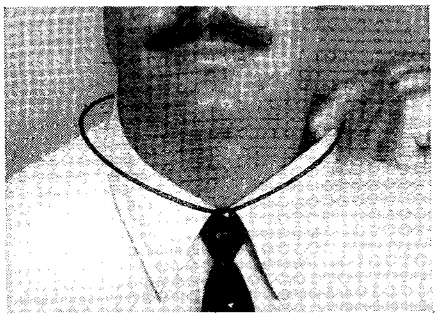
Eliminates binding at the shoulder.

In fact, Hathaway's weavers are so pleased with this new shirting, they are offering you an extraordinary guarantee. *If your new stretch shirt ever loses its shape, Hathaway will replace it.*

Considerably longer wear

More good news. Because of Lycra's unique stretch qualities—collars, elbows, and other critical areas are subjected to far less strain than ordinary shirts. Result: You'll find that shirts made of *Hathaweave Stretch* wear considerably longer. They also drip-dry in a matter of hours. *Never* need ironing. And you can send them to the laundry without a qualm.





Even the collar stretches, ends chafing.

Hathaway tailors this new fabric with their usual cunning and finesse. The body of the shirt is sensibly *shaped.* The buttons are large and easy to handle. The stitching is small but strong.

Now take a look at that urbane new collar. Hathaway calls it West End. Note the slightly longer points and discreetly wider spread. Very elegant and distinguished—especially with today's narrow-lapelled suits.

Hathaweave Stretch shirts come in solids of white or blue. You may also choose from French cuffs or short sleeves. Price: $12.95. Note: If your favorite store hasn't received its supply of *Hathaweave Stretch* shirts, be patient. They're on the way.

How to get a free swatch of amazing Hathaweave Stretch

Hathaway would like to send you a free swatch of *Hathaweave Stretch.* We believe you must *feel* this new fabric to appreciate it. Simply write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.

"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway

---

*Du Pont's registered trademarks.

Here comes the bride, her family and her friends

The tables are set. The candles are lighted. The waiters are poised at attention. The orchestra is ready. The scene is the Grand Ballroom at The Plaza. New York City. New York.

She enters. In dizzy succession there'll be dancing and cake and flowings of champagne. Smiles and laughing and the popping of flash bulbs. There will even be surreptitious tears: a father has lost his little girl.

It all sounds familiar doesn't it? Only the spirit is different. It has never been equalled. Or surpassed. Or defined exactly. But people never forget a wedding at The Plaza.

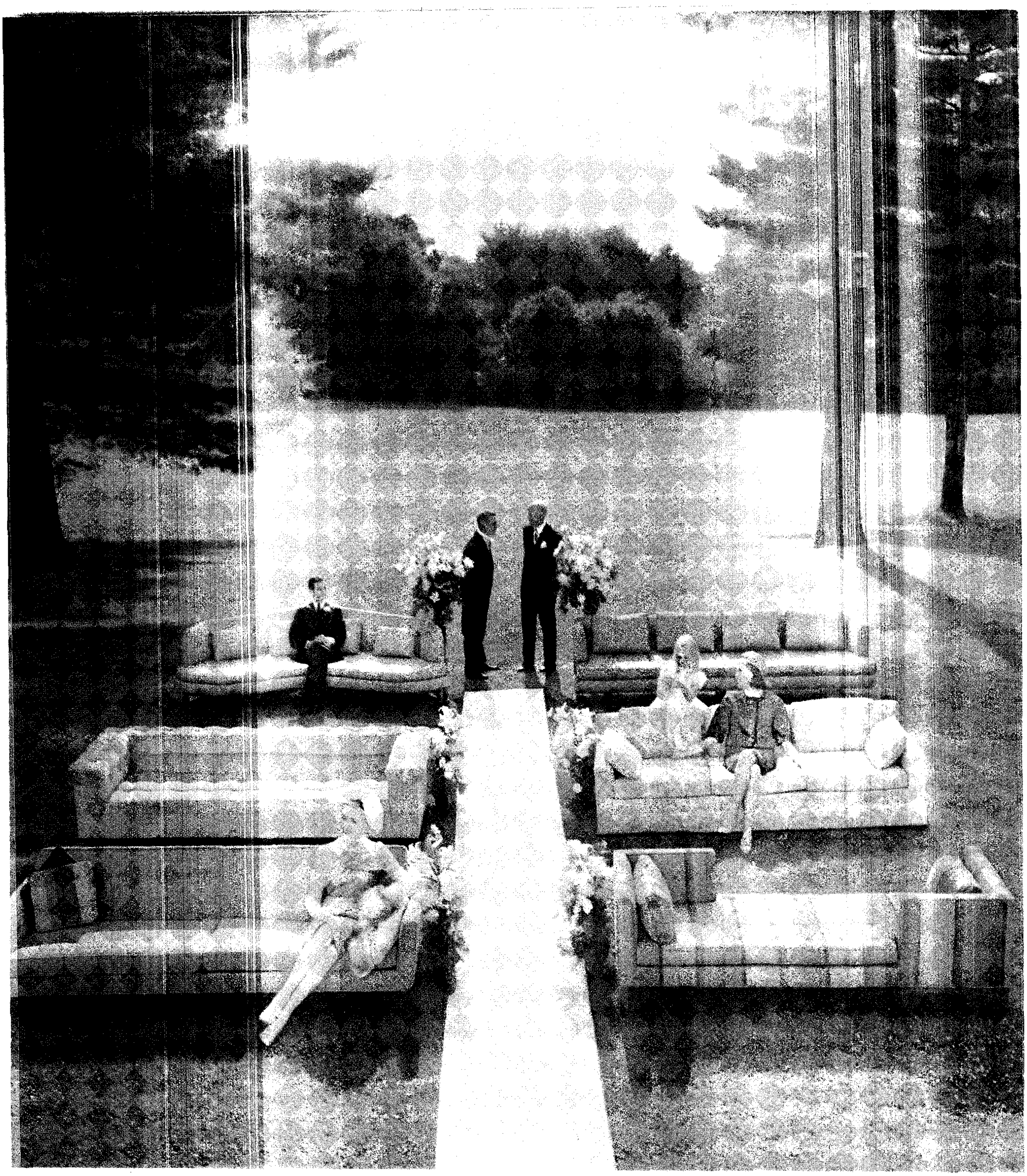
Not every wedding or reception is held in the Grand Ballroom. We have smaller, equally splendid rooms for smaller, equally splendid affairs. Even so, we can only honor a lucky few.

Perhaps you will soon be one of them. Or perhaps that one will be someone you love very much. Either way, it may easily be the loveliest day of your life.

May we tell you more? We are waiting. Here comes the bride. Listen!

You can hear the rustle of her gown!

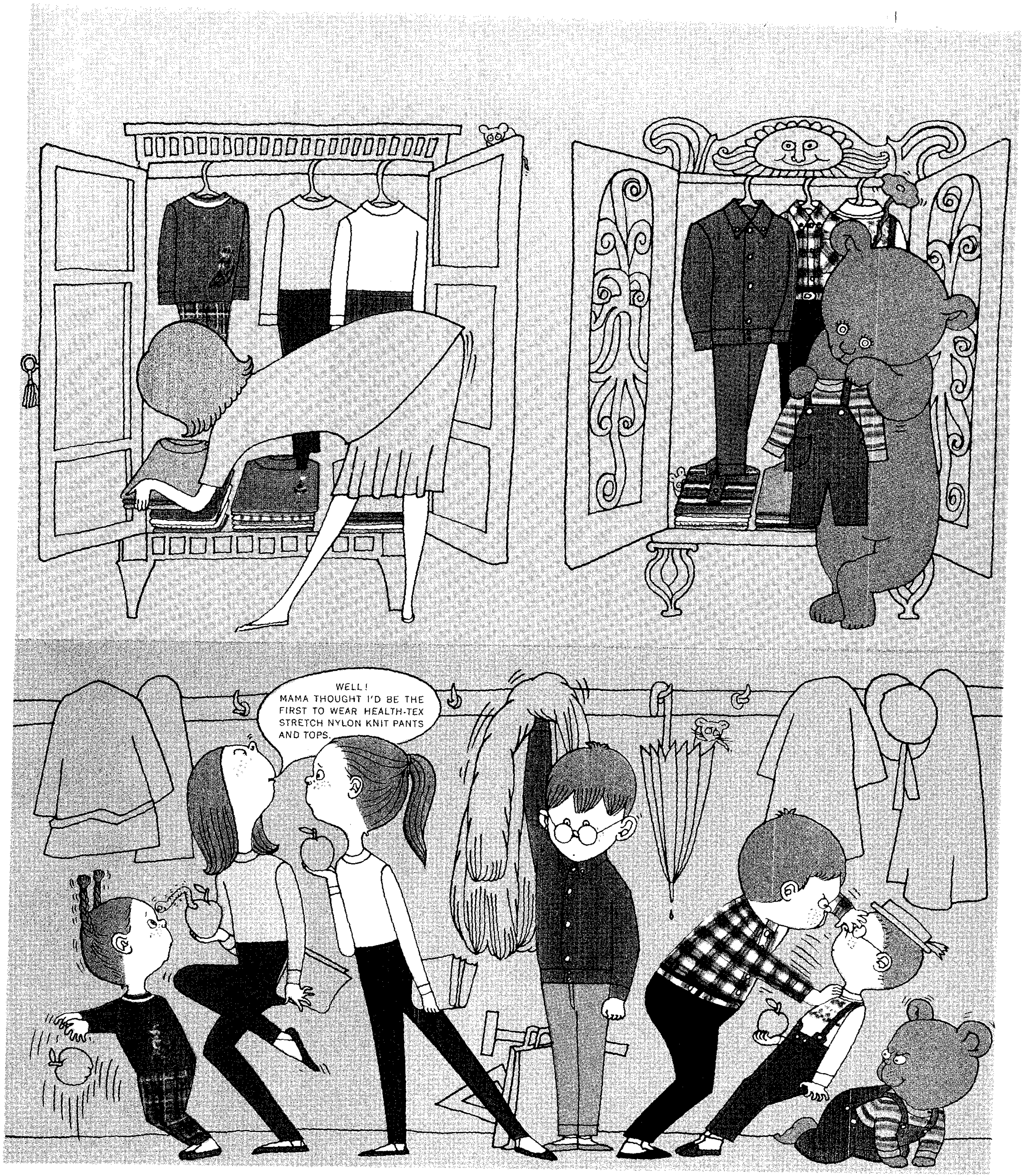
THE PLAZA
Hotel Corporation of America



The flowering sofa plumped through a generation of weddings. The beige silk just corralled its very first guest. But who can say for sure which Dunbar sofa was carried over the threshold when. Only Edward Wormley and his staff. And they design without calendars to give Dunbar all the time in the world. See Dunbar at showrooms in New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis and Athens. Suggested retail prices in customer's own material: left (top to bottom) $1150. $1195. $550.; right (bottom to top) $880. $985. $1280.

TOMORROW IS A FRIEND OF

DUNBAR

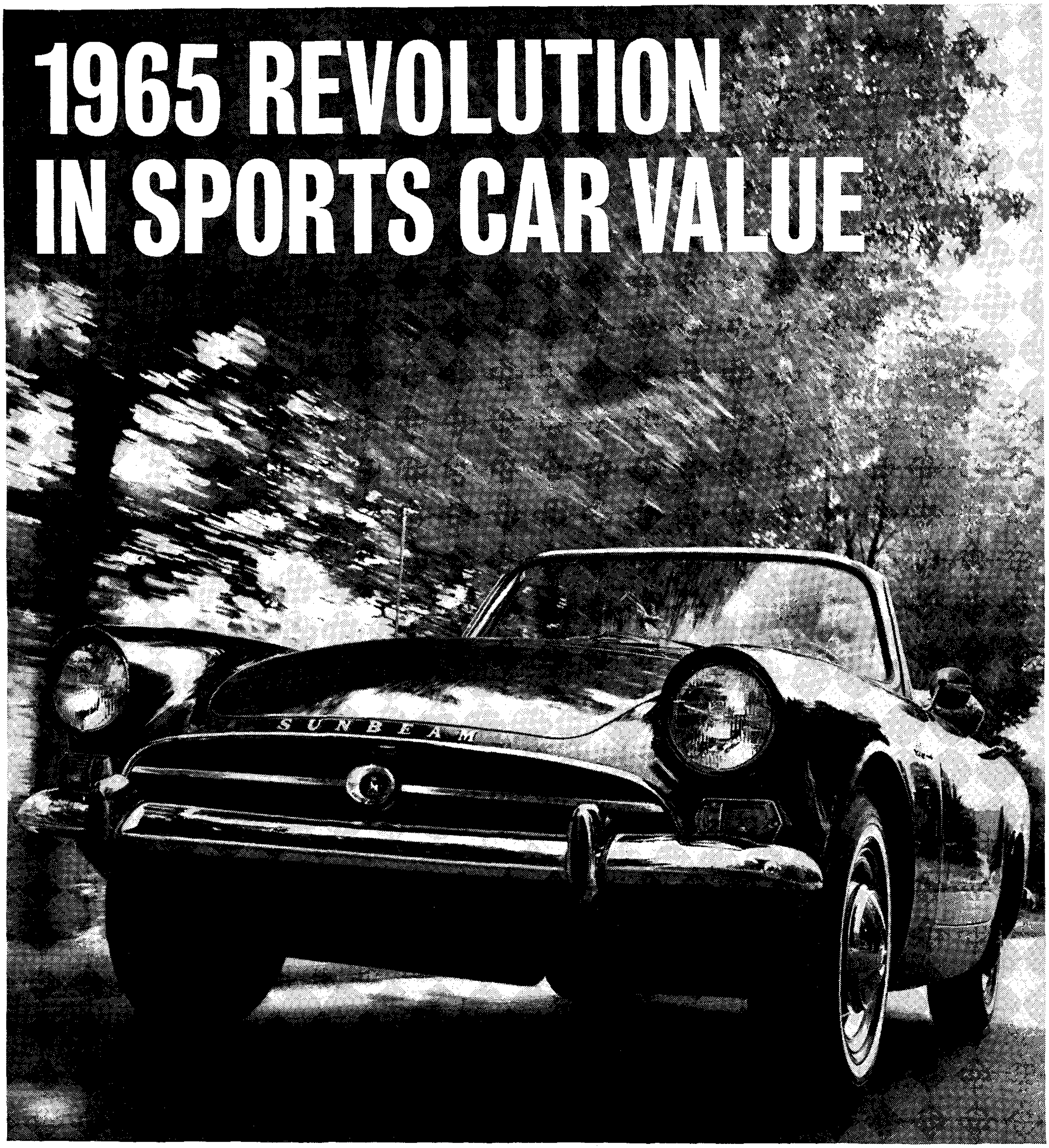

WELL!
MAMA THOUGHT I'D BE THE FIRST TO WEAR HEALTH-TEX STRETCH NYLON KNIT PANTS AND TOPS.

Mama can't bear to put us in anything but Health-tex

because Health-tex wearables outsmart us. They're tough enough for recess. Sweet enough to fool the principal. And washable as a blackboard. So get Health-tex from A to Z: active overalls and coveralls, creepers and crawlers, knit shirts and woven shirts, sporty sets and dressy sets, boxer slacks and slacks that zip. All priced to leave lots left over. 6 months to size 8 at stores that baby Mama. Product of Standard Romper Co., Inc. Look for the label:

Health-tex®
STANTOGS

STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 130 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



Race-Winning Sunbeam Alpine Now Yours for $2399*

This is the first full-size sports car to give you so many extras at no extra cost. Small imports and Detroit cars charge extra for power disc brakes, reclining seats, 4-on-the-floor transmission. Not the race-winning Alpine... these are included in the $2399 price. And this rare bird of sports cars gives you a 90-hp. overhead valve engine, full-size trunk, tachometer, jump seat for that $2399. What else do you get? The kind of go that won the 1964 National SCCA Class F Production Championship...the kind of comfort that caused Road & Track Magazine to rate it the "most comfortable sports car."

Come down to your Sunbeam dealer...test drive an Alpine. Turn the key and find out how it feels to start a revolution.

'65 Sunbeam Alpine
by ROOTES of England

Going abroad? Ask about our money-saving Overseas Delivery Plan.

SUNBEAM

*East POE. American automatic transmission only $199 more. For information write to Rootes Motors, 505 Park Ave., New York or 9830 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

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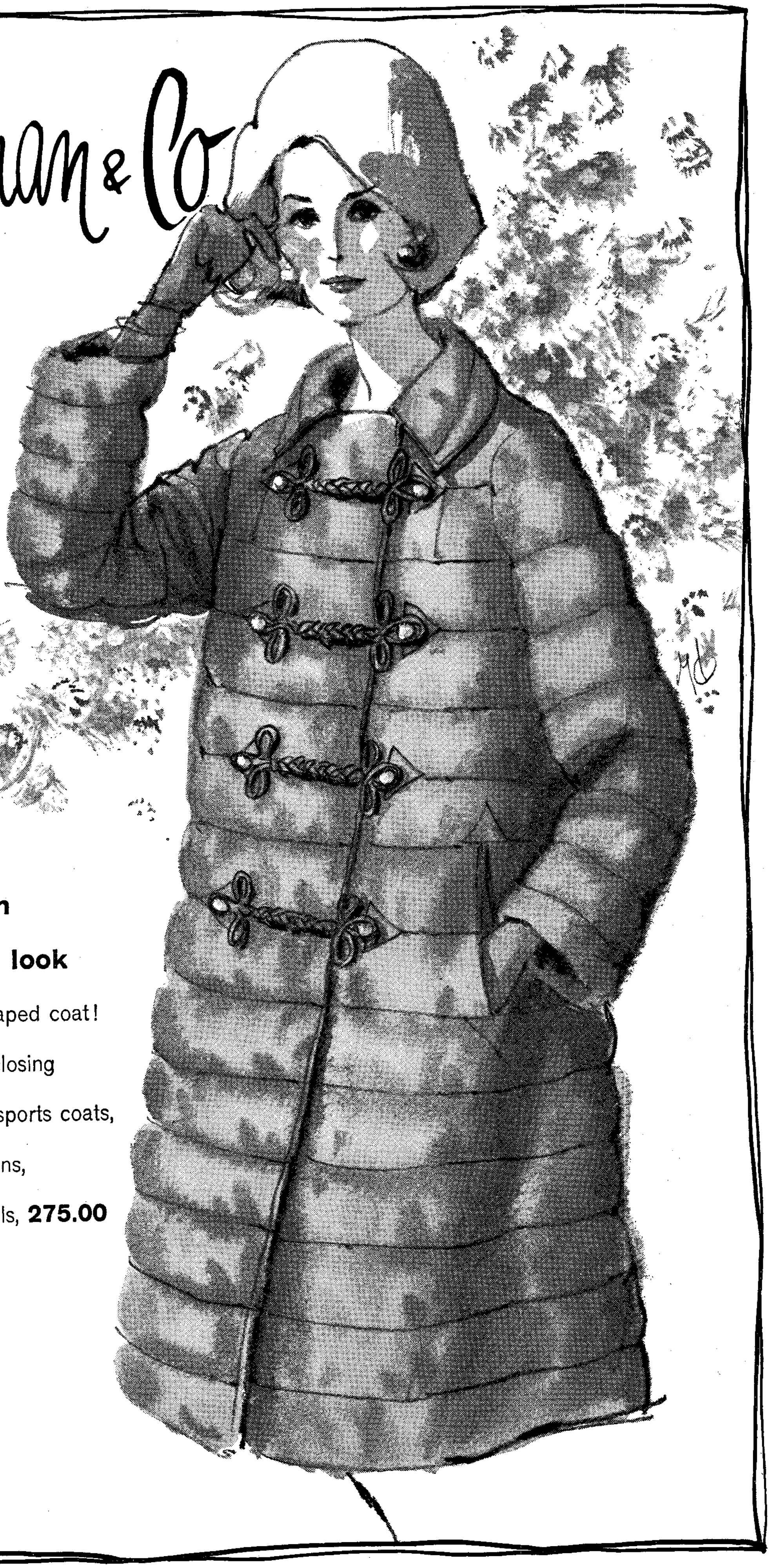


Quilted suede with a dashing military look

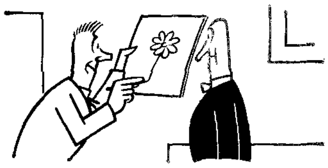
The newsy slender A-shaped coat! Russet suede with frog closing . . . 8 to 12. Third floor sports coats, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills, **275.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the *Herald Tribune* recently, we came across a report having to do with a "breakthrough" that had been announced at the third United Nations International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, and it struck us as encouraging. According to the *Tribune's* reporter, Stuart H. Loory, the Russians have made a small reactor called the Romashka, which they hope to install in future spaceships to provide electric power—power, we suppose, for running toasters, razors, reading lamps, television sets, and all the other electric comforts of home that an astronaut would otherwise miss during a long flight. Loory notes, "The man from *Pravda* explained that the Russian word '*romashka*' means 'daisy'—at least, he drew a picture of a flower that looked like a daisy to make the translation." If the Russians have really succeeded in making a small reactor shaped like a daisy to fit inside a spaceship, it represents an important step forward. As far as we know, our own spaceship reactor, which, as Loory points out, is called SNAP 10A, is shaped like a reactor—squarish, with a bathtub-like tank designed to circulate cool water around the fuel elements. We have nothing against the SNAP 10A. It is undoubtedly a fine reactor. But, putting ourself in the place of an astronaut, we would much prefer to have a bright-colored, flower-shaped one in our living room during a long flight. We can't decide between geraniums and tulips; perhaps a few of each would be the answer, with a little greenery painted in around the edges. We're sure that the engineers working on SNAP 10A have plenty to do, but we hope they'll keep it in mind that a pretty spaceship is a happy spaceship.

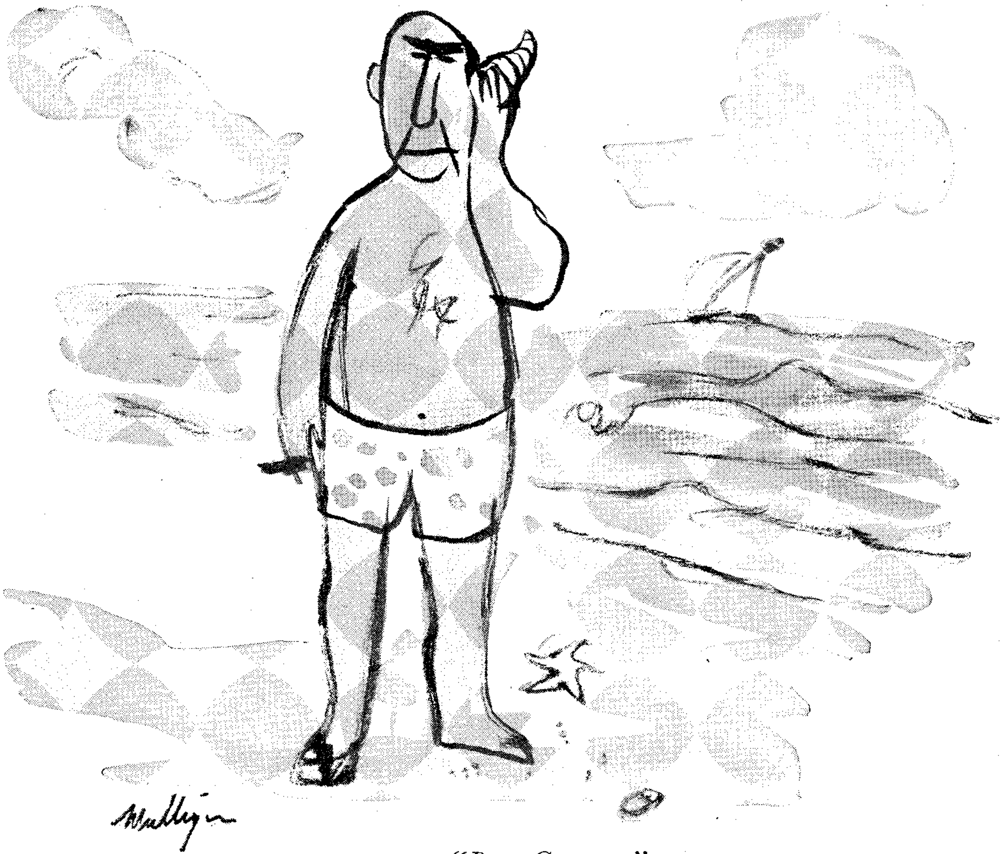


Chess Candidate

ON hearing that Miss Lisa Lane, who has more than once been called the world's most glamorous chess player, was about to fly to Russia to compete in the Women's Candidates Tournament, which is being held to find a challenger for the women's champion of the world, Nona Gaprindashvili, of the U.S.S.R., we dropped in at the Queen's Pawn Chess Emporium to pay her a visit. The Emporium is a chess shop and chess parlor on Sheridan Square, in the Village. It was started last February by Miss Lane, who was United States women's champion in 1959 and 1960, and it has a sign outside that says "Chess" in six languages. In the window are chess sets of ivory, olivewood, and alabaster, a magnetic set for travellers, and a set with pieces molded in the shapes of covered wagons, scouts, and Indians. A large board hanging vertically has a chess problem on it. Inside the shop are rows of chess tables, each with two chairs. At a counter on one side, beverages and pastries are sold. Some of Miss Lane's trophies decorate a mantel. The shop used to sell paperbacks, and once the merchandise was disposed of, the shelves were converted into panelling. Miss Lane, it developed, had done a lot of the carpentry herself. For playing, the rates are fifty cents for the first hour and thirty cents for each hour thereafter. Chess lessons are given by Sonja Graf, who is the current United States women's champion.

When we entered the Emporium, it was filled with the whir of an air-conditioner and with chess noises—cries of "Check!" and the ominous slapping of pieces into new positions on the boards. Miss Lane, wearing a navy-blue bodice with gold buttons and a pleated white jersey skirt, was munching on a sandwich in the rear. "I'm wearing a half wig," she told us. "I'm so busy packing and getting things settled here I don't have time to get my hair done." The phone rang, and as she went off to answer it, she introduced a pair of strangers to each other. They shook hands and sat down at a board. "Excess baggage is two dollars and forty-three cents a pound," she said when she returned. "I've got to take along extras—my Newports and cosmetics." She lit one of her Newports. "Also presents." When she was in Yugoslavia, where the Women's Candidates Tournament was held in 1961, she explained, the other players had pressed gifts on her, but, having been unaware of the custom, she had not taken along any gifts for *them*. On this trip, she will be armed with Kennedy-half-dollar key chains and World's Fair souvenirs. Miss Lane went on to tell us that she became eligible for the 1964 Women's Candidates Tournament by finishing second in the 1962 United States Women's Championship. A Women's Candidates Tournament is held about every three years, and this year's is being held at the Black Sea resort of Sukhumi. There will be one other American representative—Mrs. Gisela Kahn Gresser, who won the 1962 United States Women's Championship. Sometime in 1965, the winner of the Women's Candidates Tournament will have a shot at Miss Gaprindashvili. In the Women's Candidates Tournament that was held in Yugoslavia, there were seventeen players, and Miss Lane and Mrs. Gresser tied for eleventh place; Miss Lane was not pleased.

"This time, I'm preparing by not preparing," she said, stamping out her Newport. "I haven't played in a tournament since 1962. That summer, I was the chess pro at Grossinger's. Lately,



"Buy Comsat."

• •

I've been playing five-minute and seven-minute chess with local male experts; barring a checkmate, the loser is the one whose time runs out first. In Yugoslavia, I found that games aren't won by brilliance—they're lost by blunders. It's the tension. In one game, a player from the Netherlands suddenly had her queen snipped off the board by a Russian. She ran off the stage in tears." Miss Lane played one game with Miss Gaprindashvili—the eventual winner—and it was a draw. "I blundered in the opening," she said, lighting another Newport. She reached over to a table and rapidly moved pieces about. "This was the bit," she said. "I should have castled instead of moving the queen's pawn. I had to move the bishop back when Gaprindashvili moved her queen, and I lost a tempo."

Miss Lane got up to talk to a man watching one of the games, and a woman with curly gray hair and wearing glasses, a blouse, and slacks came over. "I'm Sonja Graf," she said. "I was born in Munich, but when I was in Argentina, in 1939, as the German women's champion, Goebbels would not allow me to play for Germany. So the Argentines made me a flag with the word '*Libre*' on it, and I played under that."

Miss Lane returned. "We discourage kibitzing," she said. "It's bad for the players' egos. Both players have to give their permission before a kibitzer can start hanging around. A kibitzer simply can't keep from making comments. There was a chess homicide in the Village a few years ago. The argument wasn't between players but between a player and a kibitzer."

"When you play chess, your whole body works," observed Miss Graf. "Your feet tremble. My God, I can hear my heart pound two tables away! Against Menchik, when she was world champion, I had a won game, but I found the three stupidest moves you could think of, and I lost."

Miss Lane remarked that one Russian player in Yugoslavia did noisy breathing exercises when it was her opponent's turn to move. "She hated smoke, and she'd open the doors wide, and we would all rush for our coats," she recalled. Another Russian player endlessly pared an apple, with the skin spiralling. "It was very distracting," Miss Lane said, with a tiny shudder.

"Najdorf!" exclaimed Miss Graf, referring to the Argentine Grandmaster. "My God! He would kick you under the table. He would grab the clock and shake it under your face!"

"Sh-h-h!" said somebody at a nearby table. "We're trying to concentrate."

•

THE menu of Au Chateaubriand, a restaurant in Belfort, France, offers Glace à la Maison and translates the dish into English as "Ice House Accommodations."

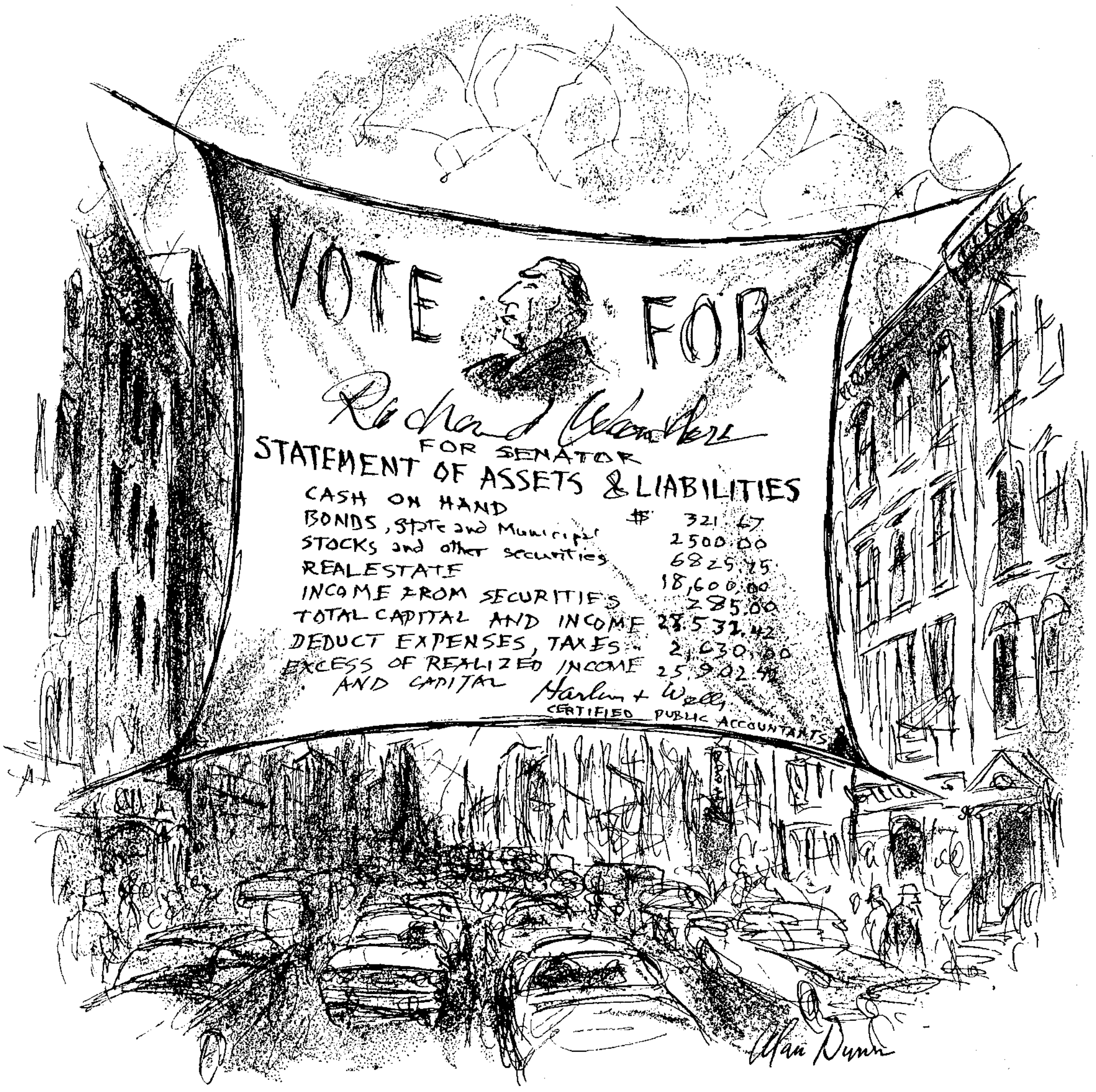
Fellowships

ONE day last spring, fifteen hundred and seven college seniors in the United States and Canada received word from the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation that they had been appointed to fellowships for the academic year 1964-65. When the good news reached them, they were in colleges and universities as far apart in space and curriculum as Vassar and Millsaps, Harvard and Canisius, Purdue and Gonzaga, Bryn Mawr and Wofford, Duke and Catawba, Princeton and Bellarmine, and M.I.T. and the University of Puget Sound, and what had won them their fellowships—apart from fine performances throughout their college years, and successful interviews and written statements—was an avowed dedication to the profession of college teaching. One thousand and seventeen of them accepted their grants, and to each of them the Foundation has awarded a year's graduate tuition at the university of his choice and eighteen hundred dollars in spending money. Furthermore, the Foundation has awarded each Fellow's graduate university a grant of two thousand dollars.

The other morning, we went over to the Gotham Hotel to call on Dr. Hans Rosenhaupt, the director of the Foundation, who was here on a business trip, and ask him how this large and influential organization came to be. "It began in 1944, when Whitney J. Oates, a former classics professor then stationed as a Marine on some island in the South Pacific, received a letter from the Rockefeller Foundation informing him that it hoped he would return to his studies when the war had ended, and offering him a small grant to tide him over until he got used to university life again," said Dr. Rosenhaupt, a young and energetic scholar with just a trace of a German accent. "Nothing could have been further from Oates' mind at the time than the classics, but the idea took hold, and he recruited five other scholarly Marines for peacetime study. Early in 1946, when the boys were home again, Oates and Hugh Taylor, the chemist, who was dean of the Princeton Graduate School, induced Miss Isabelle Kemp, a New York philanthropist, to contribute twenty-five hundred dollars, and offered the money as a fellowship to a former Princeton student just returned from the Army as a lieutenant colonel. In a little over a dozen years, the program had grown enough to attract the attention of the Ford Foundation, which saw the gaping need for college teachers and decided to finance us; it has been awarding us about five million dollars yearly since 1958. We are beginning to see some splendid results, now that some of our early Fellows have reached maturity. That first Fellow, the lieutenant colonel, is now President Robert F. Goheen, of Princeton. President James Armstrong, of Middlebury, was a Fellow, and so were President Charles Shain, of Connecticut College, and President Albert Bush-Brown, of the Rhode Island School of Design, and we've got deans and professors all over the country."

Dr. Rosenhaupt paused to draw breath, looked pensively at his watch and his schedule for the afternoon, and continued, "We put less emphasis these days on the regular fellowship program, though. With the faculties of most colleges alert for promising candidates, and with crack regional committees to interview them, that program fairly well runs itself. We're more concerned now with something new that we're trying. We got some money from the Rockefeller Foundation last year for an experiment that we call the Teaching Internship Program. To help meet the need for teachers in the colleges of the South, and especially in the predominantly Negro colleges, we've started sending a few of our former Woodrow Wilson Fellows down South to teach. The college pays three-fourths of an Intern's salary, and we pay the rest—plus a hundred dollars, from a special fund, that the Intern can use as he sees fit. The results have been wonderful. The Interns have been spotting promising candidates for future fellowships, and, we hope, improving the level of teaching at the small Southern colleges. You could think of the Interns as a kind of academic Peace Corps. There are problems, of course. A few of the colleges, because they need the tuition, have an economic interest in passing students who actually should fail. Perhaps if we paid the colleges enough money to admit five per cent more students, we could insist that they fail the bottom five per cent, and thus exert greater leverage for improvement. And there are other problems, too. Some of the students simply can't afford the books for special-course work. We don't want to give the books away, so in certain cases we've decided to charge the student a dollar and give him four dollars' worth of books in return. That way, we don't seem like a fat charity."

After drawing another breath, Dr. Rosenhaupt crossed a few items off his schedule and continued, "We also have to protect the vanity of the colleges themselves. Sometimes coöperation is less than perfect. For instance, we've been warned against using our money to supply books for college libraries. By accreditation rulings, each college should spend a certain amount of money for books, and we should not make this expenditure unnecessary. As far as possible, therefore, we avoid the outright grant and just try to help in non-financial ways—setting up honors seminars, say, and showing movies. The Interns have to be versatile; one of them is required to teach economics, though his graduate field was Near Eastern studies. In any event, the results are encouraging, and we're going to send eighty new Interns south this year. The colleges and the students themselves are generally enthusiastic about the project; one university, for example, has decided to hire an older 'scholar in residence,' who will just 'radiate wisdom.' We don't know yet whether our aim should be to get the best students away from under-endowed Southern colleges or to tackle the problems where they are. Negro girls who have received fellowships for study at schools away from home occasionally have nervous breakdowns when they have to return to the South. The important thing is that we've made a beginning. I tell our Interns, 'We're doing something unusual, and sometimes it doesn't work.' Our big army of Fellows has already had its successes, and, to judge by the letters I've re-


VOTE FOR
FOR SENATOR
STATEMENT OF ASSETS & LIABILITIES
CASH ON HAND $ 321.67
BONDS, State and Municipal 2500.00
STOCKS and other securities 6825.75
REALESTATE 18,600.00
INCOME FROM SECURITIES 285.00
TOTAL CAPITAL AND INCOME 28.532.42
DEDUCT EXPENSES, TAXES 2,630.00
EXCESS OF REALIZED INCOME AND CAPITAL 25,902.42
Harlem + Wells
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
Alan Dunn

ceived from this year's Interns, the little campaign, like the big one, will work in time."

When we left Dr. Rosenhaupt, we had no doubt that it would.

•

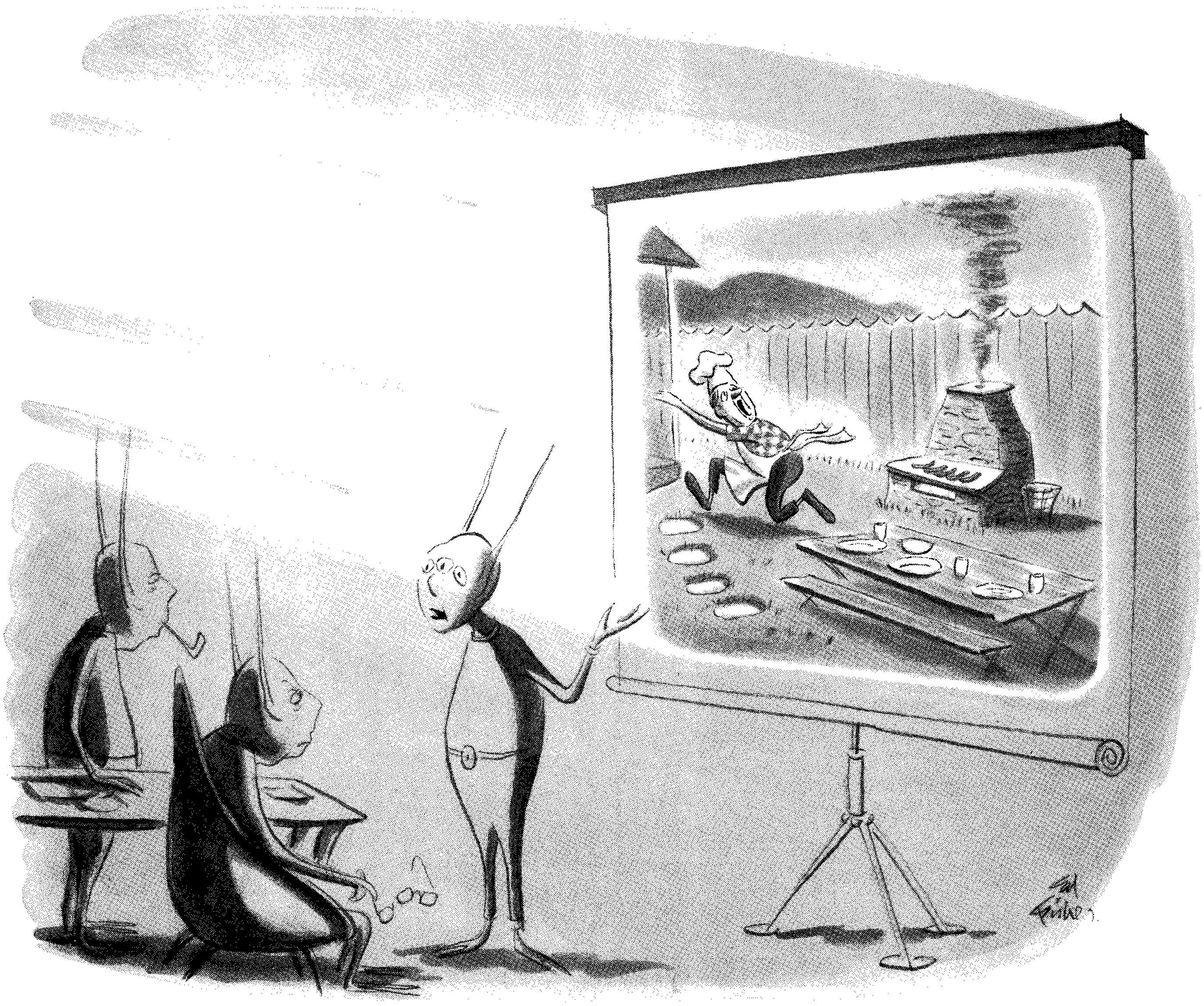
TWO local teen-age gangs are named the Rocky-Fellows and the Egg Heads.

Fourteen Laps

OUR man Stanley has taken us up vigorously on our cavalier reference to him last week as our "aging" operative, in contrast to his "youthful" nephew Hiram. Stanley turned up in the office wearing black cycling shoes, plaid Bermuda shorts, a bright-green turtleneck pullover with horizontal white stripes, and a dashing white linen cap pulled low on his forehead, and we thought he had never looked better. "Kids!" he muttered, tossing his latest report on our desk. He had just spent a couple of hours cycling in Central Park, he said, and if we wanted him, he would be on the tennis courts the rest of the afternoon and at Shepheard's frugging and mashed-potatoing and Watusiing the whole night, and after that he was going to drive out to Jones Beach for a swim at dawn. Having been infected by his energy, we rush into print with his copy, which follows:

"Just did fourteen laps around bicycle path in Central Park. Each lap mile and half. Made speed equal to going Olympics rate. Bike rented from brand-new Parks Department concession called Bicycles in the Park, a Division of Arnold Kaufman Incorporated, 72nd Street on the Mall. Attractive innovation. About time. Gets going every noon. Red-*cum*-white candy-striped booth has been set up at Mall entrance, overlooking Bethesda Fountain. Red-*cum*-white candy-striped wooden police barriers mark rental area. Red-*cum*-white sign on booth reads, 'Renters ride at own risk and are responsible for loss. Stay on bicycle paths. All bicycles must be in 6:00 P.M.' Bunch of shining new English bikes stationed behind barriers. Found proprietor, Arnold Kaufman, stationed behind small red-topped-*cum*-white-legged table, reading *Wall Street Journal.* Kaufman handsome, affable, athletic-looking fellow with shining, curly black hair, horn-rimmed glasses. Wearing oxford-gray pin-striped business suit with crease in trousers, dark Paisley necktie. He dropped *Wall Street Journal* to give bikes to girl renters signing in as Hallee Schein and Francine Markowitz. 'Both our own personal bikes were stolen out of the baby-carriage room, so now we have to rent,' Hallee Schein told Kaufman. Francine Markowitz told him, 'We can't take our bikes into our apartments, because when you try to take your bike into the elevators, the people give you dirty looks and say, "The elevators are for *people.*"' Kaufman sighed and handed over two racers. Said boy who had been managing rentals had left for college, so he had to do it himself. Said he was planning to get new manager. 'My father-in-law is coming in for the weekend, and then I can go out and play golf,' Kaufman said. 'I never intended to be doing this work myself. I'm a full-time business broker. This morning, I was involved in discussions leading to the sale of the assets of one company listed on the Stock Exchange to another. That's what I do. I got into this rental thing because one mild, beautiful day last February I wanted to go bicycling with my fourteen-year-old daughter, Ellen. We had to go way over to the other side of town to rent bikes, when right here there was a million-dollar property not being fully used. So I sat down and wrote a letter about it to Newbold Morris, suggesting this operation. I have yet to meet him, though I've met all his assistants. We arranged to set up the concession on the same basis as the concessions for rowboats, skates, tennis lessons, and refreshment stands, giving the Parks Department a percentage of the gross. My investment was only five or six thousand dollars. Very modest. We have a hundred and fifteen bikes, about eighty per cent of them three-speed racers and the rest foot-brake models. Not nearly enough. I've ordered more. You ought to see this place on weekends; we move to a bullpen on the Mall because of the crush. Weekends I have a working staff of eight people. After next week, when school begins, we will be open only on weekends. We've got our own air compressor, spare parts, and tools, and we keep them in our workshop and storage room, in what used to be the Union News restaurant at the Bethesda Fountain. Every bike has a bell. Baskets are available, if desired, for ten cents. By the end of the year, we'll be self-supporting. This thing is extremely profitable. A five-dollar deposit is required, and the rental is a dollar twenty-five per hour for racers, a dollar-ten for foot-brake models. Which?'

"Ordered three-speed racer with high seat. Wanted plenty of leg action. Kaufman said most people made lap around bicycle path in twelve, fifteen minutes. Made first lap in about six minutes. Then relaxed, did it in seven next time around. Took in all terrific Park sights. Shifted to low speed at Mall. Bunch of people making filmed television commercial. Charles Ross Lighting truck. Theatrical Transfer Theatrical Equipment truck. Two motorcycle cops supervising. Director waiting for lights. Meanwhile playing guitar. Playing 'Malagueña.' Beautiful model waiting for call of 'Action!' Shifted to second speed. Young fellow in gray wool track outfit standing with foot on park bench, combing duck-tail hair. On next bench, man in undershirt asleep sitting up, handkerchief tied over his head. Shifted to third speed. Caught up with club cyclists racing each other. Put on steam. Got past entire mob. Central Park Wheelmen wearing blue-and-gold color scheme. French Sporting Club, red, white, and blue. German Bicycle Sporting Club, black and red stripes on white. Unione Sportiva Italiana, blue and white. All wearing black tights. Bermudas more comfortable. Leave black-tights conforming to kids. Took it easy passing statue of Daniel Webster, hand inside coat: 'Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.' After that, felt I could make Olympics. Park looking great. Fellows sleeping on grass. Squirrels hopping around them. On road leading in from Seventy-second Street, whole football team of twelve-year-olds trotting toward Sheep Meadow, sweating. Sunlight flickering on them. Sunlight flickering through browning leaves on trees. Park smelled like country. Approached young couple riding tandem. Used bell. Went by them at fine clip. Just north of Sheep Meadow, came to fenced area for bowling on green. Splendid idea. Passed drinking fountain. Little girl holding up long line of thirsty kids. Little girl trying to fill empty beer can through pop-top aperture. Crowd in line looking pessimistic. Sheep Meadow spotted with games—two soccer, two football, one baseball, one tag. Eight picnics. Thousands of baby carriages. Counted four sets of twins. Scores of lovers. Counted sixteen pairs asleep. Baseball diamond. Going too fast to read names on uniforms. Players yelling in Spanish. Came to sign: '7th Ave. 59th St. Last Exit Southbound Keep Right.' Headed north. Almost ran into young couple walking illegally on bike path, holding hands. Stopped. Told them path for bikes, not *people.* Girl dark, beauti-



"And here we have the final photograph before impact."

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ful, smiling. Young fellow with freckles, red hair, wearing black skullcap with Hebrew letters embroidered on it in white. Asked what Hebrew said. Fellow said, 'My name in Hebrew. It's Samuel, after the prophet.' Thanked him. Got going again. Carrousel mobbed by screaming children. Wollman Skating Rink deserted. Three small sailboats making trips on Conservatory Pond. Elderly Japanese man with camera hanging around neck yelled at me, 'Get a horse! Get a horse! Hee-hee-hee!' Hysterical. I paused at Boathouse. Lots of rowboats out on water—fifty cents an hour for one person, twenty cents an hour for each additional person. At snack stand, had quick bite of bean soup, franks, potato salad, fried eggs, blueberry pie, frosted chocolate, popcorn, Chiclets. Got going again. Was stalked by six-year-old infantryman with toy rifle and wearing helmet camouflaged with green leaves. Lost him at Mall. Hundreds of benches set up facing bandstand. One old man sleeping on bench at rear. Stage deserted except for two little girls jumping around, one behind other, singing 'Hello, Dolly!' Giggling. Knocking selves out. Bronze plaque on side of stand read, 'In Memory of Elkan Naumburg Who Inaugurated Orchestral Concerts in the Old Band Stand on the Mall 50 Years Ago and Donated This Stand in 1923. May 30, 1955.' Did some figure eights around benches. Went over to statue of Beethoven facing bandstand. Cop told me to scram. Cop said, 'I wish they'd put signs up where to ride. I guess signs cost money.'

"Back to bicycle path. Raced midnight-blue Rolls-Royce on other side of wooden rail separating path from Park Drive. Only passenger in Rolls Siamese cat. Reached Bethesda Fountain area again. Commercial had got further along. Director had stopped playing guitar, was now directing model to stand in silhouette, throw hair product to boy friend, tell boy friend if he wants to stay boy friend he should use hair product. Young fellow in gray wool track outfit still stalling. Now fixing shoelaces. Club cyclists at standstill at corner of Mall, chewing fat. Daniel Webster unchanged. Still 'Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.' Sleepers still sleeping. Squirrels still hopping. Couple on tandem gone. Team of twelve-year-olds now third football game on field. Little girl at water fountain still struggling to fill beer can. Line behind her had different personnel but was just as long, just as discouraged. Picnics. Twins. Lovers. Switched to third speed. Going good thirty m.p.h. Flying. *Ciao*, Hiram, old sock!"

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SIGN in the Pentagon: "This passageway has been made non-conducive to utilization for an indefinite period."

THE BINOCULARS

"HOW I'd like to go to the Abruzzi to buy dishes!" his mother often said. It was the one trip she really had at heart. "Just you and I in your little car—with room for only the dishes in the back." From time to time, some friend with a big car offered to drive them. "Shall we go? Shall we go?" she would say and look ready to leave. But they hadn't got around to going.

Then she had fallen ill. She had improved, and again she spoke to him of the Abruzzi trip. Her illness was one of relapses and remissions. During the remissions, she would say something about going, wistfully—more wistfully, it seemed to him, after each of the relapses. Finally, one came from which she did not recover.

It was four months now since she had died. He and his wife were living in her house in Tuscany. The set of dishes there served to remind him of the trip not taken. Plain white, with a couple of green circles at the rim, they had been bought by his mother provisionally, to discard as soon as she could find what she was looking for. They had the merit of being unpretentious, but that was all; they didn't offend you. At the same time, like a canvas with a piece of stripping round it, their blankness was intriguing. You felt a constant urge for some kind of form to take place in that blankness. It invited form.

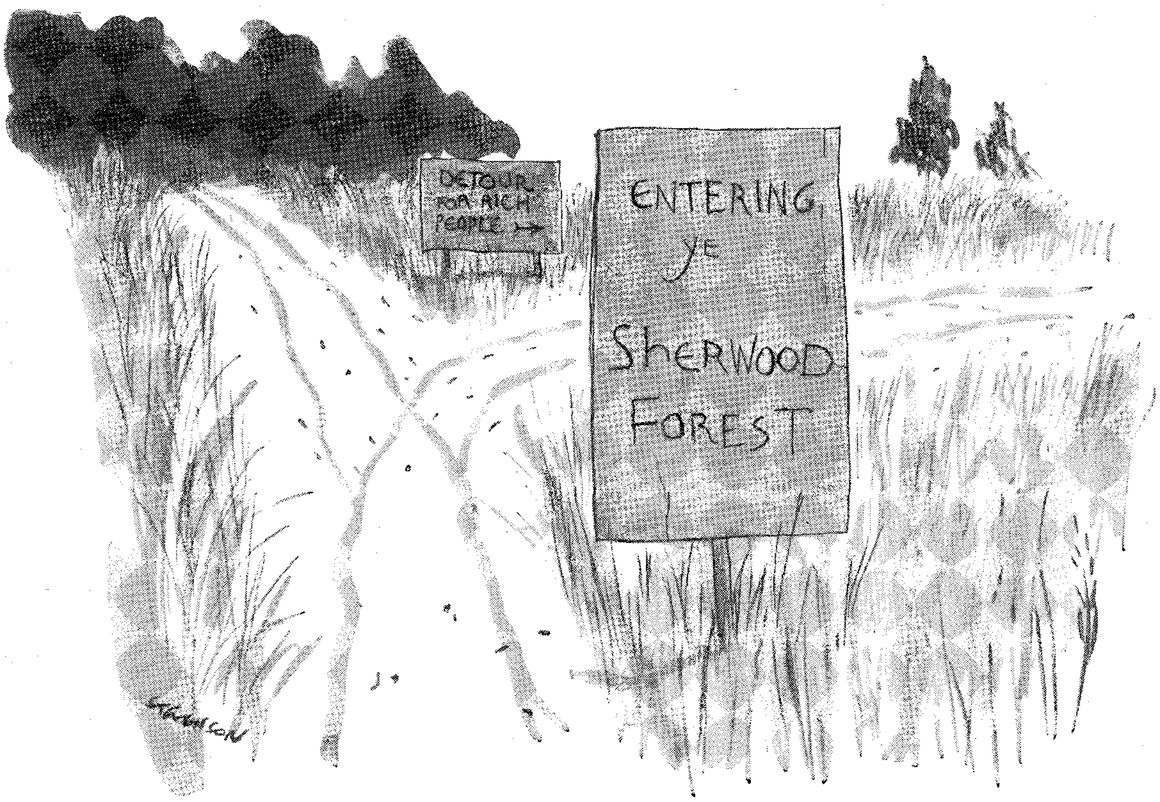
The right form was not easy to find—not in the shops within reach, at any rate. Stuffed birds, stiff flowers, patterns so often used that they looked dusty, deliberate wriggles—that's what you got here. In the Abruzzi, it was different. There, in the town of Aquila, six years before, while walking down a narrow lane, he had found a small ceramics store. Each cup, vase, plate, and saucer had a painting—a landscape with trees, a brook, a little house, and mountains in the background, done with colors that held meaning: the blue of distance, the green of freshness, the brown of earth. They were earthy dishes—glazed clayware, terra cotta—not stamped, not out of a mold, not printed but made by hand. Each had a different landscape, reflecting a mood, a fancy, a moment in a person's life. And on the back of each, handwritten, like a signature, was the name of the Abruzzi mountain village they came from—Castelli. He had bought several and taken them home. His mother, who had an even greater passion than he had for dishes, had liked them very much, and for a long time—six years—he had wanted to take her with him and go to Castelli to buy more, right in the place where they were made.

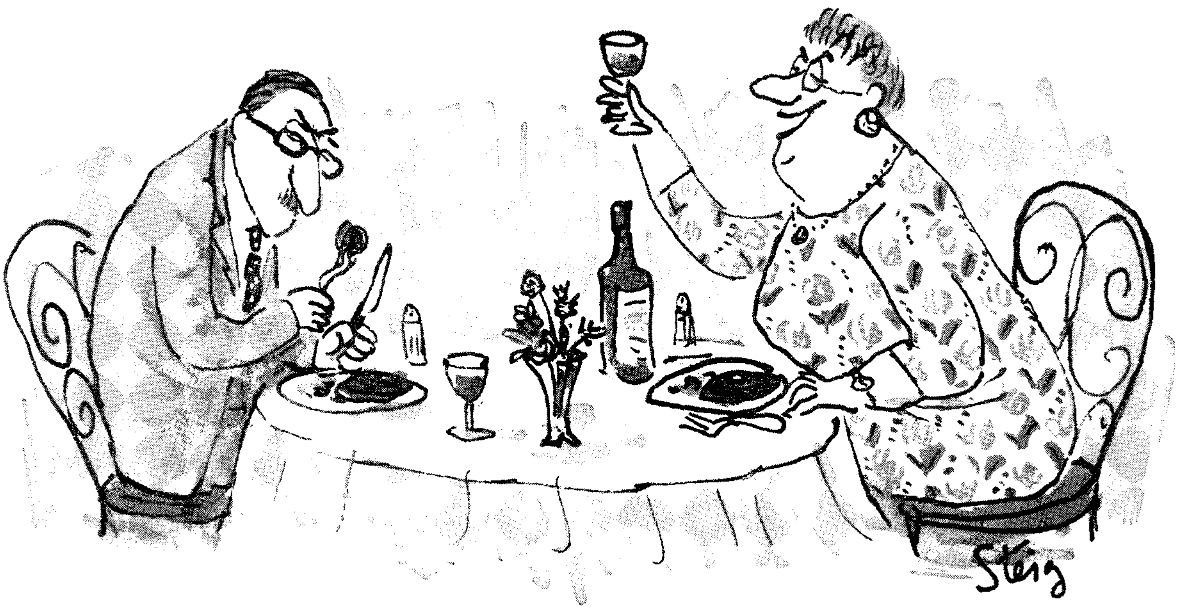
Now it was too late to take her. Still, he felt he should make the trip—felt it almost as a duty. Perhaps in some supernatural way she would be with him, partaking of his pleasure everywhere. He was in Rome. With his wife and baby, he had gone there for a few days—he by car, they by train, to avoid the bumps and bends of the roads. They were getting ready to return home—again he by car, with the luggage, and they by train—when he said, "I think I'll go back by way of the Abruzzi and Umbria. I want to get some dishes. I may take two days. Don't worry about me if I'm late."

Out of Rome, he headed north along the Tiber for a way, then left its valley, climbed the Sabine Mountains, proceeded to Rieti, and turned east toward the Apennines. He crossed the great divide, descended to a plateau, only to begin climbing again up toward the watershed, northeast of where he had crossed it. He reached a high, saddlelike mountain pass. From it, between spectacular mountains, the road ran down along a deep and narrow gully carved by a river.

It was a good thing the car was open, he thought; from a closed one, unless he leaned out, he wouldn't have been able to see the mountaintops, they were so high and he was down so low—almost level with the river. The river glistened between fallen boulders, some so huge no flood could ever budge them, others precariously balanced on one end—colossal pillars that the current continuously undermined and would someday topple over with a splash. He raced the river—always before him and behind him, like the road. From bridge to bridge, dazzled by its silver light, he raced it, joined it, left it, caught sight of it and lost it, came on it so close he felt he'd run it down, only to see it curving round the corner of the gully a mile away.

The gully got no sun, though it was late morning and September. But he could see the sun shining on the brow of the mountain high over the river, on the opposite side. Up there, several white objects caught his eye. Rocks, were they? But why so white, when everything around, and the rocky cliff itself, was gray? Puzzled, he stopped the car and reached for a pair of binoculars he had inside a basket on the back seat. He looked through them. Sheets—bedsheets laid out to dry in the





"To my darling, sweet, good-natured, and pleasant husband—a toast!"

sun—that's what they were. Shifting the binoculars slightly to the right, he saw what he hadn't noticed with the naked eye: a little row of houses, gray like the mountain—part of the mountain, really—an upward prolongation of the cliff, made of the same stone, but with windows and a slightly more geometric outline.

He drove on. He wasn't just sightseeing. Before midday, he must get to Castelli, to buy the plates there. It was a village, perhaps, like this one, perched up high, on the east—for him, the far side—of the Apennines' tallest mountain. It was bigger than this village, though, big enough to be on his road map. This one wasn't; it didn't make the 1:500,000 scale. But Castelli was more out of the way—so remote one either went there expressly or not at all. He had an idea that the Renaissance had taken refuge in it and its pottery works, taken refuge in plates, dishes, humble things, up there on the mountains away from the main roads, and that someday, when the time was ripe, it would blossom out from there, invade the plains and cities once again.

The gully he had been driving along widened. It was a valley now, and the huge boulders on the river had given way to stones and pebbles. He came to a fair-sized village, and a fork. His road was on the right—the smaller of the two, the unpaved one. Less than a mile away, it left the valley and began to climb. Up and down the foothills of the mountain it led him, across small stone bridges over streams, in between woods and fields, the woods gaining on the fields as he went on, and the mountain always looming in the distance to the right, its peak concealed by a uniformly gray curtain of mist.

He passed a village islanded by a stream, connected to the mainland by a stone bridge—a village whose five- or six-centuries-old castle looked, and was, perhaps, its newest building. On the many-creviced brick structure, herbs and flowers sprouted tall and thin, waving in the wind, and here and there even a shrub and stunted tree—an olive, an oak, a cypress. He stopped to examine all these closely, brought eight times nearer to him by the lenses of his binoculars.

He came to another, smaller village. Past this one, two or three miles, the soil, which farther down had been a fertile brown, became ashen gray. Clay. "What their dishes are made of," he said to himself, and knew he must be near. The landscape was guttered by deep creeks, scored by them. No grass, no plant whatever, grew here. But for that common clay, he thought, there'd be no village—or, at least, no potteries. Yet they didn't exist *because* of that clay. The clay was a mere condition. An intelligent hand had picked it up.

He came to the last corner that concealed the village; snail-shell-shaped, on a high hill across a deep ravine, it disclosed itself. The road descended the ravine to cross a stream, then sharply rose again to the first houses. It became a village street, flanked by a low wall on his left and by a curving row of houses on his right. He passed a small store with dishes and vases in the window. I am here all right, he thought. Twenty feet farther on, the street turned inward, between houses, and soon it opened into a square. He parked his car. There were no chimney stacks, no factorylike buildings or workshops in sight—just ancient little houses close together. One had a ceramics store, and he could see another up a narrow street. On the opposite side of the square, a wider street climbed in a curve toward a second, smaller square, where the town hall and parish church stood.

He had no watch. Hoping to do some shopping before the stores closed for lunch, he asked a man the time.

"It's twelve-twenty," the man said. "Were you looking for something? Maybe someplace I can direct you to?"

"Yes, I came here to buy plates."

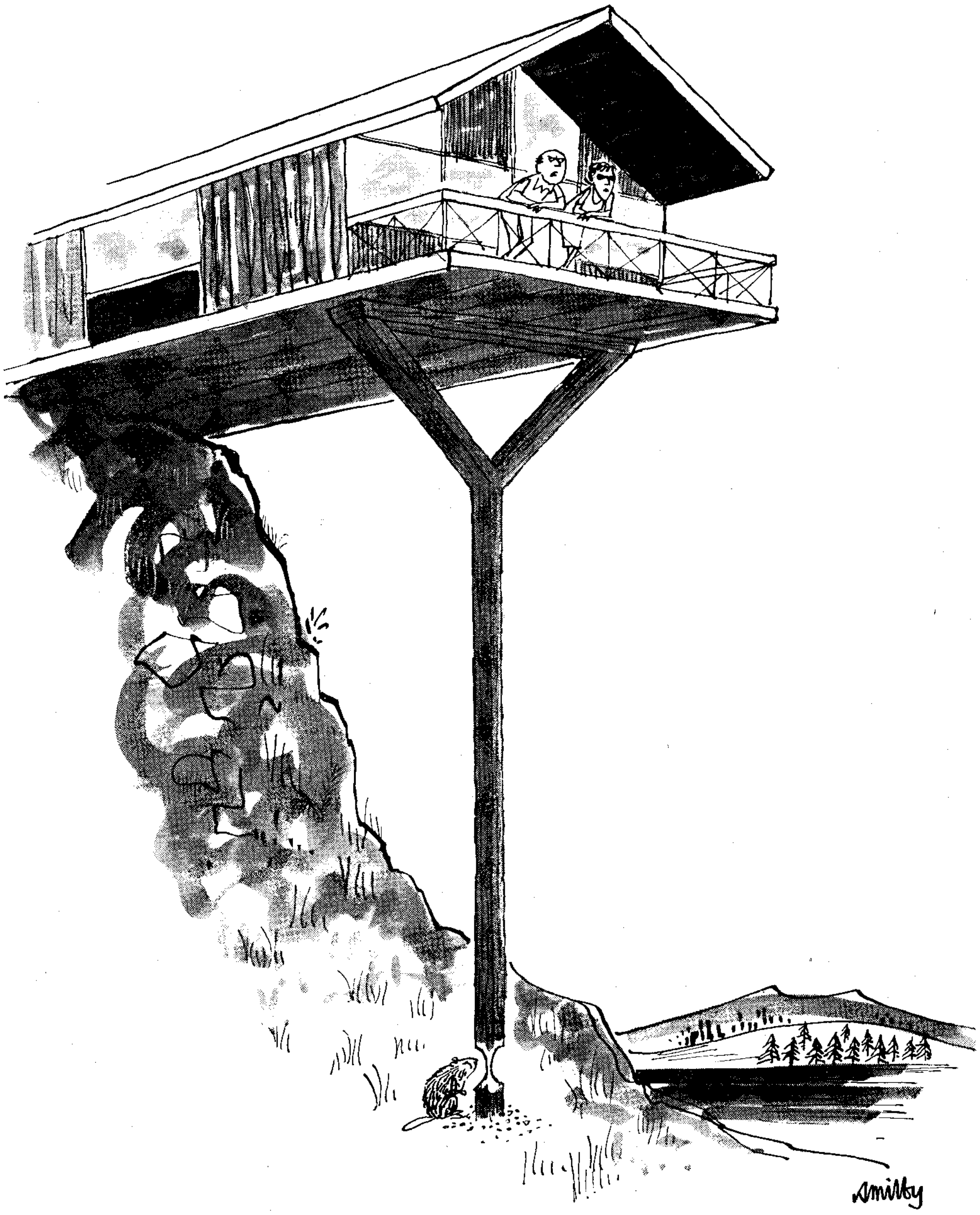
"Plates," the man said, like an angler who had sighted a fish biting. "Dinner plates or plates to hang up on a wall?"

"Dinner plates."

"Then come with me. I'll take you to the best place for them. These stores here have more the decorative kind." The man led him down some steps into a steep alley, down the alley and to the right, through an arch, a vault, a narrow passage, into another alley on a lower level of the hill, then up a few steps, where he gave a push to a battered wooden door. It opened into a small workshop with walls blackened by smoke. A big young man turned slowly to look at them. "He wants to buy plates," the man said briskly, and left.

The young man looked at him slightly suspiciously, as at a customer who won't buy much—a couple of things at most. An older man looked up at him from the shadow, the semi-darkness of the room, then went on working, his curiosity taken care of. "I'll show you what we have," the young man said, and took him down a staircase to the floor below, which, because the village was on a steep hill, was the basement on one side and the ground floor on the other. It had two rooms. One, a few steps below the other, was a storeroom, and it was piled with dishes.

They were just what he wanted. He hummed with satisfaction and crouched before each pile. "At least a dozen of these," he said, and picked them out. Each landscape, similar to the



"There it goes again. Sounds like someone nibbling crackers."

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ones he had seen years before, was different from the next, though they were garlanded by more or less the same flowers. "And a dozen matching soup plates. Six cups, six saucers."

The young man looked at him with surprise. "Shall I get a box?"

"A good idea," he said, and walked around. "This ashtray, too, and this, and this, and this. The more I look around, the more I want to buy. They fascinate me."

"Ah, yes, that's the way it is," the young man said. Somewhat opaque, his expression held a certain admiration now.

"This pitcher, too. And this little box."

The young man had a hard time keeping up with him, packing the things in straw.

"This little vase, and this, and this." God, there was no ending. Well, I must really stop now, he thought. He wanted to see some of the other stores. "Could I have these taken to my car? A small green convertible parked there on the square. Oh, and let me pay you." He observed the young man handling the dishes, packing them, making up the bill. "Who painted them?" he asked. He would have wagered that it wasn't the young man—a good fellow, but shallow-eyed, a little dull. Nor, he thought, was it the old man he had seen. A sharper stroke, a quicker hand was needed than this young man possessed, but chiefly a brighter glance, eyes more perceptive.

"He isn't here now. He only comes once in a while."

When he feels like it, he thought. Yes, that sounded right. He paid the bill—about twenty-five dollars—and went back up to the square.

One of the stores was still open, and he entered. Contrary to what the man he had first met told him, the shop had a wide selection of dinnerware. Again he began choosing. I must have at least twenty of those beautiful blue anemones, he thought. He felt that he was buying flowers. "Twenty of these pale-blue ones. A dozen of these fruit plates. And a dozen of these teacups."

A girl, a young man, an older woman and her husband busied themselves around him, pleased to have business, especially at this time—the good season over. The husband, owner of the firm, was a roundish, bald man with a clear and happy face. He looked like an artist; there was curiosity in him, speculation in his eyes. He seemed to want to engage in a conversation. He rubbed his hands together, clasped them, let them go, and, almost too politely, very gently, asked if where he came from they made plates like these.

"No," he replied. "Just the conventional, fashionable stuff. Nothing like this—nothing fresh. Coats of arms, emblems, artificial-looking flowers."

"Here we paint like our fathers, like our grandfathers. I paint myself, and my family here helps me, and seven workmen." He went to the window and looked out. "There, you see. They are unloading the firewood. Beechwood. We use beech because it makes a very hot, bright flame. Nine hundred degrees our dishes are fired to. That's why they don't easily break. We sell them even in foreign lands—Boston, Amsterdam. The man from Amsterdam drove here to see me recently. Oh, *simpaticissimo*. Over there is the mountain. It's clouded over, or you would see it."

The dishes were packed. He paid for them—twenty dollars—then left with his bundle and took it to the car.

He had lunch in a little *trattoria* in the square, and afterward he walked up to the small square on top of the hill, to see the town hall and the parish church. In the center of the upper square, there was a bust of a celebrated seventeenth-century Castelli ceramist, painter, and sculptor. It was he, apparently, who had begun—or given new impulse to—the works. On the outside walls of the town hall and the church, there were several reliefs he had done in terra cotta. The town hall was a massive building—a castle, really—whose base, on the left side and back, was set on the bare, steep, sloping hill, at least a hundred feet below the level of the square. The town hall seemed like the bulwark of the village, protecting its little houses from the north.

He went back down to the lower square, and into two more stores. He bought two salad bowls, egg cups, coffee cups, and three or four vases, spending all the money he had except for a few thousand lire—just enough to get home on, he hoped. He was glad he had spent so much. After all, he believed in this village; he wanted to support it. And he had—he had given each store and workshop a little business, and at the same time had got a supply of dishes that would keep him well provided for years. In a way, he felt odd—he, a man, buying all these household things. But he wasn't just doing it for himself; at least, he hoped he wasn't.

With the last bundles of dishes in his arms, he went to the car and set them in the back next to the other dishes and his basket. The car was full. Yet not quite—his basket had an empty space on top. The binoculars weren't there. He was sure he had left them in it. He should have locked the car—even if one door didn't lock, the other did. He had only pulled the top up. Maybe they had fallen on the floor. He looked under the seats, between the boxes. No, they hadn't.

"Have you lost something?"

He looked behind him. A man was poring over his shoulder, an expression of concern on his face.

"Well, yes—a pair of binoculars."

"Had you left them in the car?"

"Yes, in the basket."

The man looked inside the basket, tousling the change of clothes there, then inspected the whole car thoroughly. Nothing.

By this time, a couple more men had come to the car, and two or three more were on their way, all asking questions, milling around. "Was it a good pair of binoculars?"

"Well, yes, fairly good. . . . But it doesn't matter."

"And you are sure you had them when you came?"

"I think so. . . . Yes, I had them."

They looked at one another. "Bernardo," somebody said.

"Bernardo," another man repeated.

"Who is Bernardo?"

"Hu! He is a foolish boy. I saw him strolling round the car before—snooping."

"I should have locked it. But it can't really be locked."

"This time he isn't going to get away with it, though," one of the men said.

"He needs a lesson," said another.

"It's once too often," the first man said.

Somebody started cursing. "There goes the honor of this village by it!" he said.

Halfheartedly, he was still looking inside the car, just to give himself something to do.

"You know," a man explained, "he's a bit odd, this Bernardo boy," and he dipped his hand to this side and to that next to his forehead.

A carabiniere came, and began asking tedious questions—questions no one would have thought of answering, except to a carabiniere.

"Come, let's go find Bernardo," someone said.

"No, look," he said. "I'd rather you did nothing about it. I don't mind about the binoculars. Anyway, they hurt my eyes."

They looked at him as if he were a little odd himself.

"He's a thief," a man said to him. "You came to buy dishes. You brought us good business. You mustn't be treated in this way. It isn't fair."

"Come, let's go get him," the first

PAINTING A WAVE

"Painting a wave requires no system,"
The painter said, painting a wave.
"Systems may get you flotsam and jetsam,
Seaweed and so forth. But never a wave."

There was a scroll or fine-lined curve
On the canvas first, and then what looked
Like hair flying or grayish nerves,
Which began to move as the painter worked.

"Painting the sea is a lot of trouble;
It never stops still for a moment, so
I try to make it internal, mental,
As though I stopped it, then let it go."

Something began to pulse and tumble
Out of the brushes, the ink, the chalk;
A long black line commenced to tremble,
Then, like a fishline, started to jerk . . .

With what at the end? "I think I've caught it."
A drop of water hung on a hair.
"If I could only stop it a minute!"
The drop began to race somewhere,

Spreading out in every direction,
A bird of thread, caught in a storm,
Trying to say, "Connection! Action!"
But in the end it was very calm.

Soon there was water under water,
And over the sand a sun . . . a moon?
Who could have seen that wave of water
One night ago? Or a thousand and one?

Who could have seen that lid of water
With its thin mascara of buoys and corks,
With its lined horizon's distant glimmer
Of maybe a skyline like New York's?

Now there will be that morning evening
Tide dyeing the water's pulse,
The wave drying in ink. *The Wave.*
Moving, momentous, motionless.

—HOWARD MOSS

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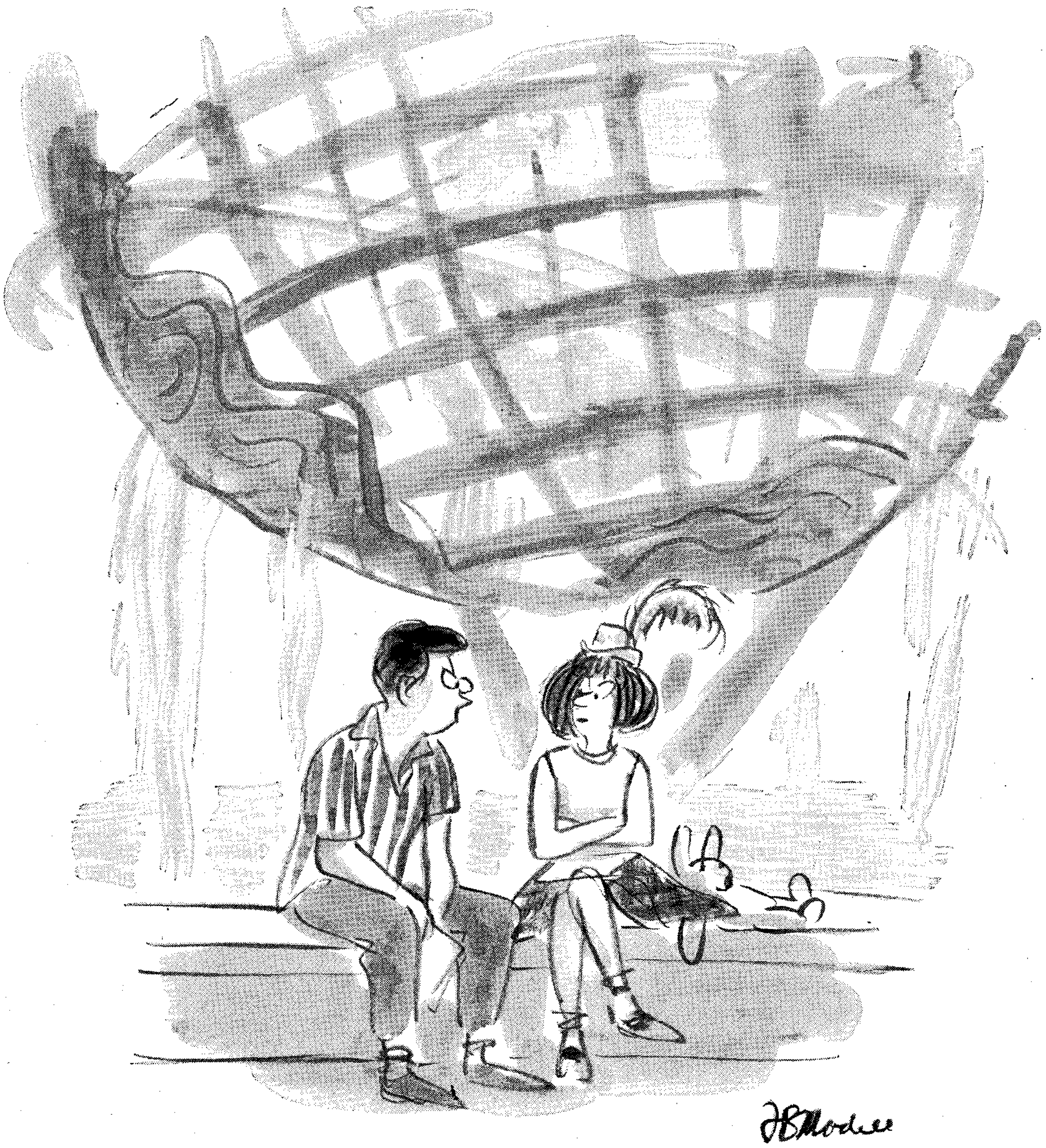

"To you, Mildred, peace-through-understanding is just a hollow phrase."

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man said, and in a moment he was off, with two or three others and the carabiniere. They seemed to know exactly where to go, as if this had happened before.

"Where are they going?"

"His home."

Soon they came back with a youth; at second glance, he looked to be in his late twenties—an overgrown, red-faced fellow with a bad case of acne and very short hair. He was followed by a slender old woman with a black kerchief on her head, in black stockings and threadbare clothes—a woman who looked as if she had been in mourning half her life; was probably his grandmother. Part of the time she was swearing at the boy, part of the time beseeching the carabiniere to forgive him. Two or three times she hit the boy on his back, hoping, perhaps, they might accept that as punishment enough for him. Each time, he ducked and raised an elbow. The old woman looked at the car and at the stranger, and began asking his forgiveness.

"Yes, yes, I forgive him," he said.

"No, he's in for it this time. He's stolen before," the carabiniere said. "Here—are these your binoculars?"

"Yes," he said, and took them. "Really, marshal, I don't want to press charges. Let him go. After all, the binoculars have been found. Everything's all right."

"It's out of your hands, I'm afraid. Everyone come to the police station with me."

They all went up to the town hall. There, in a dingy office that smelled of filthy paper and looked as dreary as any other police station in the world, he answered many questions. At last, after an hour, he went out the front door. Half an hour earlier, Bernardo had been led through another.

He walked slowly down the hill to the lower square, past the store where he had bought part of his dishes, to the car. Everywhere, he felt eyes looking at him. He got into his car, started the motor, and drove away—down to the creek, across it, and up to the top of the next hill. There he stopped, took his binoculars out of the basket, and looked through them at the castled structure of the town hall. On its left, vertical side, he could see many holes and a tiny window, barred. He wrested the binoculars from his eyes. Quickly, he resumed driving. He drove all evening, and reached his home that night.

A FEW days later, at the table, waiting for the food to be passed round, he stared into his empty plate. He looked at it intently. What he saw was not the open sky, the little silver cloud, the tree, the hut, the mountain the blue color of distance, and the flowers but a barred window.

"Aren't these plates lovely!" a guest said to him.

He looked up at her. "Yes," he said. "Yes. Lovely."

He thought, The binoculars stolen, the boy in jail, and this woman here instead of my mother—they are all in keeping with each other.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

The telephone will not ring. The teletype, the teletypewriters are silent. The special, important thought arrives with the solitude of the night as a question. Beyond my window, as far as I can see, the city explodes with life. People and their machines, their architecture—even their man-made birds are all before me, verified by lights. Millions of lights that move, twinkle and shine firmly into the blackness. I look out from my 23rd floor pinnacle upon this civilization and wonder. Where do I, as a magazine space representative, fit in?—*Roy S. Payton in Printers' Ink.*

Maybe as a forest ranger?

THE SIN OF PRIDE

DARK, intractable, with peeling noses revealing a tender new pink skin underneath, the soles of their feet riddled with splinters, unsupervised, tasting of brine, smelling of slightly scorched skin and stale suntan cream, nurtured on white bread, peanut butter, raspberry jam, Fig Newtons, and milk, the children—seven of them—stood on the boardwalk, halfway between the ocean and the bay.

"Let's go to the beach," said Tom, who was twelve and could swim.

"Let's go to the bay," said Tristram, who was small for six, and afraid of the surf.

"I've got a splinter I want to take out," said Tina, who was nine.

"I'll take it out for you," said Tina's twin sister, Tilda. "I know where Mother's hidden the tweezers."

"The sun's right above us—it must be around noon," said Tamara, who owned "The Giant Golden Book of Astronomy."

Tom looked at her. She was the oldest of the group, and rather incomprehensible—fourteen at least, and just back from a holiday in Yugoslavia. (Who wanted to go to Yugoslavia, when the island was *right there*, two hours away from the city?) She seemed to be teasing him when she really wasn't. It was her manner, and her English accent. And she was so big (those *shoulders*). And pink polish on her toes—which was all right for mothers, he supposed. And, speaking of mothers, *her* mother kept a shop on the docks (a *boat*ique—yoicks!), which was practical in a way, because Tamara could get a candy necklace for free any time. She usually wore one, and then suddenly, toward the end of the day, she would give it away with a queenly gesture. But the really *good* thing about Tamara was that she shared her raft.

"I think," said Toni, who was Tom's younger sister, "that I should take Thaddeus back to his house." The baby whimpered on the boardwalk, dressed in a tiny cotton shirt and nothing else. "All right, all right, Thaddeus," said Toni, with a penetrating sweetness to her voice, "I'll take you home." Gently, she picked him up, and started in the direction of his house.

"It's broiling," said Tamara languorously. "I would love to lie in a hammock, in the shade of two trees."

Tom looked at her. *Two* trees. She probably saw a lot of trees in Yugoslavia. But around here? Bushes, yes; little trees, yes; but for shade she knows perfectly well you have to go home.

"It's Wednesday, isn't it?" asked Tristram.

"Well, I want to go to the beach," said Tom.

"And I want to go to the bay," said Tristram.

"I'm hungry," said Tilda. "And Tina should have that splinter removed."

"All right, then, let's all go home," said Tina, "and go to the beach after lunch."

"But I want to go to the bay," said Tristram.

"Let's all go home," said Tom, "and go to the beach after lunch."

"Where's Theo?" asked Tina.

"Where's Theo?" said Tom.

"Where's Theo?" said Tilda.

"Theo's very handsome, don't you think?" said Tamara.

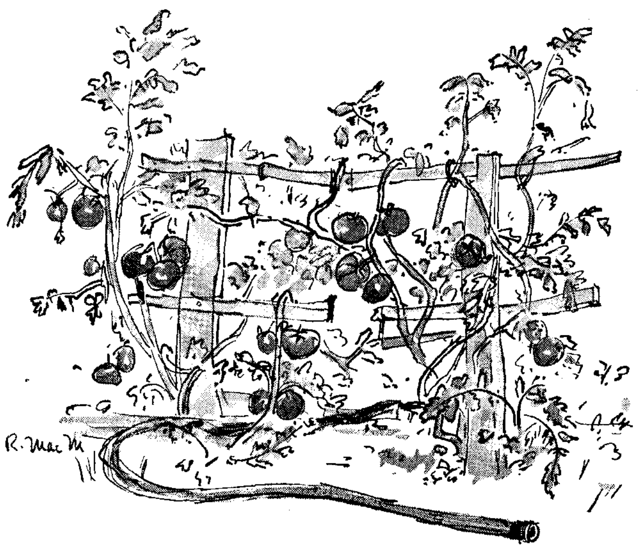
"I haven't seen my brother all day," Tristram said evenly, although he had most certainly seen him at breakfast.

"Well, as I said," said Tom, "let's all go home."

The children separated into two groups and walked in opposite directions. On the back of Tina's sweatshirt, in bright-red printed letters, it said, I'M AN ANGEL. The back of Tilda's shirt read, I'M A DEVIL. The children separated again. Tilda went off somewhere with a cat she found under the boardwalk, and Tristram, for no reason at all, ended up with Tina at her house.

FLAT on his back, eyes blindly closed against the sun, its heat straddling his chest and driving him deeper into the heat of the sand, Theo lay in the sand pit in front of his house. He had come out of the sea shivering only ten minutes ago, but he was beautifully warm now; the summer was his, and he lay there bewildered with joy. This particular summer, he had conquered his very own narrow kingdom by the sea. Infinitely familiar (hadn't he been coming here since he was two?) yet forever renewed ("Tamara, look! They've begun to build the new house! I wonder who'll live in it. I hope it's a really *modern* house!"). This year, the traffic obeyed him; he could stop a beach taxi with a sign of his hand ("Hi, Mr. Thornhill, how's the driving? Found me a turtle yet?"). This year, even Tom obeyed him ("Now, Tom, you let Tina and Tilda have a handicap of three feet; after all, they're *girls*"). He had learned to dive under the surf at last ("Watch me! Here I go! *Watch!*"). On Sunday mornings, he loved to lie on the beach with his eyes puckered, a book carefully placed in his father's shadow, and watch over him ("Toni, take Thaddeus away; can't you see my father's *sleeping*?"). This summer, he had *really* learned to escape his mother ("Oh, come on, Ma, can't you see I'm busy? Can't you see my friends are *waiting*?"). And he had finished his summer homework and so surpassed Tom, who went to the same school in the city but was a year ahead ("What, you still working on your book report? I've finished *mine*").

Theo turned over onto his right side very slowly, observed the sun directly above him through the slit that was his left eye, settled himself on his stomach, decided that it would soon be time for lunch, felt the black heat of the sand pierce his left cheek, raised his head, felt with his hand for an ever so slightly cooler spot until he thought he had found it, moved over slightly, and offered his cheek to the sand once more.



THE mercury in the deep shade of the living room, climbing in its narrow glass prison and then hesitating and climbing again, by noon had arrived at ninety-six. A moment later, an alarm clock rang in the kitchen, and Theo's mother, who was lowering a tea bag into a teapot and lifting it out, dropped the tea bag, reached for the Baby Ben, stopped the alarm, and wondered, "Where's Theo?"

A sleepy voice answered

her through the screen door. “Here, in the sand pit, drying.”

Funny, she thought. I spoke aloud. Must be the heat.

“Theo,” she said, in a voice that sounded more cajoling than she intended it to. “Our laundry’s on the noon boat. I’ll give you a dime if you go get it.”

The voice from the sand pit was less sleepy this time, and more assertive. “Tom’s mother gives him a quarter when *he* gets the laundry.”

“I’ve already told you I don’t care what other people do. I don’t think you should be paid a quarter every time you run an errand for me. In fact, I don’t think you should be paid at all, but as long as all the other children—”

“I thought you didn’t care what other people did.”

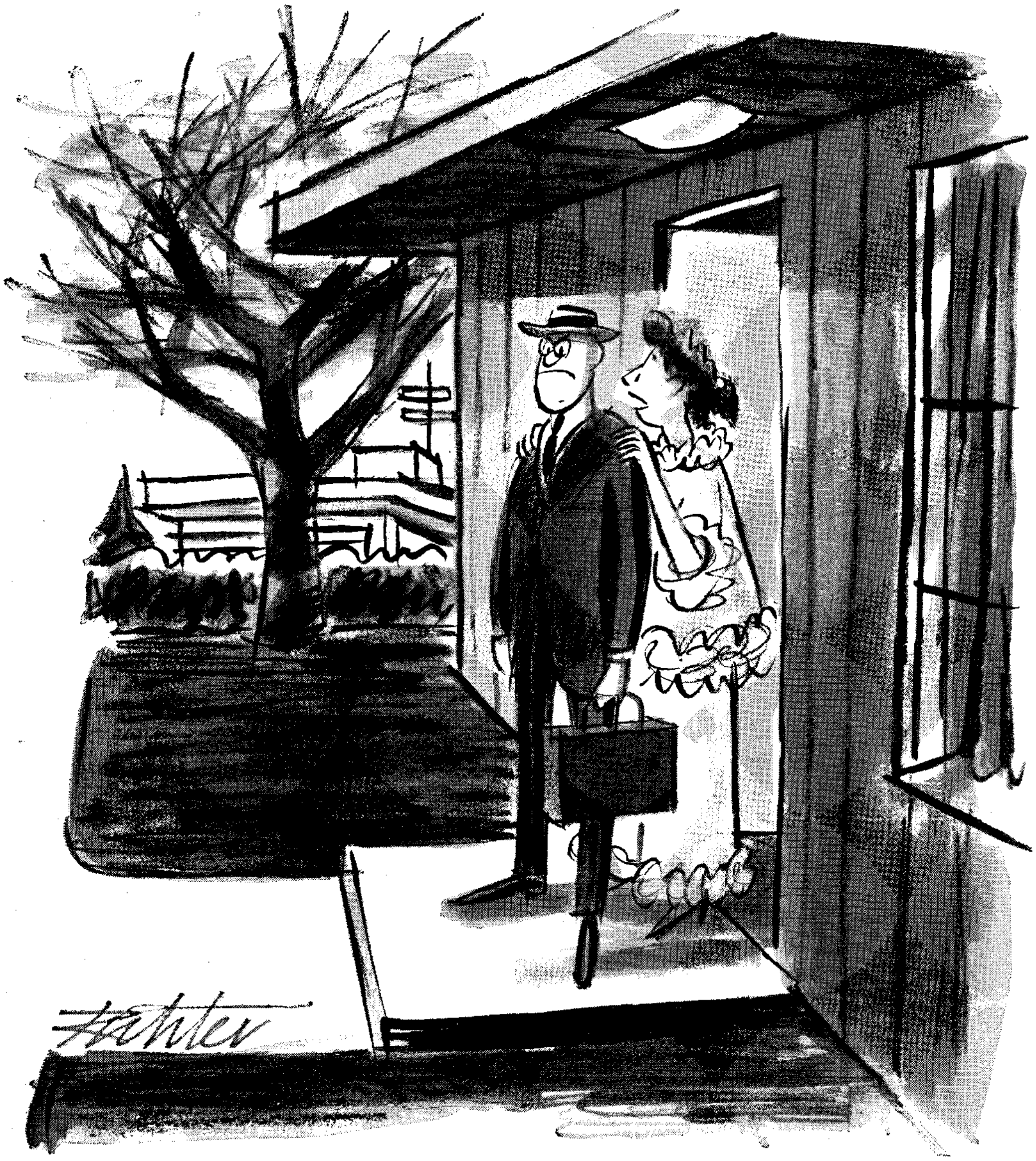
“Oh, Theo, stop. It’s too hot for an argument. Never mind. I’ll go down for the laundry myself, after lunch. Where’s Tristram? He promised to be home by twelve. Those children.”

THOSE children. Wild, those children with bleached hair. Intractable. Proud. Barefoot, always, with tar under their toenails. Shedding their skin, all summer long. Elusive as lizards. Up and out with the sun, and still out when night fell. This very morning, Theo’s mother had seen Tina and Tilda on the boardwalk, carrying an enormous phonograph between them. It was a quarter to seven, and their mother still slept, no doubt. Where were they going with a phonograph at a quarter to seven? Gathering power, those children, from the sun and the sea. Building their sand castles for Thaddeus to destroy. Dreaming. Inaccessible. No need of parents whatever. Never mind the fact that they show no respect and no obedience. Talk to them and half the time they don’t bother to answer; they don’t even hear you. Ask them to do something and nine times out of ten they don’t, because they don’t see why they should. Only Toni remained half tame, sweeping the house in the morning, folding hospital corners on her bed, biting her lip as she wrote down a recipe for home-fries. Sweet Toni with the long hair. Warm, dear Toni, whom Thaddeus (who was not, as everyone thought at first, her baby brother) followed on the boardwalk with clucks of joy. But those children, on the whole—the boys especially—tell them to be back at six and they come in triumphant at half past seven. Give them a watch and they leave it in a drawer. Make them wear it and they forget to wind it. Wind it for them and they forget to look at it. Self-sufficient, that’s what they were; their parents could disappear for all the difference it would make, so long as they left them with money for peanut butter. Self-sufficient even on rainy days, they ran from house to house, leaving sweaters and slickers behind. You never knew where you’d find them. The boys at a table, building their airplane models in an atmosphere of silence and male sanctity. The girls on the floor, hectic and high-pitched, busy putting together this year’s folly—a mouse hotel, with real gingham curtains. (“Well, why *shouldn’t* mice stay in hotels?” Toni answered Thaddeus’s mother irritably, instead of with her usual temperate sweetness.) And Tom, on one of those rainy days, lost a five-dollar bill his mother had given him to fetch the laundry with. It simply vanished. His mother was very angry with him, but throughout the interrogation Tom remained unmoved. The five-dollar bill had vanished from his pocket. Yes, he had folded it up carefully and placed it at the very bottom of his pocket. From which it had vanished. Magic. (“Gadzooks,” said Tom to Theo afterward, “how can I be responsible for a five-dollar bill with legs that *walks* out of my pocket?”)

“THEO, what would you like for lunch?”

“Peanut butter and jell on white, ice cream, and mashed banana.”

Just as well, thought his



“Please, dear, not yet. When the mortgage is paid off and the kids are through college, then you can spit in his eye.”

mother. It’s unbearable to think of putting a match to the stove, except to boil water to make iced tea. Even the morning’s wash has me thoroughly depressed.

Theo’s trunks, almost dry, were fading in the sun. When the heat of the sand seemed to pierce his eye sockets, he decided, In a moment, I shall have to get up and dip my head in a pail of cold water. Then maybe lunch. I wonder where Tristram is. . . . After lunch I’ll read, and after that maybe I’ll go down to the docks. . . . A dime . . . I have seventy-five cents left, as I did not spend my candy allowance. That will make eighty-five cents with the laundry dime. Which means I’ll be missing fifteen cents. Tom owes me a dime for the gum he bought for Tamara. I’ll ask him for it on my way to the docks, and if I manage to borrow a nickel from Captain Thorpe I can get the Cessna 180. $1.00. I can just make it. There’s no city tax.

His eyes still shut, he saw the longish box that contained the Monogram model of the Cessna 180. (“Sport plane. All plastic model scaled from official blueprints. With floats and retractable wheels. Working doors. Engine. Two figures.”) One of them was a woman on water skis, who wore a red bathing suit and reminded him of Toni. But then, most women in red bathing suits reminded him of Toni, as most women in yellow bathing suits made him think of Tamara.

Last night, he and Tamara walked back from the docks together. Tamara had gone down to get the laundry off the six-o’clock boat, and Theo had met her there by chance. She asked him to take the wagon back to her house. It was heavy with the laundry in it, but Theo didn’t want to sound lazy. And as they walked side by side on the boardwalk, Tamara said, above the sound of the wagon, quite loud and with a sidelong glance, “How old did you say you were?”

And he answered, because he *had* to answer, “Ten.”

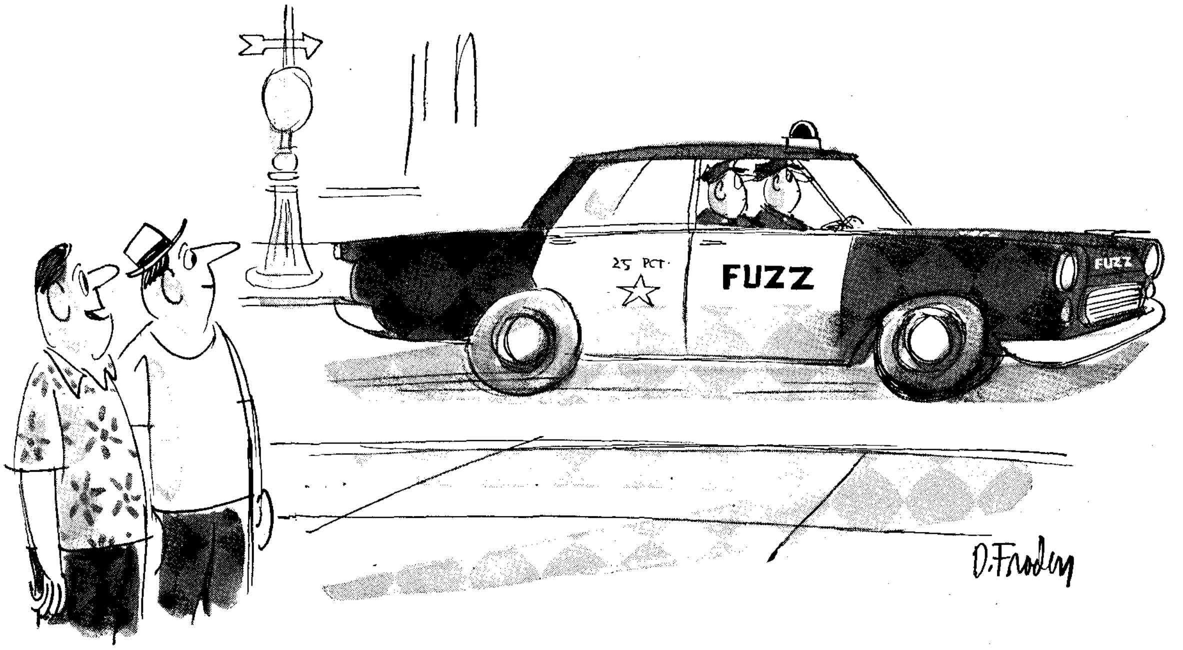
Of course she should have stopped there, but she didn’t; she kept right on going. She said, “I’m sure all the girls will be after you when you grow up. When you’re eighteen, you’ll be a very handsome young man.”

He felt embarrassment cloud and mar his face. There was nothing he could say.

“When you’re eighteen, you must get in touch with me,” she added, vaguely.

“I won’t forget,” he answered, his eyes on her pink toenails. “I’ll pick up the phone and let you know.”

Now Theo thought of the laundry and the dime, sat up, then stood up, and, thoroughly dazed, walked into the darkness of his house. “I want lunch,” he said.



“Man, this precinct swings!”

• •

“LET’S go to the beach,” said Tom.

“I want to go to the bay,” said Tristram.

“I’ll let you have the raft,” said Tamara to Tom.

“I don’t need it,” said Tom. “Toni’s taking care of Thaddeus, so I can take hers.”

“It’s rough,” said Tristram.

“Well, who’s forcing you to go in?” said Tamara.

“No one,” whispered Tristram.

“Where are Tina and Tilda?” asked Tom.

“They’re still up at the house,” said Tamara. “They said they’d be over a bit later, with their mother.”

“With their *mother*?” said Tom. “What’s the matter with them?”

“I don’t know,” said Tristram. “But I don’t want to go in.”

“But you don’t have to,” said Tamara.

“Where’s Theo?” said Tom.

“Yes, where’s Theo?” repeated Tamara.

“He’s gone to get the laundry,” said Tristram.

“But is he coming later?” asked Tom.

“Eventually, I suppose,” said Tristram, who was learning new words.

Tom took Tamara’s raft, Tamara took Tristram by the hand, and the three of them slowly walked down the wooden steps that led to the beach.

“You walk sideways, like a crab,” said Tamara to Tristram.

“Ouch!” said Tom as he jumped into the sand. “It’s broiling. The sand’s much hotter than the boardwalk.”

“It *is* broiling,” said Tamara with a wilted air. “I can’t stand this heat.”

“The only thing to do,” said Tom, “is to go for a dip.”

“Still, I don’t want to,” said Tristram.

“Run, both of you, run!” said Tom. “And you won’t feel the heat of the sand.”

“OUCH!” said Theo, and he sat down heavily in the middle of the boardwalk. He took his left foot in his hands and bent over it. There it was—a large new splinter had gone straight up the pad of his big toe. Though his preparations had been extensive—he had dunked his head in a pail of cold water, he had counted to thirty before coming up for air, he had put on his afternoon bathing trunks—Theo now wished he had never set out. His bathing trunks had felt cool to the skin, but as soon as he stepped out of the house onto the boardwalk the soles of his feet, although quite tough by now, began to throb with pain, and he knew that even tonight, between cool sheets, he would still feel the heat in them, and that it would be like that time his mother gave him a hot-water bottle and forgot to wrap it in a towel. All he needed was this splinter. Either I go home, he thought, or I go limping to the docks. This splinter needs a needle and tweezers. Incapable of making a decision, he stretched himself out on the boardwalk. “Ouch!” he said again as his naked back came in contact with the burning wood. He got up hurriedly. This is not my day, he told himself slowly, enjoying the statement. He felt dizzy and, as he began to walk again, strangely oppressed. Well, this is something new, he decided. Maybe I'm sick. Maybe it's the heat. I wonder if I'll make it to the docks. I wish there was a cloud in that blue sky. I wish, oh, how I wish . . . oh, I don't know what I wish, but I do wish it would rain.

Careful not to spend his reserves, he hobbled on slowly—right foot, left heel, right foot, left heel. Then he stopped for a rest and closed his eyes. He saw a thousand stars in an orange firmament. He opened them, and blinked against an implacable sun in a shoreless blue sky. It was then that he heard the whippoorwill. That's odd, Theo thought. I've never heard the whippoorwill at this time of day. . . . I must rush, because the noon boat will be leaving the docks for the mainland soon, I have a feeling. If I hurry, I can make it, but I really don't feel well. . . . Funny about the whippoorwill—he usually sings between eight-thirty and nine. I heard him last night, just as I was going to sleep, and I went to bed at eight-thirty—early, very early, for me.

The whippoorwill sang on, and as he sang Theo heard the distant, faint roar of a motorboat approaching. It was very faint at first, and he wondered who could be arriving in an unscheduled water taxi. Not my father, he thought regretfully; he never comes before Friday. . . . And as Theo thought about his father, the sound of the motor grew louder and louder. Theo looked up into the sky but saw no jet, and the roar grew louder still. It was the sound of a motorboat, but amplified, surely. It had grown so loud that Theo's hands came up over his ears, but it was no use; the roar kept on growing until Theo thought the noise would kill him. And at that moment it materialized. Right there, right above Captain Thorpe's house, appeared the head of a being (Oh, no, too horrible . . .) that was unlike any other being—tremendous in size but with only his head showing above the roof of Captain Thorpe's house. The head obliterated the sun and the sky, and gave off heat. Theo felt hotter than he had ever felt before. The heat came from the being's eyes and mouth, and its ears pointed straight up into the sky. Theo brought his hands to his eyes, but he couldn't erase it; he still saw it, right up above Captain Thorpe's house. He bent in two, thinking that perhaps two thicknesses of him would protect him better than one, and as he did that he lost his balance, tripped, and fell on one knee. Simultaneously, the roar of the motor diminished and died, so abruptly that Theo thought that it was he who had died. But he felt, suddenly, far, far away beyond the beating of his heart, a pulsating pain in his left foot, and he thought, The splinter. I must be alive still; I feel that splinter, far away, in my foot. . . . And when he opened his eyes and looked up, he saw the sun and the sky—nothing else. And then he heard the whippoorwill, very faintly. And then he saw Captain Thorpe's house—a white saltbox, with a chimney. And he saw dune grass, and sand, and the ocean. And he couldn't imagine where the whippoorwill was. He couldn't see him, and on that part of the island there was no place for him to be—not a bush, not a tree.

“What's the matter with you, Theo?” asked Tilda.

“Yes, anything wrong?” asked Tina.

The girls stood on the boardwalk, with a large phonograph between them and small beads of sweat around their hairlines.

“Let's take him home; he must be sick,” said Tilda.

“He looks sick,” said Tina. “And he can't even talk. But what about the phonograph?”

“Never mind the phonograph,” said Tilda. “We'll just have to carry it over to Theo's house.”

“Theo, walk in front,” said Tina, who wanted to keep an eye on him.

And so the twins brought Theo home.

“I'M cold,” said Theo, shivering under his blanket. “Could you make me something hot to drink?”

“I'll make you some lemonade,” said his mother, infinitely relieved, as she hurried to the kitchen, because ever since those two girls with their blasted phonograph had brought him home Theo had remained completely silent. She had put him to bed in his bathing trunks, half an hour ago, and watched him, as he lay on his side, drained and pale under the sunburn, and completely silent.

“Also,” said Theo, “I have a splinter I'd like you to remove.”

She hadn't wanted to ask any questions. The girls said they had found him

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THE NIGHT OF THE SAD WOMEN

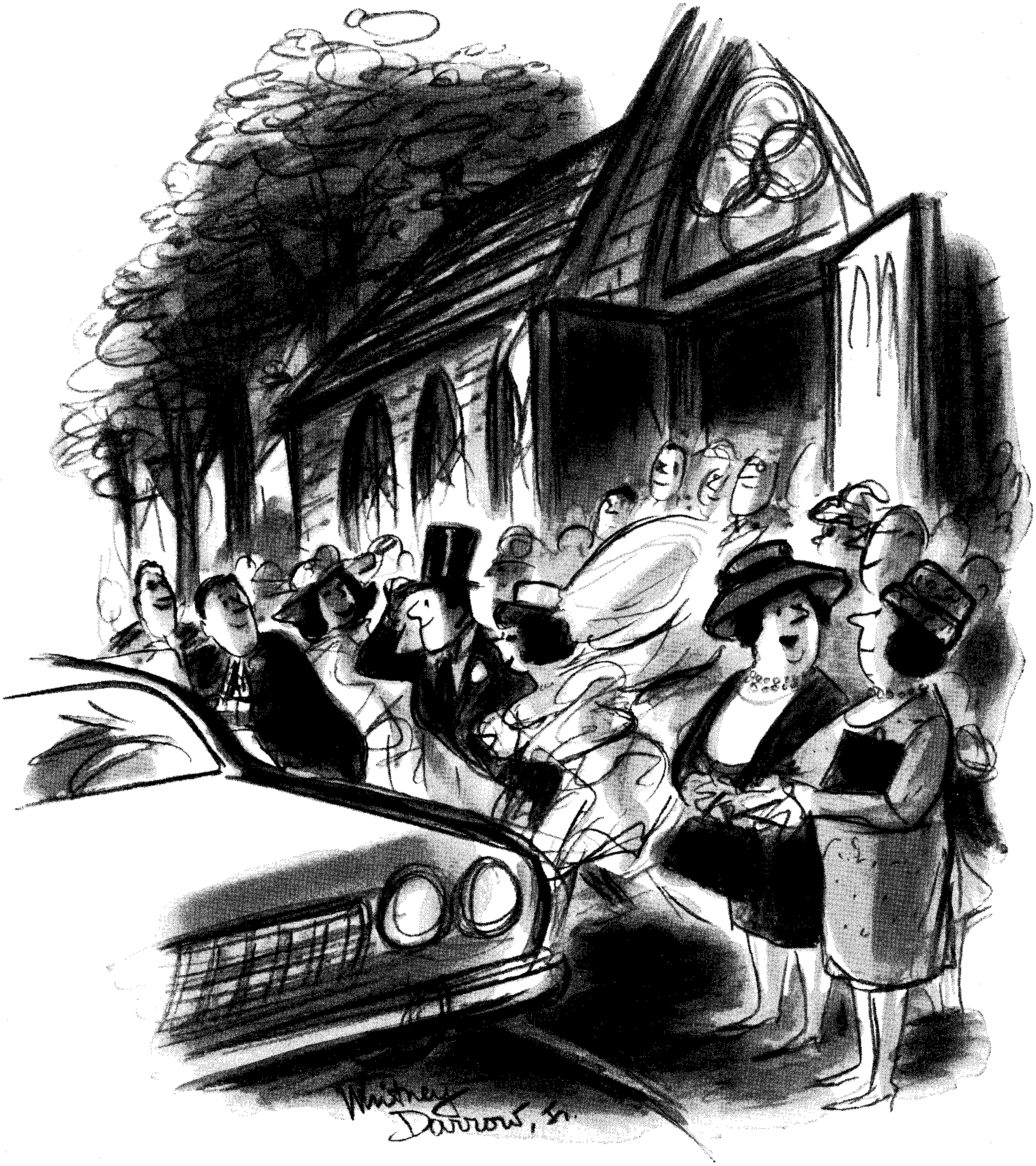
They are undressing slowly by closed doors,
Unable to find themselves, fading in mirrors
And feeling faint, finding their eyes in time
But seeing, instead, the rooms behind their shoulders

Where nothing is going to work, where photographs
Stand still in frames, arresting other days
When things were turning out. Now turning in,
They are lowering shades and turning off the lights,

But find their fingers lighter than pale linen
At the sinking bedside, seeing their own hands
In front of their faces wavering like gauze,
Then edging away to search in fallen purses.

But they lose touch. In the middle of their rooms
The night begins, the night of the loose threads
Which hang like spiders' lifelines out of seams
To be ravelled to the floor, but not to end.

—DAVID WAGONER


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

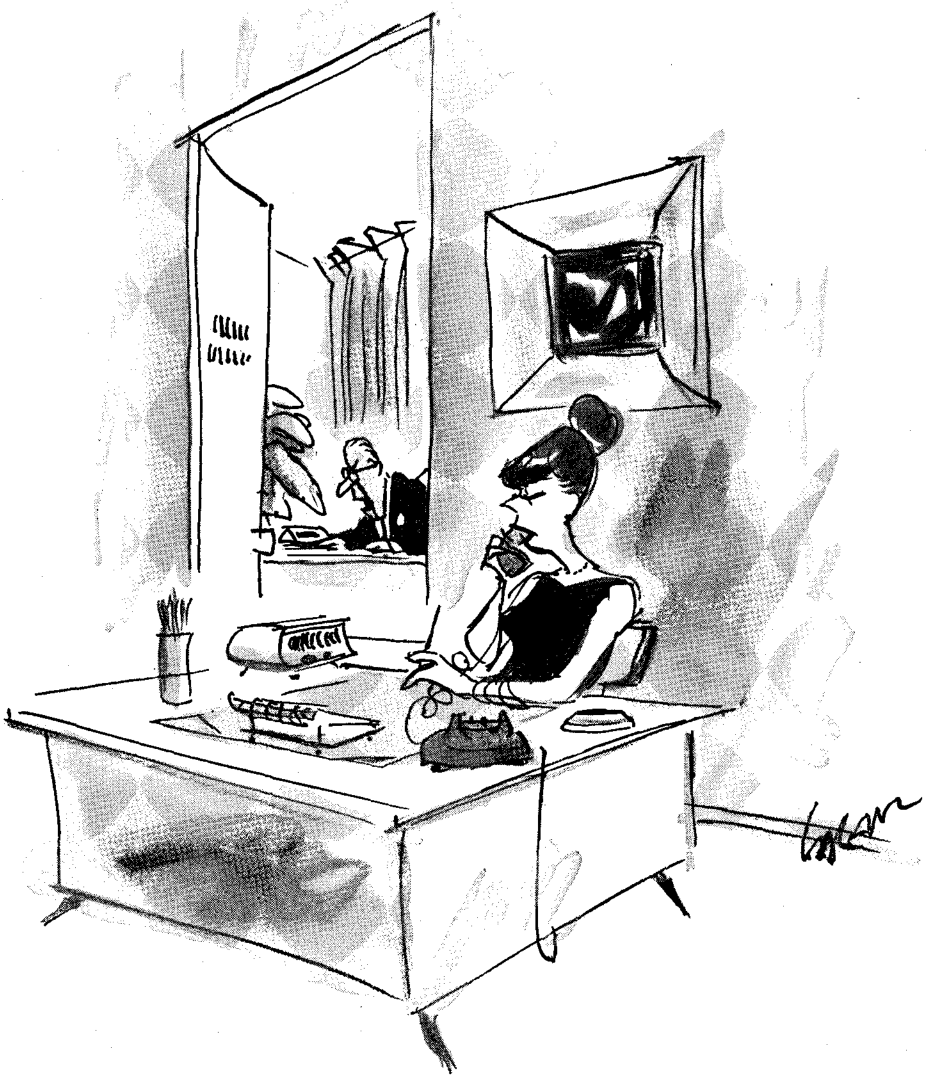
"They should be very happy. They belong to the same hate group."

• •

on the boardwalk, looking "sick and funny." Well, there was nothing surprising about that on such a hot day. She would take his temperature later. Slowly, the water for the lemonade came to a boil.

Theo's heart, as he huddled under his blanket, still beat so violently that for long wild periods he wished it would stop altogether. But he knew that it wouldn't. He tried to decide whether he was better off with his eyes open or shut. He kept them open for a while, trained on Pluff, his brother's stuffed bear. Also, he felt sick—feverish, that is. But it was hard to tell. He often felt feverish; when he had a cold, for example. But then, more often than not, he would be finally, and scientifically, proved wrong. Later this afternoon, much later, he would ask his mother to take his temperature. He felt sick, and yet he didn't. He knew that he would be perfectly well in the morning, if he was ever to be well again.

THEO'S mother gave Tina and Tilda each a glass of milk and a quarter between them, and asked them to run to the docks and see if they could still get her laundry. There were no sheets left for Tristram's bed. The girls were reluctant to leave the phonograph



"I'll have to hang up now, Shirley. Khrushchev's on the hot line."

• •

behind (whose phonograph was it, anyway, and where were they taking it?), but Tilda finally pocketed the quarter, and they left hand in hand. As they opened the screen door, Theo's mother thought they had exchanged sweatshirts, but she wasn't sure. The twins played at being twins, which she didn't like.

"WHERE'S Theo?" asked Tom, who was digging.

"I don't know. Where's Theo?" said Tamara.

"He's sick," said Tristram, who had been by the house to fetch his shovel.

That seemed to satisfy both Tamara and Tom.

"Is Toni coming?" asked Tom.

"There she is," said Tamara, "coming down the steps. She's got Thaddeus with her, and he's screaming."

"And where are the twins?" asked Tom.

"They've gone to get the laundry for my mother," said Tristram, "and then they're coming down for a swim."

"And their mother?" asked Tamara.

"She's coming, too," added Tristram. "She's still doing her laundry. It's very, very hot, she says."

"Let's all get orange drinks from *her* house and come back to the beach and *then* go for a swim," said Tom.

"I don't know if she'll have that many," said Tristram, who was in a pessimistic mood—something that often happened to him when Theo took to his bed.

"Hello," said Toni, in her new red tank suit. There was a curve to her stomach as she bent down to deposit Thaddeus on the wet sand.

"You're putting on weight," said Tamara.

Thaddeus screamed again.

"Shut up, Thaddeus," said Tom.

TINA, Tilda, Tamara, Toni, and Tom were in the water. "Those children," said their parents all summer long, "*never* come out of the water." They did come out of the water, but only when a grownup went and got them. The scrawny twins, with purple lips and uneven fringes (they were in the habit of cutting each other's hair during the summer months) dripping into their eyes, would shake so violently that they had to be wrapped in towels. Toni and Tom, who had flesh on their bones, usually sat down to rest for a moment, and then, with a new flow of energy they had drawn from goodness knew where, they would begin to build a road, a damp moat, a sandy castle. Tristram never tired of the water, because he never went in. Posed at the very edge, he anticipated each new surge with a loud shriek. But he had learned to time himself as perfectly as a sandpiper; he could run out with the tide, turn around, and run back, and only get the soles of his feet wet. He believed in distant relations with the ocean; they were involved in a battle of wits, not a union. The ocean was getting overfamiliar if it so much as splashed him. One afternoon, it did even more than that. Tristram was building at the water's edge with Tom, Toni, and his brother. He had become so absorbed that he let a wave, unexpectedly more powerful than its predecessors, knock him down. Wet at last, he faced the ocean in a towering rage. "That was unfair!" he screeched.

Tamara swam with long strokes and dived under the water, and then she would walk on her hands. When she did that, only her feet showed, their soles to the sky, ten pink toes facing the water.

THE ocean looks big today, thought Tilda—bigger than it has ever looked before. And the undertow is treacherous. Toni had been in trouble a few days ago, and a gentleman who happened to be walking by dived in, and someone then rushed up to Toni's mother's house, and Toni's mother rushed down to the water and dived in, and she and the gentleman brought Toni in by her long brown hair. Toni had been very good, her mother said, and had not panicked, which was the most important thing. But still Tilda had not liked the way Toni looked coming out of the water, with the gentleman bending over her on one side and her mother bending over her on the other side, and Toni gasping a little, her legs under her soft, like noodles, and no color left in her face. That was the worst emergency of the summer, except for that one beautiful calm day—when was it? Oh, a couple of weeks ago, when they brought in that woman who had tried to commit suicide. How she clawed and bit the men who had so kindly brought her in with ropes, and how distressed she looked, all sopping wet, with a skirt and a shirt and all. And the men sort of *threw* her into the police jeep. The crowd was enormous; in fact, practically *everyone* came down, and Tristram, very logical and loud, asked, "Why did she have to get all dressed up to go and commit suicide?" So there had been *two* emergencies over the summer, and Tilda hoped there wouldn't be a third. And just at that moment a wave went over her head. She let go of the raft and went under, but as she came up again the first thing she saw was her mother, sitting at the edge of the water, with a beach towel wrapped around her shoulders, looking straight at her. Tilda gripped the raft. The salt water pricked at her eyes. The water she had swallowed made her burp. Toni laughed; but just then another wave went over their heads. Toni and Tilda managed it, but Tom went under. The children saw him tumble twice underwater. He reappeared at the edge, in the shallow water, where he stood up, facing them and the ocean. He shivered—a long, hard shiver. Then he coughed, and coughed again. Then they saw him count; they saw his mouth moving. Then he dived, and a moment later he was back with them, gripping the raft. After that, Tamara, who was straddling her raft like an amazon, was hit and went under. Tilda went after the raft. Tamara reappeared, gasping, and began to cough. She gulped and choked, and spat and coughed. Then Tina, who had not gone under, who had not swallowed any water, began to cough.

TAMARA, bent over and dragging her raft behind her, was the first to come out of the water. She did not bother to find her towel but lay down as soon as she reached dry sand. She coughed—a slow, deliberate, deep hoarse cough, and when her mother first saw her, from the top of the wooden staircase that led to the beach, heaving and lying on her side, she thought, for a short and confused moment, that Tamara had been wounded and was lying there vomiting upon the sand.

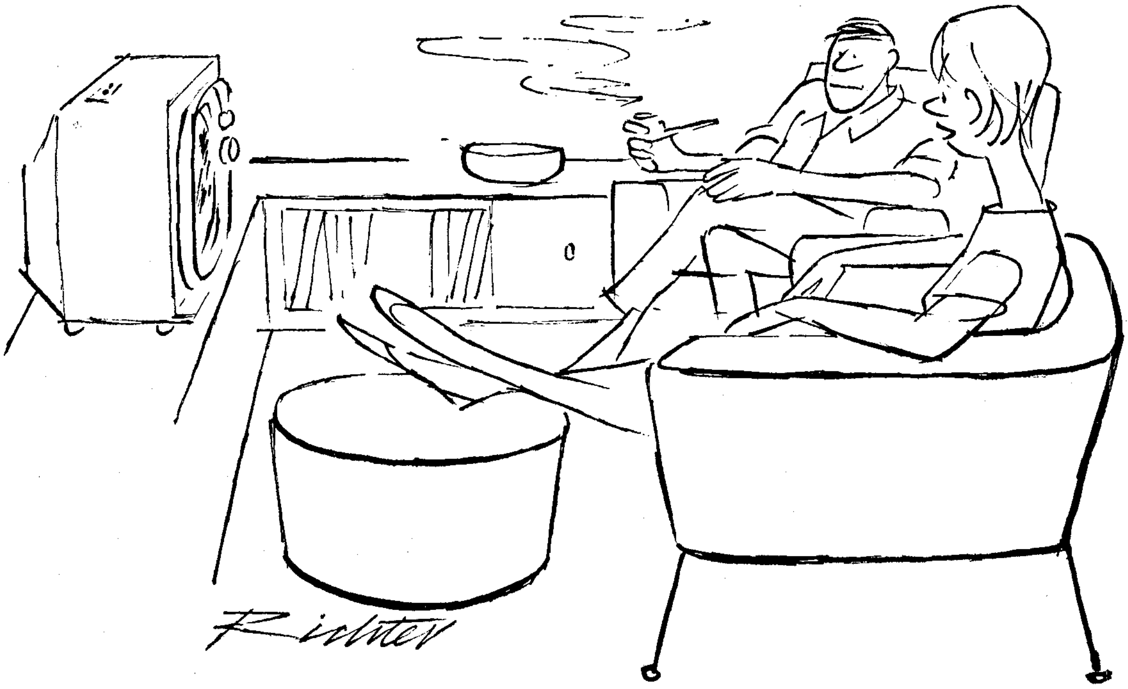
Toni was next. She found her towel and fell on her stomach, nose down. She coughed into her towel, slowly, attentively, passively, endlessly. One after the other, the children came out of the sea. They left the rafts by the water, and the rafts moved in and out with the tide. The beach had the disordered look of a battlefield. The children fell where they could. Tom lay in the wet sand at the very edge of the water. Tina and Tilda made their way slowly up the beach, hand in hand but coughing separately, and their mother was so busy observing Tamara and Toni and Tom, and wondering what to do, that she did not get up for them, thinking that they were going home. But when she looked back to check, she saw them, lying in the sand side by side and coughing, and then she saw Tamara's mother coming toward her.

"Oh, if only my nice Dr. Himmel were here!" said Tamara's mother rather hysterically. "I've never seen anything like it."

The mothers stood over their children like conquerors over the slain. Occasionally a mother asked, "Can I take you home?" But the children did not move. Tom asked Tamara's mother to cover him with a towel. He wouldn't budge off the wet sand. Then his mother came down in time to cover Toni. Someone inquired about Tristram; the twins' mother had seen him run home, coughing, just before Tamara had come out of the water. And Thaddeus had been taken back to his house by Toni, when he wouldn't stop screaming.

THEO's mother called the community doctor from Captain Thorpe's house, because she did not have a telephone. The doctor had just arrived for a working vacation that would last a month, and this was his first call. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll take a jeep and come right over. Too hot to walk, don't you think? It sure is a hot day. Be there in a few minutes."

Theo had dozed off for a while, but he was afraid of dreaming, so he woke himself up. He was conscious of his mother sitting at his bedside holding his hand, but he didn't mind. It was neither here nor there. Why is he letting me hold his hand without protesting, his mother wondered. For years he had been reserved and undemonstrative, and she had respected that reserve. What Theo was conscious of, what he thought about, was his secret—the fact



"I can't decide whether Goldwater is being more sincere when he takes his glasses off or when he puts them on."

that he would never be able to speak, not to anyone, ever, about what had happened to him. Already he had learned to live with this knowledge, and was almost resigned to it. But he wondered why his brother kept looking at him; he wondered if his secret in some way showed on his face. And he wondered also why Tristram sat cross-legged on his bed, coughing so intently, with Pluff in his arms.

The doctor arrived, dressed in swimming trunks and sneakers. He was very tall and very hairy. As he bent over Theo's bed, his mother noticed that hair grew on the doctor's shoulder blades and down his back; out of delicacy, she looked away, and asked Tristram to try and stop coughing.

"And what's wrong with you, my friend?" the doctor asked Tristram. "I thought I had been summoned for your brother!"

He took Theo's temperature.

"The fever is low-grade—just over a hundred. There's nothing to worry about. I'll give him a little penicillin by mouth. He should take it for four days. You can order it from the drugstore on the mainland, and they'll put it on the next boat. The penicillin will prevent complications. . . . And don't *you* start anything, young man," he said, and turned menacingly to Tristram. "Well, do let me know; call any time. Nothing to worry about," he repeated as he walked out the door. Tristram started to say something about the fur that grew on the doctor's back but decided against it. His cough bothered him, and left not much will for conversation.

The doctor, walking down the wooden steps to the beach, thought, That child seems to be in a state of slight shock. Sensitive child, probably superior, might grow up into a creative personality. Very impressionable, I'd say. Might have seen something he shouldn't have seen; they often react that way. On the other hand, he could have an infection. It's possible, even likely.

Satisfied, the doctor walked across the sand to where the jeep stood waiting.

By evening, the children coughed less. It didn't happen all of a sudden, but there was an improvement by sundown, and by bedtime they had almost stopped altogether. Tamara's mother had called the doctor about the children's cough. Her voice changed, like an adolescent boy's, from one word to the next. "It's like the plague," she said, "or the floods, or something. They're all doing it—they're coughing their lungs out. What could it be?" And she continued, without waiting for an answer, "It's Biblical, I'm telling you. Maybe the sun won't get up in the morning."

"The extreme concentration of salt in the air," the doctor answered evenly, "on such a hot day might do it. Also, there's a bug going around. Don't worry; they'll all be right as rain in the morning. If there are any further questions, don't hesitate to call."

Now Tamara slept as enchanted girls sleep in fairy tales—flat on her back, head centered on the pillow, one soft hand, a vulnerable child's hand, above her head on the pillow, half open and palm up. The twins had had a fight about who would sleep in the upper and lower bunks, and they had begun to cough again, but in the end they tossed a coin and climbed into bed. An hour after he went to sleep, Thaddeus woke up coughing a bit. Toni and Tom, who were late risers, still read in their beds. Tom was finishing "Young Thomas Edison," which was for the overdue book report, and Toni had begun "Doctor No." Tristram slept. His mother, in the kitchen, softly closed the icebox door and sighed when she saw, for at least the twenty-second time that day, the twins' phonograph on the Formica dining table. Afraid of what he might see, Theo practiced closing his eyes for short periods of time. He remembered a story he had heard, about a little girl who had trouble going to sleep because she had never learned, or nobody had ever told her, or she hadn't discovered, that you must close your eyes in order to *go* to sleep. She would lie there, eyes wide open in the darkness, and wait for sleep as for a visitor who would presently come and shut them for her. Theo was tired. His eyes closed, or else he closed them, and from the depth of that inner, whirlpool landscape that would soon precipitate him into sleep he listened for the whippoorwill.

—NATACHA STEWART

•

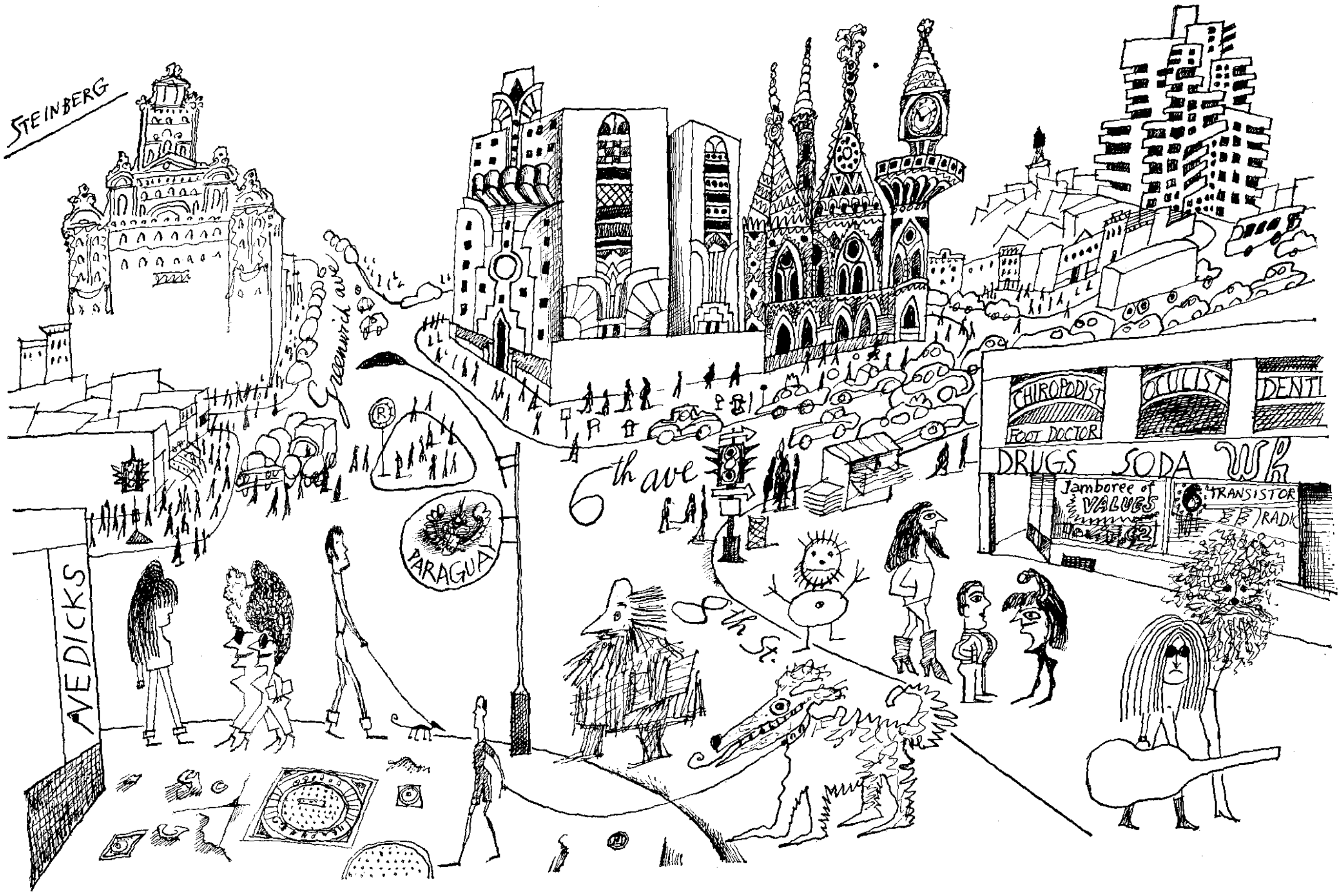
For her daughter's wedding Mrs. Warren chose a sheath gown in pale yellow crepe with matching accessories and Mrs. Reservitz, the bridegroom's mother, wore pale yellow lace with accessories to match. Both had corsages of white orchids with yellow centers.

The bridegroom's nephew, Master Alan Hamburg, rolled in the wedding cake at the reception.—*Brockton Daily Enterprise.*

There's a high point at every wedding.

PROFILES

JOE GOULD'S SECRET—I



JOE GOULD was an odd and penniless and unemployable little man who came to the city in 1916 and ducked and dodged and held on as hard as he could for over thirty-five years. He was a member of one of the oldest families in New England ("The Goulds were the Goulds," he used to say, "when the Cabots and the Lowells were clamdiggers"), he was born and brought up in a town near Boston in which his father was a leading citizen, and he went to Harvard, as did his father and grandfather before him, but he claimed that until he arrived in New York City he had always felt out of place. "In my home town," he once wrote, "I never felt at home. I stuck out. Even in my own home, I never felt at home. In New York City, especially in Greenwich Village, down among the cranks and the misfits and the one-lungers and the has-beens and the might've-beens and the would-bes and the never-wills and the God-knows-whats, I have always felt at home."

Gould looked like a bum and lived like a bum. He wore castoff clothes, and he slept in flophouses or in the cheapest rooms in cheap hotels. Sometimes he slept in doorways. He spent most of his time hanging out in diners and cafeterias and barrooms in the Village or wandering around the streets or looking up friends and acquaintances all over town or sitting in public libraries scribbling in dime-store composition books. He was generally pretty dirty. He would often go for days without washing his face and hands, and he rarely had a shirt washed or a suit cleaned. As a rule, he wore a garment continuously until someone gave him a new one, whereupon he threw the old one away. He had his hair cut infrequently ("Every other Easter," he would say), and then in a barber college on the Bowery. He was a chronic sufferer from the highly contagious kind of conjunctivitis that is known as pinkeye. His voice was distractingly nasal. On occasion, he stole. He usually stole books from bookstores and sold them to second-hand bookstores, but if he was sufficiently hard pressed he stole from friends. (One terribly cold night, he knocked on the door of the studio of a sculptor who was almost as poor as he was, and the sculptor let him spend the night rolled up like a mummy in layers of newspapers and sculpture shrouds on the floor of the studio, and next morning he got up early and stole some of the sculptor's tools and pawned them.) In addition, he was nonsensical and bumptious and inquisitive and gossipy and mocking and sarcastic and scurrilous. All through the years, nevertheless, a long succession of men and women gave him old clothes and small sums of money and bought him meals and drinks and paid for his lodging and invited him to parties and to weekends in the country and helped him get such things as glasses and false teeth, or otherwise took an interest in him—some simply because they thought he was entertaining, some because they felt sorry for him, some because they regarded him sentimentally as a relic of the Village of their youth, some because they enjoyed looking down on him, some for reasons that they themselves probably weren't at all sure of, and some because they believed that a book he had been working on for many years might possibly turn out to be a good book, even a great one, and wanted to encourage him to continue working on it.

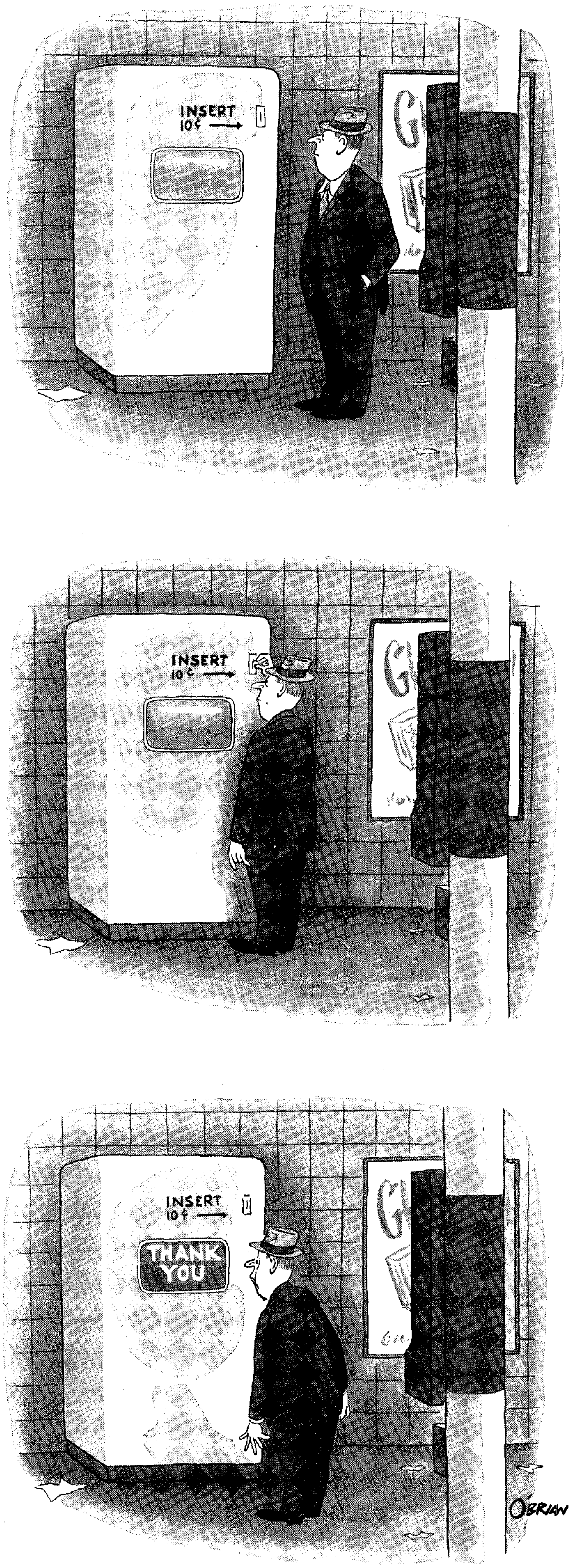
Gould called this book "An Oral History," sometimes adding "of Our Time." As he described it, the Oral

History consisted of talk he had heard and had considered meaningful and had taken down, either verbatim or summarized—everything from a remark overheard in the street to the conversation of a roomful of people lasting for hours—and of essays commenting on this talk. "Yes, you're right," he once said to a detractor. "It's only things I heard people say, but maybe I have a peculiar ability—maybe I can understand the significance of what people say, maybe I can read its inner meaning. *You* might listen to a conversation between two old men in a barroom or two old women on a park bench and think that it was the worst kind of bushwa, and *I* might listen to the same conversation and find deep historical meaning in it."

"In time to come," he said on another occasion, "people may read Gould's Oral History to see what went wrong with us, the way we read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' to see what went wrong with the Romans."

He told people he met in Village joints that the Oral History was already millions upon millions of words long and beyond any doubt the lengthiest unpublished literary work in existence but that it was nowhere near finished. He said that he didn't expect it to be published in his lifetime, publishers being what they were, as blind as bats, and he sometimes rummaged around in his pockets and brought out and read aloud a will he had made disposing of it. "As soon after my demise as is convenient for all concerned," he specified in the will, "my manuscript books shall be collected from the various and sundry places in which they are stored and put on the scales and weighed, and two-thirds of them by weight shall be given to the Harvard Library and the other third shall be given to the library of the Smithsonian Institution."

Gould almost always wrote in composition books—the kind that schoolchildren use, the kind that are ruled and spine-stitched and paper-bound and have the multiplication table printed on the back. Customarily, when he filled a book, he would leave it with the first person he met on his rounds whom he knew and trusted—the cashier of an eating place, the proprietor of a barroom, the clerk of a hotel or flophouse—and ask that it be put away and kept for him. Then, every few months, he would go from place to place and pick up all the books that had accumulated. He would say, if anyone became curious about this, that he was storing them in an old friend's house or in an old friend's apartment or in an old friend's studio. He hardly ever identified any of these old friends by name, although sometimes he would describe one briefly and vaguely—"a classmate of mine who lives in Connecticut and has a big attic in his house," he would say, or "a woman I know who lives alone in a duplex apartment," or "a sculptor I know who has a studio in a loft building." In talking about the Oral History, he always emphasized its length and its bulk. He kept people up to date on its length. One evening in June, 1942, for example, he told an acquaintance that at that moment the Oral History was "approximately nine million two hundred and fifty-five thousand words long, or," he added, throwing his head back proudly,



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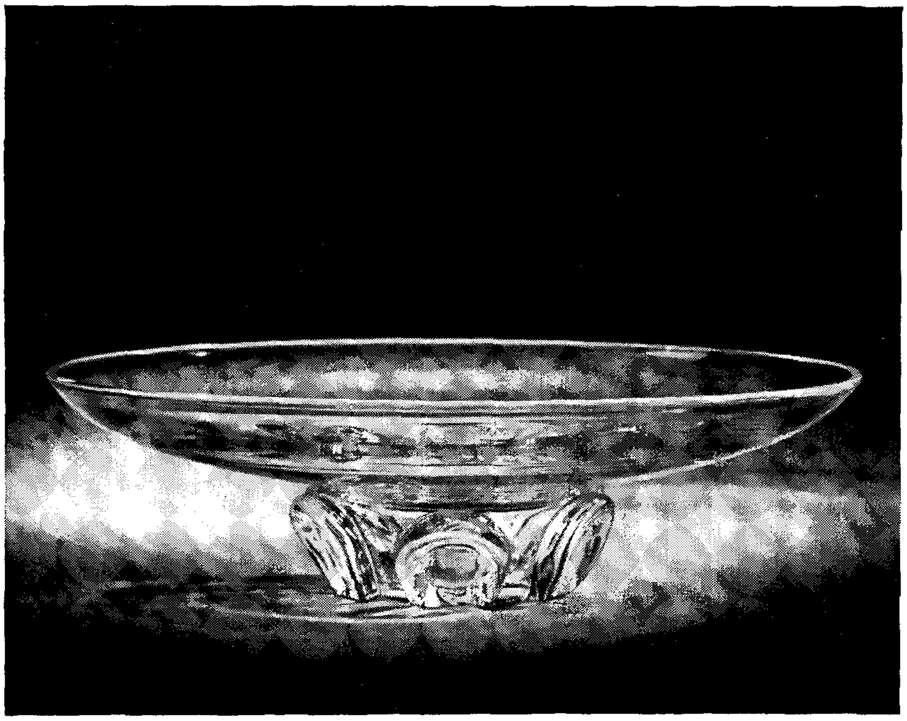

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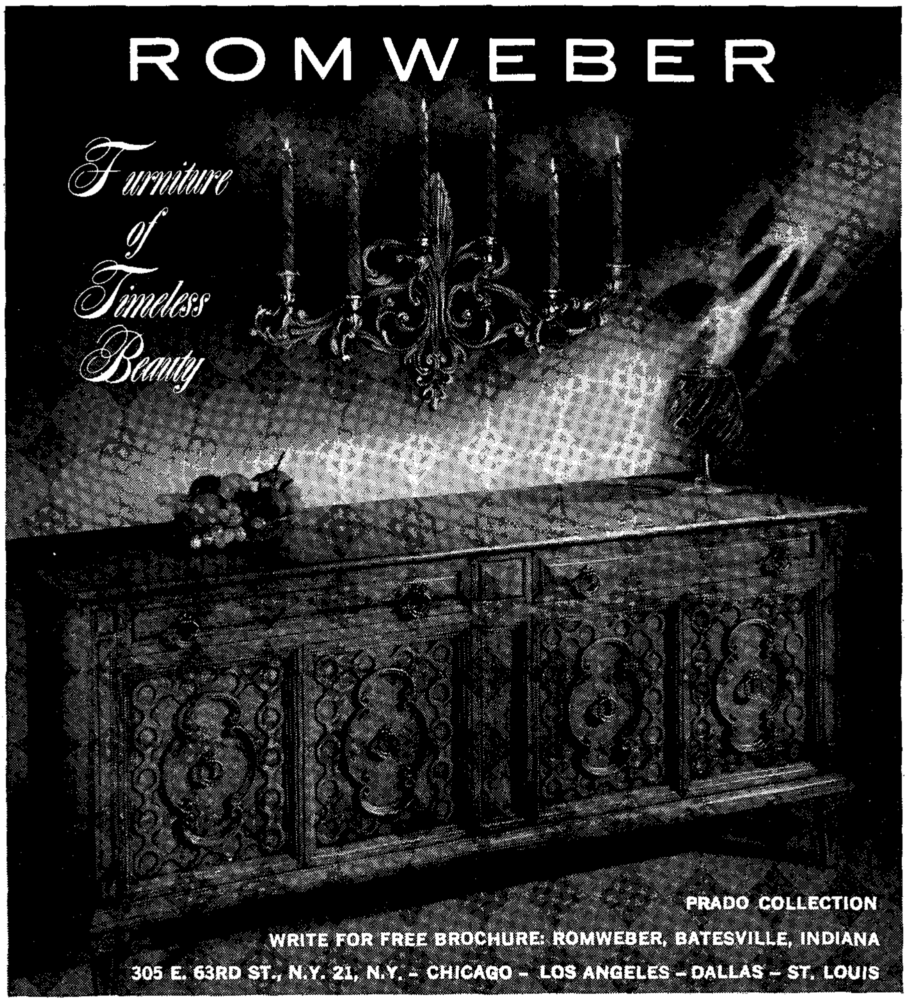
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"about a dozen times as long as the Bible." He once estimated that if the composition books containing the Oral History were brought together and laid one on top of another, they would make a stack over seven feet high.

In 1952, Gould collapsed on the street and was taken to Columbus Hospital. Columbus transferred him to Bellevue, and Bellevue transferred him to the Pilgrim State Hospital, in West Brentwood, Long Island. In 1957, he died there, aged sixty-eight, of arteriosclerosis and senility. Directly after the funeral, friends of his in the Village began trying to find the manuscript of the Oral History. After several days, they turned up three things he had written—a poem, a fragment of an essay, and a begging letter. In the next month or so, they found a few more begging letters. From then on, they were unable to find anything at all. They sought out and questioned scores of people in whose keeping Gould might conceivably have left some of the composition books, and they visited all the places he had lived in or hung out in that they could remember or learn about, but without success. Not a single one of the composition books was found, or has ever been found.

In 1942, for reasons that I will go into later, I became involved in Gould's life, and I kept in touch with him during his last ten years in the city. I spent a good many hours during those years listening to him. I listened to him when he was sober and I listened to him when he was drunk. I listened to him when he was cast down and meek—when, as he used to say, he felt so low he had to reach up to touch bottom—and I listened to him when he was in moods of incoherent exaltation. I got so I could put two and two together and make at least a little sense out of what he was saying even when he was very drunk or very exalted or in both states at once, and gradually, without intending to, I learned some things about him that he may not have wanted me to know, or, on the other hand, since his mind was circuitous and he loved wheels within wheels, that he may very well have wanted me to know—I'll never be sure. In any case, I am quite sure that I know why the manuscript of the Oral History has not been found.

When Gould died, I made a resolution to keep this as well as some of the other things I had inadvertently learned about him to myself—to do otherwise, it seemed to me at the time, would be disloyal; let the dead past bury its dead—but since then I have come to

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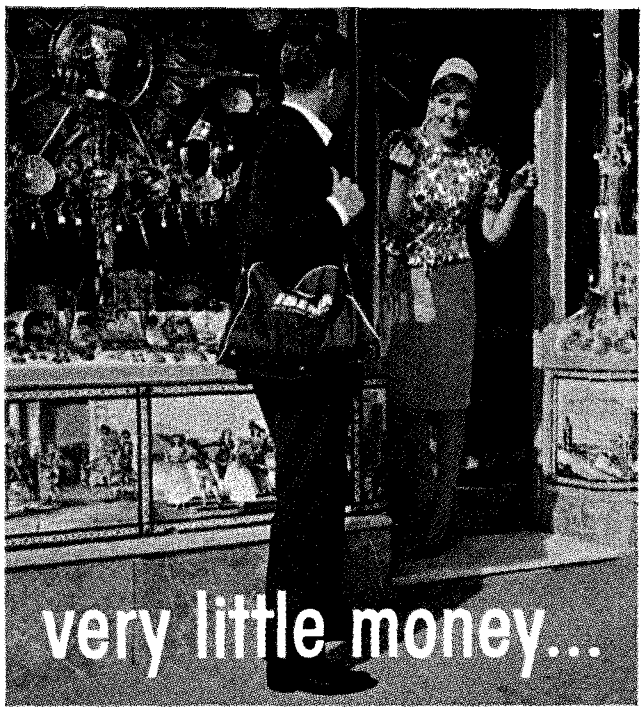
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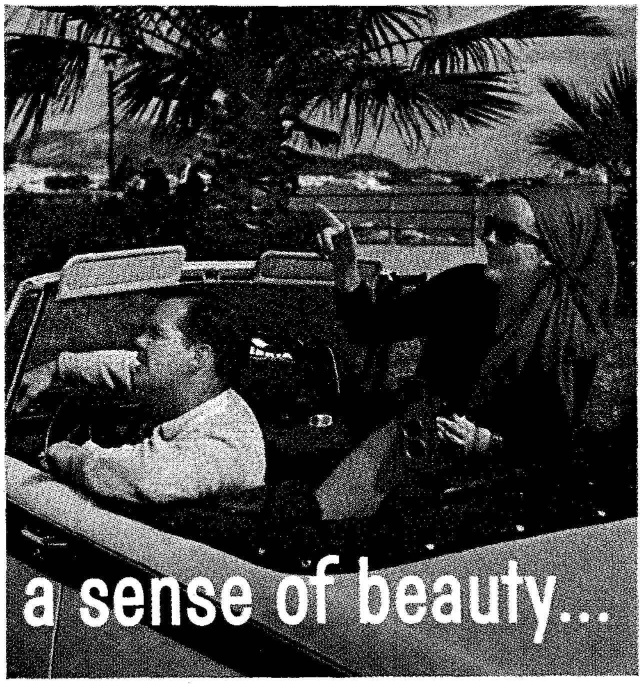
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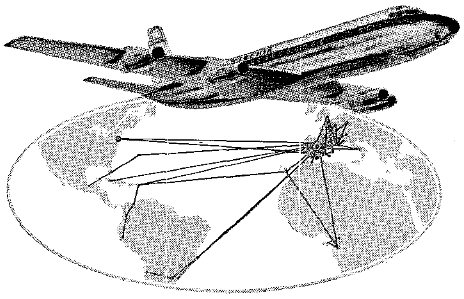


IBERIA

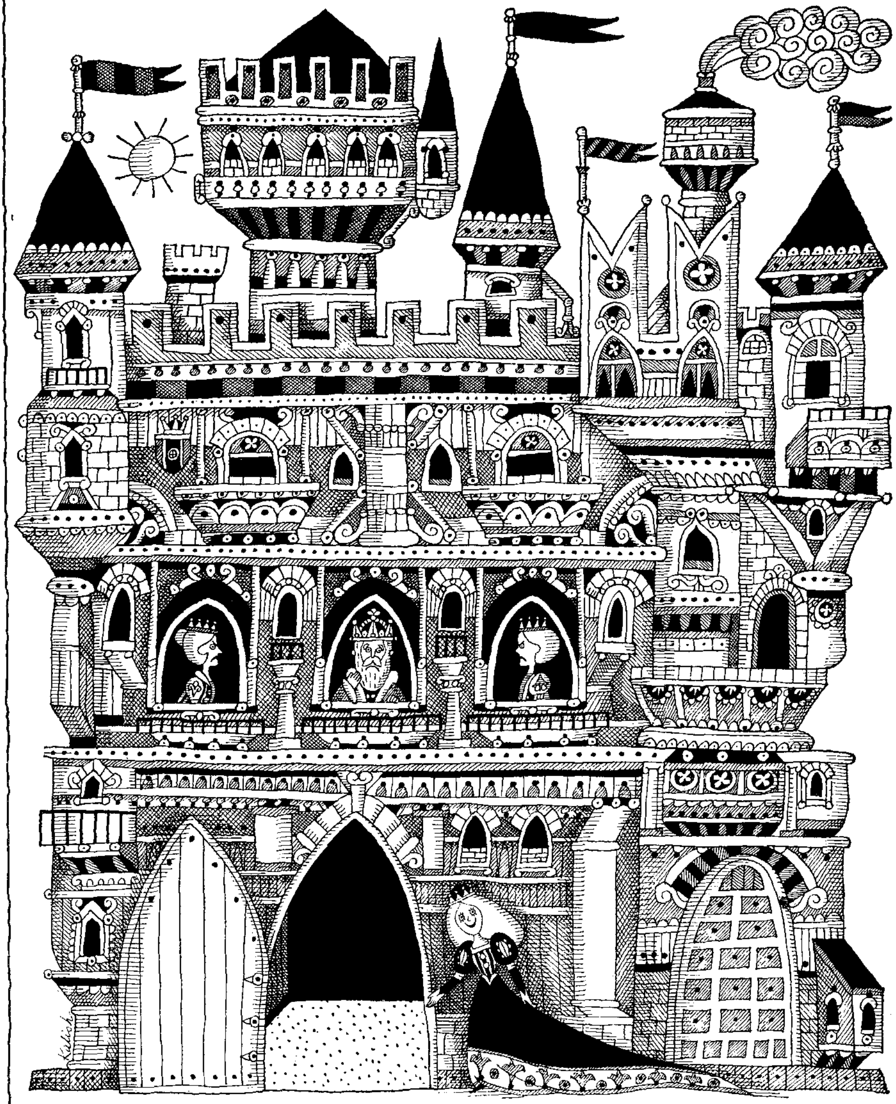
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

the conclusion that my resolution was pointless and that I should tell what I know, and I am going to do so.

Before I go any further, however, I feel compelled to explain how I came to this conclusion.

A few months ago, while trying to make some room in my office, I got out a collection of papers relating to Gould that filled half a drawer in a filing cabinet: notes I had made of conversations with him, letters from him and letters from others concerning him, copies of little magazines containing essays and poems by him, newspaper clippings about him, drawings and photographs of him, and so on. I had lost a good deal of my interest in Gould long before he reached Pilgrim State—as he grew older, his faults intensified, and even those who felt most kindly toward him and continued to see him got so they dreaded him—but as I went through the file folders, trying to decide what to save and what to throw out, my interest in him revived. I found twenty-nine letters, notes, and postal cards from him in the folders. I started out just glancing through them and ended up rereading them with care. One letter was of particular interest to me. It was dated February 12 or 17 or 19 (it was impossible to tell which), 1946; his handwriting had become trembly, and it always had been hard to read.

"I ran into a young painter I know and his wife in the Minetta Tavern last night," he wrote, "and they told me they had recently gone to a party in the studio of a woman painter named Alice Neel, who is an old friend of mine, and that during the evening Alice showed them a portrait of me she did some years ago. I asked them what they thought of it. The young painter's wife spoke first. 'It's one of the most shocking pictures I've ever seen,' she said. And he agreed with her. 'You can say that again,' he said. This pleased me very much, especially the young man's reaction, as he is a hot-shot abstractionist and way up front in the avant garde and isn't usually impressed by a painting unless it is totally meaningless and was completed about half an hour ago. I posed for this painting in 1933, and that was thirteen years ago, and the fact that people still find it shocking speaks well for it. Speaks well for the possibility that it may have some of the one quality that all great paintings have in common, the power to last. I may have written to you about this painting before, or talked about it, but I am not sure. If so, bear with me; my memory is going. There are quite a few paint-



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ings in studios around town that are well known to people in the art world but can't be exhibited in galleries or museums because they probably would be considered obscene and might get the gallery or museum in trouble, and this is one of them. Hundreds of people have seen it through the years, many of them painters who have expressed admiration for it, and I have a hunch that one of these days, the way people are growing accustomed to the so-called obscene, it will hang in the Whitney or the Metropolitan. Alice Neel comes from a small town near Philadelphia and went to the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia. She used to have a studio in the Village, but she moved uptown long ago. She is highly respected by many painters of her age and generation, although she is not too well known to the general public. She has work in important collections, but this may be her best work. Her best work, and it can't be shown in public. A kind of underground masterpiece. I wish sometime you'd go and see it. I'd be interested to know what you think. She doesn't show it to just anyone who asks, of course, but I will give you her telephone number and if you tell her I want you to see it I'm sure she will show it to you. . . ."

The day that I received this letter, I remembered, I had tried several times to call Miss Neel, but her telephone hadn't answered, and I had filed the letter away and Gould had never brought the matter up again and I had forgotten all about it. This day, on an impulse, I called Miss Neel and got her, and she said that of course I could see the Gould portrait, and gave me the address of her studio. The address turned out to be a tenement in a Negro and Puerto Rican neighborhood on the upper East Side, and Miss Neel turned out to be a stately, soft-spoken, good-looking blond woman in her middle fifties. Her studio was a floor-through flat on the third floor of the tenement. Against a wall in one room was a two-tiered rack filled with paintings resting on their sides. The Gould portrait, she said, was on the top tier. She had to stand on a chair and take out several other paintings in order to get at it. As she took them out, she held them up for me to see, and commented on them, and her comments were so offhand they sounded cryptic. One painting showed an elderly man lying in a coffin. "My father," she said. "Head clerk in the per-diem department." "Excuse me," I said, wondering what a per-diem department was but not really wanting to know, "the

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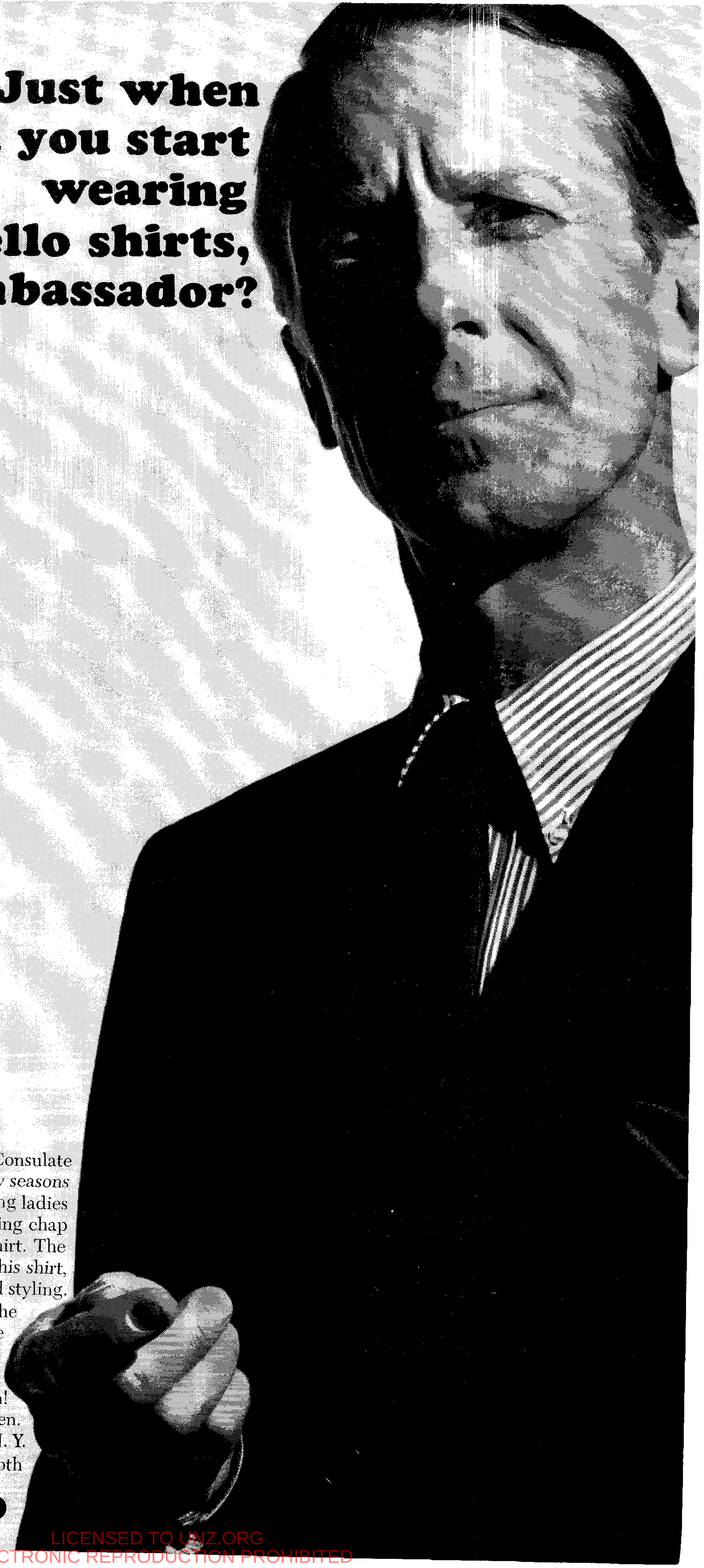

Well, now let me see... it was at a Consulate party in Grosvenor Square a few seasons back. I noticed several rather good-looking ladies surrounding this rather American- looking chap who was wearing this rather good-looking shirt. The ladies were complimenting the color of his shirt, the classic, rolled collar, and the tapered styling. I couldn't help overhearing the name of the shirt...the Excello Truist, $6.95. My wife thought the entire affair was revolting and wasn't it typical of an American to wear a shirt that would attract beautiful women! The next day, I bought a half dozen.

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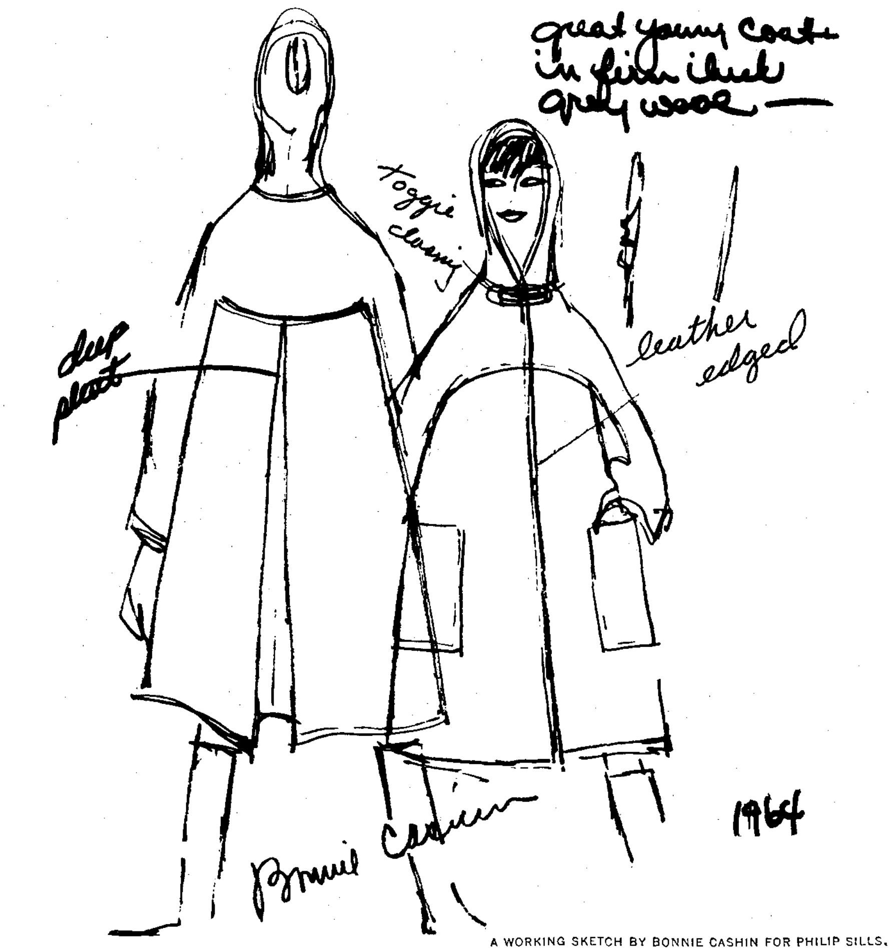

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per-diem department of what?" "Excuse *me*," she said. "Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia." Another was a painting of a young Puerto Rican man sitting up in a hospital bed and staring wide-eyed into the distance. "T.b.," she said. "Dying, but he didn't. Recovered and became a codeine addict." Another was a painting of a woman in childbirth. Then came a painting of a small, bearded, bony, gawky, round-shouldered man who was strip stark naked except for his glasses, and this was the portrait of Gould. It was a fairly large painting, and Gould seemed almost life-size in it. The background was vague; he appeared to be sitting on a wooden bench in a steam bath, waiting for the steam to come on. His bony hands were resting on his bony knees, and his ribs showed plainly. He had one set of male sexual organs in the proper place, another set was growing from where his navel should have been, and still another set was growing from the wooden bench. Anatomically, the painting was fanciful and grotesque but not particularly shocking; except for the plethora of sexual organs, it was a strict and sober study of an undernourished middle-aged man. It was the expression on Gould's face that was shocking. Occasionally, in one of his Village hangouts or at a party, Gould would become so full of himself that he would abruptly get to his feet and rush about the room, bowing to women of all ages and sizes and degrees of approachability, and begging them to dance with him, and sometimes attempting to embrace and kiss them. After a while, rebuffed on all sides, he would get tired of this. Then he would imitate the flight of a sea gull. He would hop and skip and leap and lurch about, flapping his arms up and down and cawing like a sea gull as he did so. "Scree-eek!" he would cry out. "I'm a sea gull." He would keep on doing this until people stopped looking at him and resumed their conversations. Then, to regain their attention, he would take off his jacket and shirt and throw them aside and do a noisy, hand-clapping, breast-beating, foot-stamping dance. "Quiet!" he would cry out. "I'm doing a dance. It's a sacred dance. It's an Indian dance. It's the full-moon dance of the Chippewas." His eyes would glitter, his lower jaw would hang loose like a dog's in midsummer and he would pant like a dog, and on his face would come a leering, gleeful, mawkishly abandoned expression, half satanic and half silly. Miss Neel had caught this expression. "Joe

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by Peter Griffith

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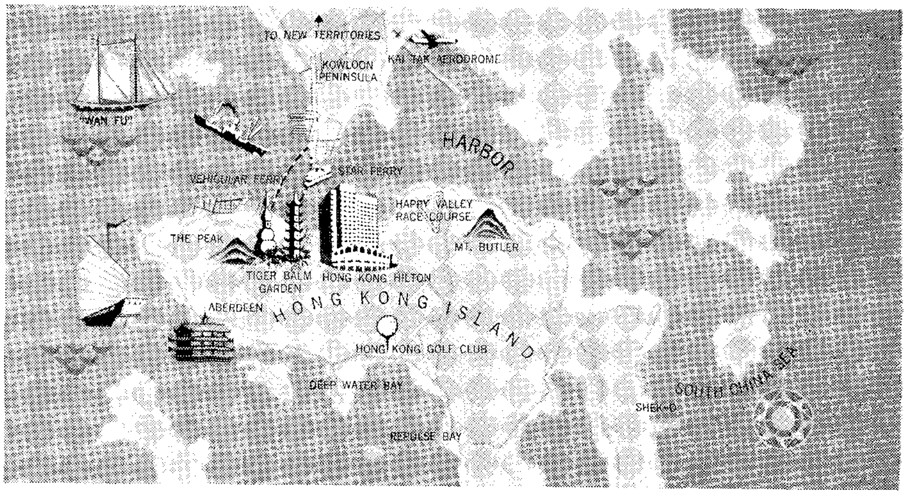

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Gould was very proud of this picture and used to come and sit and look at it," Miss Neel said. She studied Gould's face with affection and amusement and also with what seemed to me to be a certain uneasiness. "I call it 'Joe Gould,' " she continued, "but I probably should call it 'A Portrait of an Exhibitionist.' " A few moments later, she added, "I don't mean to say that Joe was an exhibitionist. I'm sure he wasn't—technically. Still, to be perfectly honest, years ago, watching him at parties, I used to have a feeling that there was an old exhibitionist shut up inside him and trying to get out, like a spider shut up in a bottle. Deep down inside him. A frightful old exhibitionist—the kind you see late at night in the subway. And he didn't necessarily know it. That's why I painted him this way." I suddenly realized that in my mind I had replaced the real Joe Gould—or at least the Joe Gould I had known—with a cleaned-up Joe Gould, an after-death Joe Gould. By forgetting the discreditable or by slowly transforming the discreditable into the creditable, as one tends to do in thinking about the dead, I had, so to speak, respectabilized him. Now, looking at the shameless face in the portrait, I got him back into proportion, and I concluded that if it was possible for the real Joe Gould to have any feeling about the matter one way or the other he wouldn't be in the least displeased if I told anything at all about him that I happened to know. Quite the contrary.

I FIRST saw Gould in the winter of 1932. At that time, I was a newspaper reporter, working mostly on crime news. Every now and then, I covered a story in Women's Court, which in those days was in Jefferson Market Courthouse, at Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street, in Greenwich Village. In the block below the courthouse there was a Greek restaurant, named the Athens, that was a hangout for people who worked in the court or often had business in it. They usually sat at a long table up front, across from the cashier's desk, and Harry Panagakos, the proprietor, sometimes came over and sat with them. One afternoon, during a court recess, I was sitting at this table drinking coffee with Panagakos and a probation officer and a bail bondsman and a couple of Vice Squad detectives when a curious little man came in. He was around five feet four or five, and quite thin; he could hardly have weighed more than ninety pounds. He was bareheaded, and he

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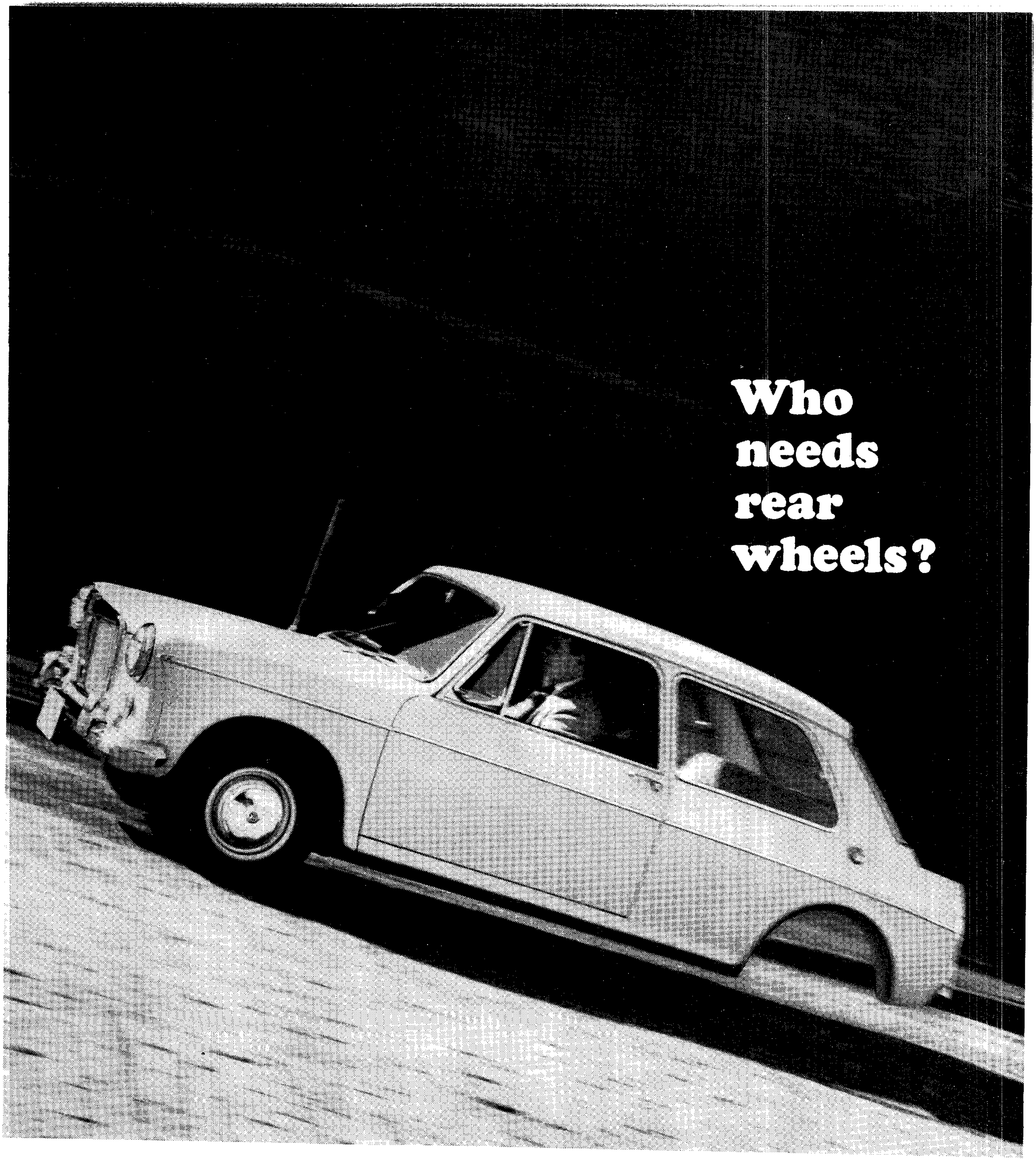

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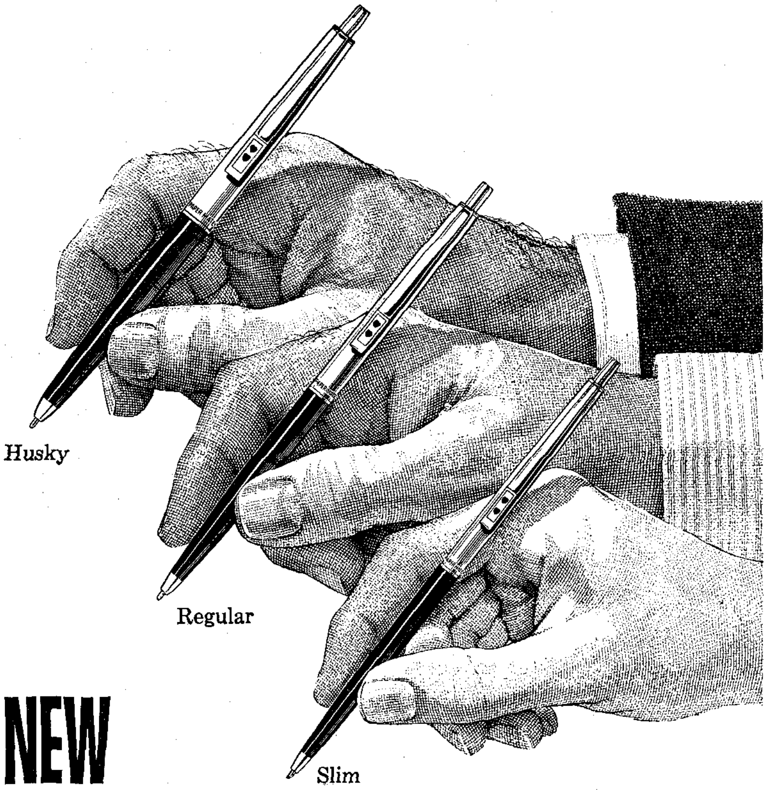

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carried his head cocked on one side, like an English sparrow. His hair was long, and he had a bushy beard. There were streaks of dirt on his forehead, obviously from rubbing it with dirty fingers. He was wearing an overcoat that was several sizes too large for him; it reached almost to the floor. He held his hands clasped together for warmth—it was a bitter-cold day—and the sleeves of the overcoat came down over them, forming a sort of muff. Despite his beard, the man, in the oversized overcoat, bareheaded and dirty-faced, had something childlike and lost about him: a child who had been up in the attic with other children trying on grown-ups' clothes and had become tired of the game and wandered off. He stood still for a few moments, getting his bearings, and then he came over to Panagakos and said, "Can I have something to eat now, Harry? I can't wait until tonight." At first, Panagakos seemed annoyed, but then he shrugged his shoulders and told the man to go on back and sit down and he would step into the kitchen in a few minutes and ask the chef to fix him something. Looking greatly relieved, the man walked hurriedly up the aisle between two rows of tables. To be precise, he scurried up the aisle. "Who in God's holy name is that?" asked one of the detectives. Panagakos said that the man was one of the Village bohemians. He said that the bohemians were starving to death—in New York City, the winter of 1932 was the worst winter of the depression—and that he had got in the habit of feeding some of them. He said that the waiters set aside steaks and chops that people hadn't finished eating, and other pieces of food left on plates, and wrapped them in wax paper and put them in paper bags and saved them for the bohemians. Panagakos said that all he asked was that they wait until just before closing time, at midnight, to come in and collect the food, so the sight of them trooping in and out wouldn't get on the nerves of the paying customers. He said that he was going to give this one some soup and a sandwich but that he'd have to warn him not to come in early again. The detective asked if the man was a poet or a painter. "I don't know what you'd call him," Panagakos said. "His name is Joe Gould, and he's supposed to be writing the longest book in the history of the world."

Toward the end of the thirties, I quit my newspaper job and went to work for *The New Yorker*. Around the same time, I moved to the Village, and I began to see Gould frequently. I would

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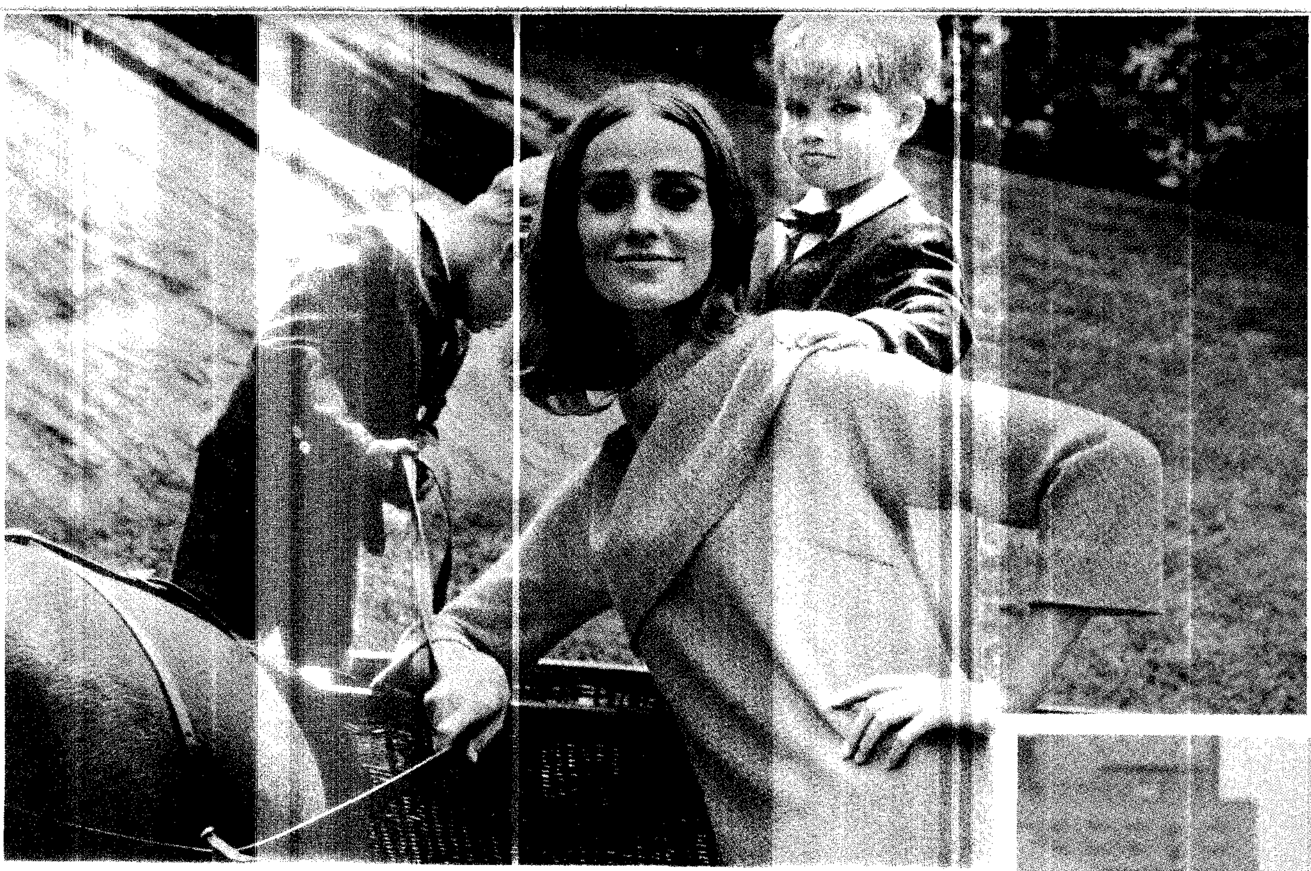

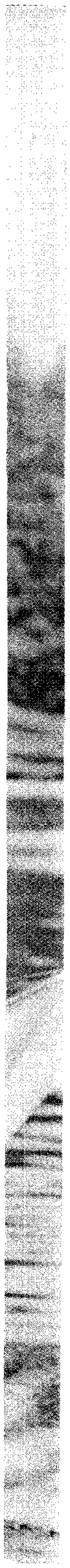

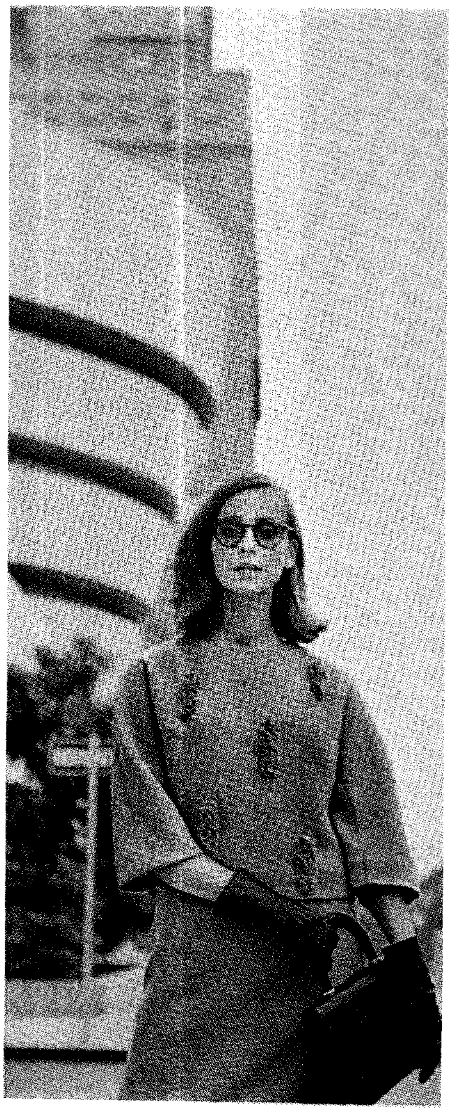

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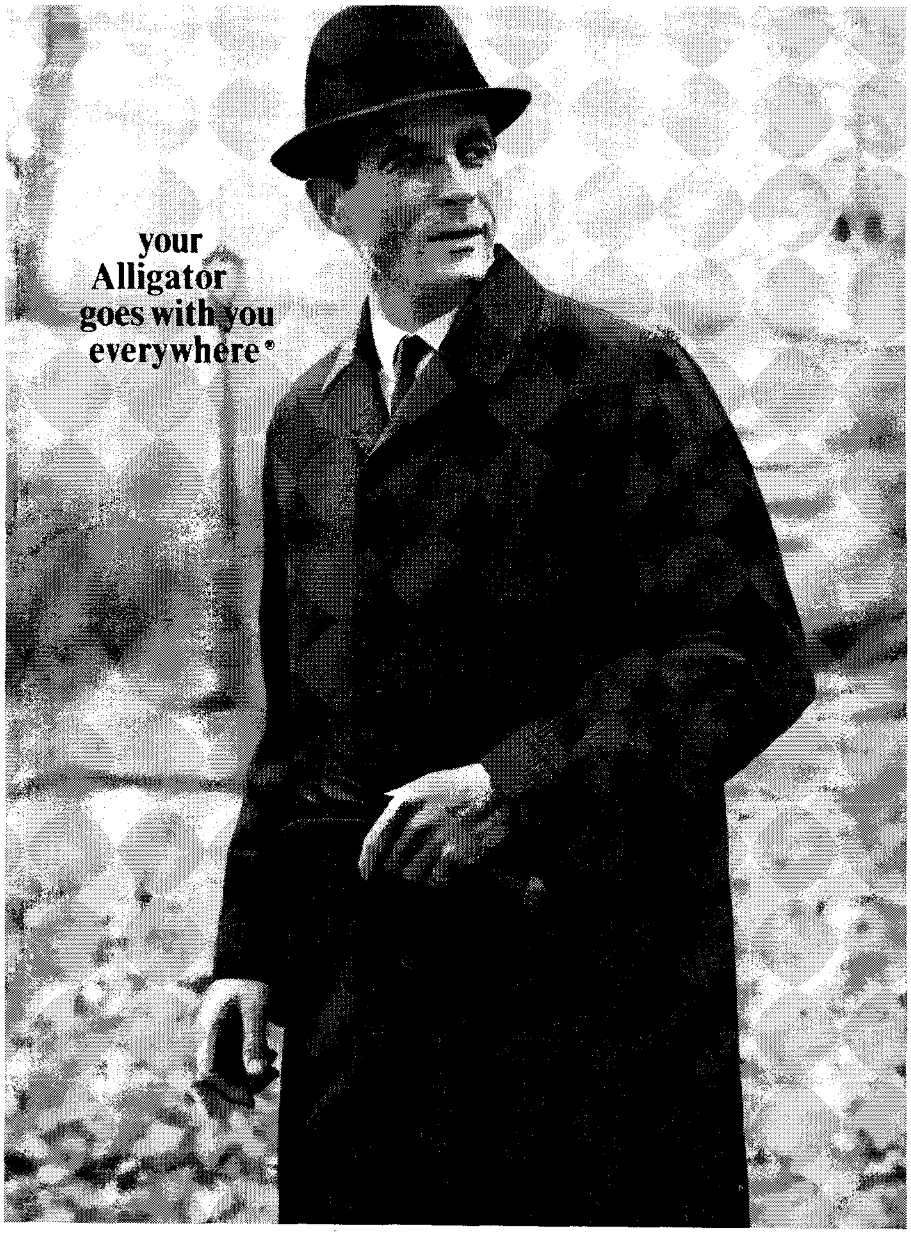
catch glimpses of him going into or coming out of one of the barrooms on lower Sixth Avenue—the Jericho Tavern or the Village Square Bar & Grill or the Belmar or Goody's or the Rochambeau. I would see him sitting scribbling at a table in the Jackson Square branch of the Public Library, or I would see him filling his fountain pen in the main Village post office—the one on Tenth Street—or I would see him sitting among the young mothers and the old alcoholics in the sooty, pigeony, crumb-besprinkled, newspaper-bestrewn, privet-choked, coffin-shaped little park at Sheridan Square. I worked a good deal at night at that time, and now and then, on my way home, around two or three in the morning, I would see him on Sixth Avenue or on a side street, hunched over and walking along slowly and appearing to be headed nowhere in particular, almost always alone, almost always carrying a bulging brown pasteboard portfolio, sometimes mumbling to himself. In my eyes, he was an ancient, enigmatic, spectral figure, a banished man. I never saw him without thinking of the Ancient Mariner or of the Wandering Jew or of the Flying Dutchman, or of a silent old man called Swamp Jackson who lived alone in a shack on the edge of a swamp near the small farming town in the South that I come from and wandered widely on foot on the back roads of the countryside at night, or of one of those men I used to puzzle over when I read the Bible as a child, who, for transgressions that seemed mysterious to me, had been "cast out."

One morning in the summer of 1942, sitting in my office at *The New Yorker*, I thought of Gould—I had seen him on the street the night before—and it occurred to me that he might be a good subject for a Profile. According to some notes I made at the time—I made notes on practically everything I had to do with Gould, and I found these in the file drawer with the rest of the Gould memorabilia—it was the morning of June 10, 1942, a Wednesday morning. I happened to be free to start on something new, so I went in and spoke to one of the editors about the idea. I remember telling the editor that I thought Gould was a perfect example of a type of eccentric widespread in New York City, the solitary nocturnal wanderer, and that that was the aspect of him that interested me most, that and his Oral History, and not his bohemianism; in my time, I had interviewed a number of Greenwich Village bohemians and they had seemed to me to be surprising-



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ly tiresome. The editor said to go ahead and try it.

I was afraid that I might have trouble persuading Gould to talk about himself—I really knew next to nothing about him, and had got the impression that he was austere and aloof—and I decided that I had better talk with some people who knew him, or were acquainted with him, at least, and see if I could find out the best way to approach him. I left the office around eleven and went down to the Village and began going into places along Sixth Avenue and bringing up Gould's name and getting into conversations about him with bartenders and waiters and with old-time Villagers they pointed out for me among their customers. In the middle of the afternoon, I telephoned the switchboard operator at the office and asked if there were any messages for me, as I customarily did when I was out, and she immediately switched me to the receptionist, who said that a man had been sitting in the reception room for an hour or so waiting for me to return. "I'll put him on the phone," she said. "Hello, this is Joe Gould," the man said. "I heard that you wanted to talk to me, so I dropped in, but the thing is, I'm supposed to go to the clinic at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, at Second Avenue and Thirteenth Street, and pick up a prescription for some eye trouble I've been having, and if it's one kind of prescription it won't cost anything but if it's another kind it may cost around two dollars, and I've just discovered that I don't have any money with me, and it's getting late, and I wonder if you'd ask your receptionist to lend me two dollars and you can pay her back when you come in and we can meet any time you say and have a talk and I'll pay you back then." The receptionist broke in and said that she would lend him the money, and then Gould came back on the phone and we agreed to meet at nine-thirty the next morning in a diner on Sixth Avenue, in the Village, called the Jefferson. He suggested both the time and the place.

When I got back to the office, I gave the receptionist her two dollars. "He was a terribly dirty little man, and terribly nosy," she said, "and I was glad to get him out of here." "What was he nosy about?" I asked. "Well, for one thing," she said, "he wanted to know how much I make. Also," she continued, handing me a folded slip of paper, "he gave me this note as he was leaving, and told me not to read it until he got on the elevator." "You have beautiful shoulders, my dear," the note said, "and I should like to kiss them." "He also

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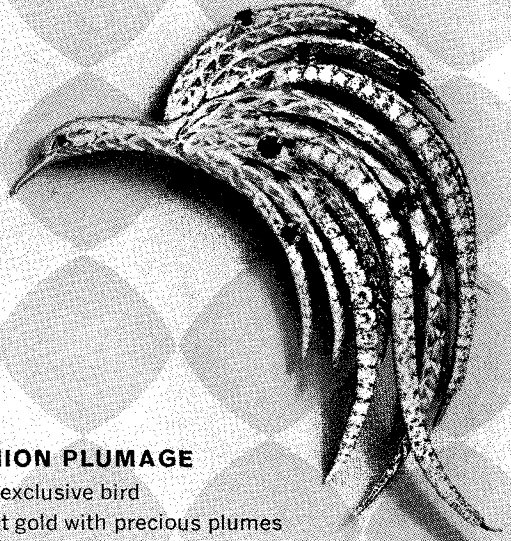

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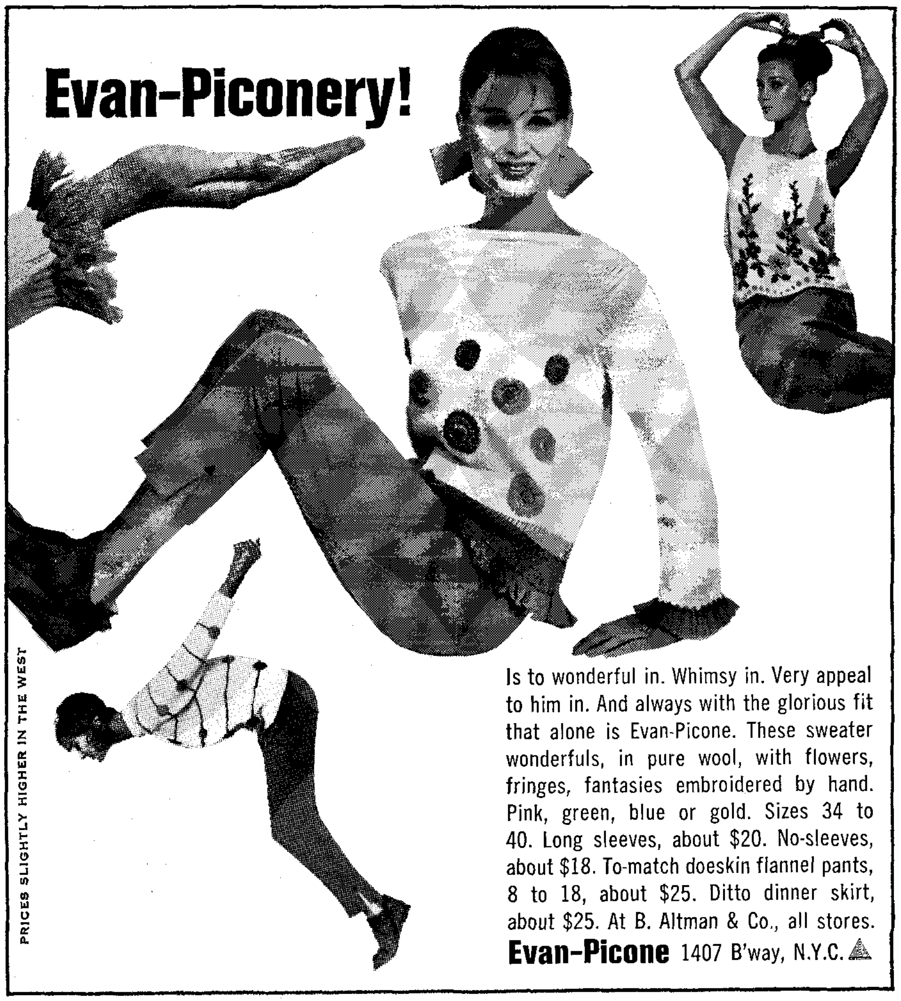

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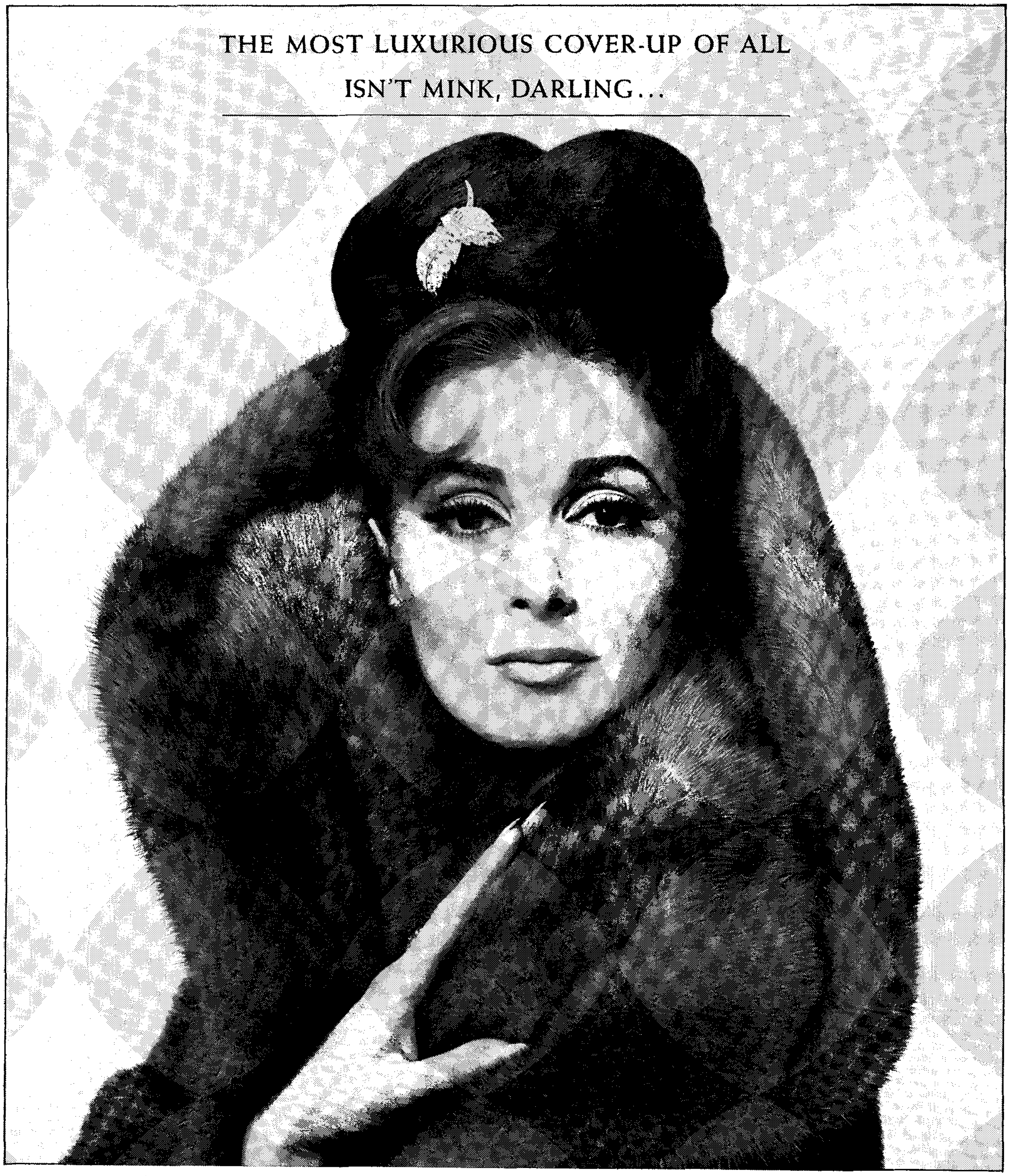
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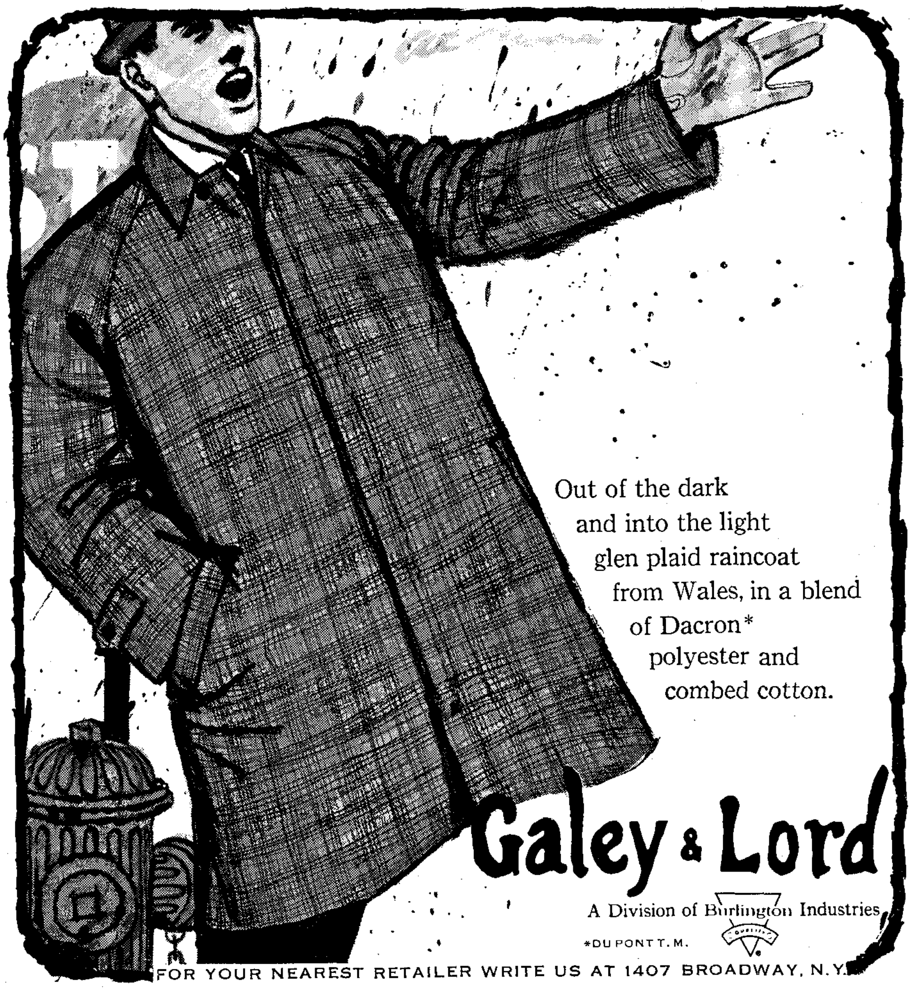

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left a note for you," she said, handing me another folded slip of paper. "On second thought," this note said, "nine-thirty is a little early for me. Let us make it eleven."

The Jefferson—it is gone now—was one of those big, roomy, jukeboxy diners. It was on the west side of Sixth Avenue, at the conjunction of Sixth Avenue, Greenwich Avenue, Village Square, and Eighth Street, which is the heart and hub of the Village. It stayed open all day and all night, and it was a popular meeting place. It had a long counter with a row of wobbly-seated stools, and it had a row of booths. When I entered it, at eleven, Gould was sitting on the first counter stool, facing the door and holding his greasy old pasteboard portfolio on his lap, and he looked the worst I had ever seen him. He was wearing a limp, dirty seersucker suit, a dirty Brooks Brothers button-down shirt with a frayed collar, and dirty sneakers. His face was greenish gray, and the right side of his mouth twitched involuntarily. His eyes were bloodshot. He was bald on top, but he had hair sticking out in every possible direction from the back and sides of his head. His beard was unkempt, and around his mouth cigarette smoke had stained it yellow. He had on a pair of glasses that were loose and lopsided, and they had slipped down near the end of his nose. As I came in, he lifted his head a little and looked at me, and his face was alert and on guard and yet so tired and so detached and so remotely reflective that it was almost impassive. Looking straight at me, he looked straight through me. I have seen the same deceptively blank expression on the faces of old freaks sitting on platforms in freak shows and on the faces of old apes in zoos on Sunday afternoons.

I went over and introduced myself to Gould, and he instantly drew himself up. "I understand you want to write something about me," he said, in a chipper, nasal voice, "and I greet you at the beginning of a great endeavor." Then, having said this, he seemed to falter and to lose confidence in himself. "I didn't get much sleep last night," he said. "I didn't get home. That is, I didn't get to the flophouse I've been staying in lately. I slept on the porch at St. Joseph's R.C. until they opened the doors for the first Mass, and then I went in and sat in a pew until a few minutes ago." St. Joseph's, at Sixth Avenue and Washington Place, is the principal Roman Catholic church in the Village and one of the oldest churches in the city; it has two large, freestanding columns on its porch, be-

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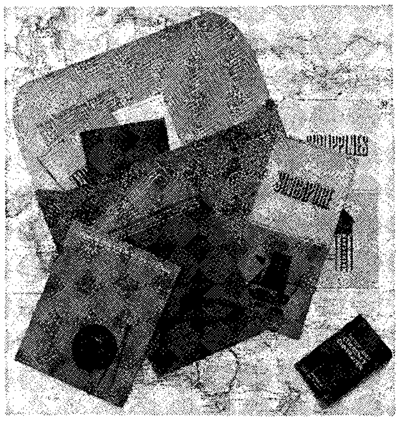

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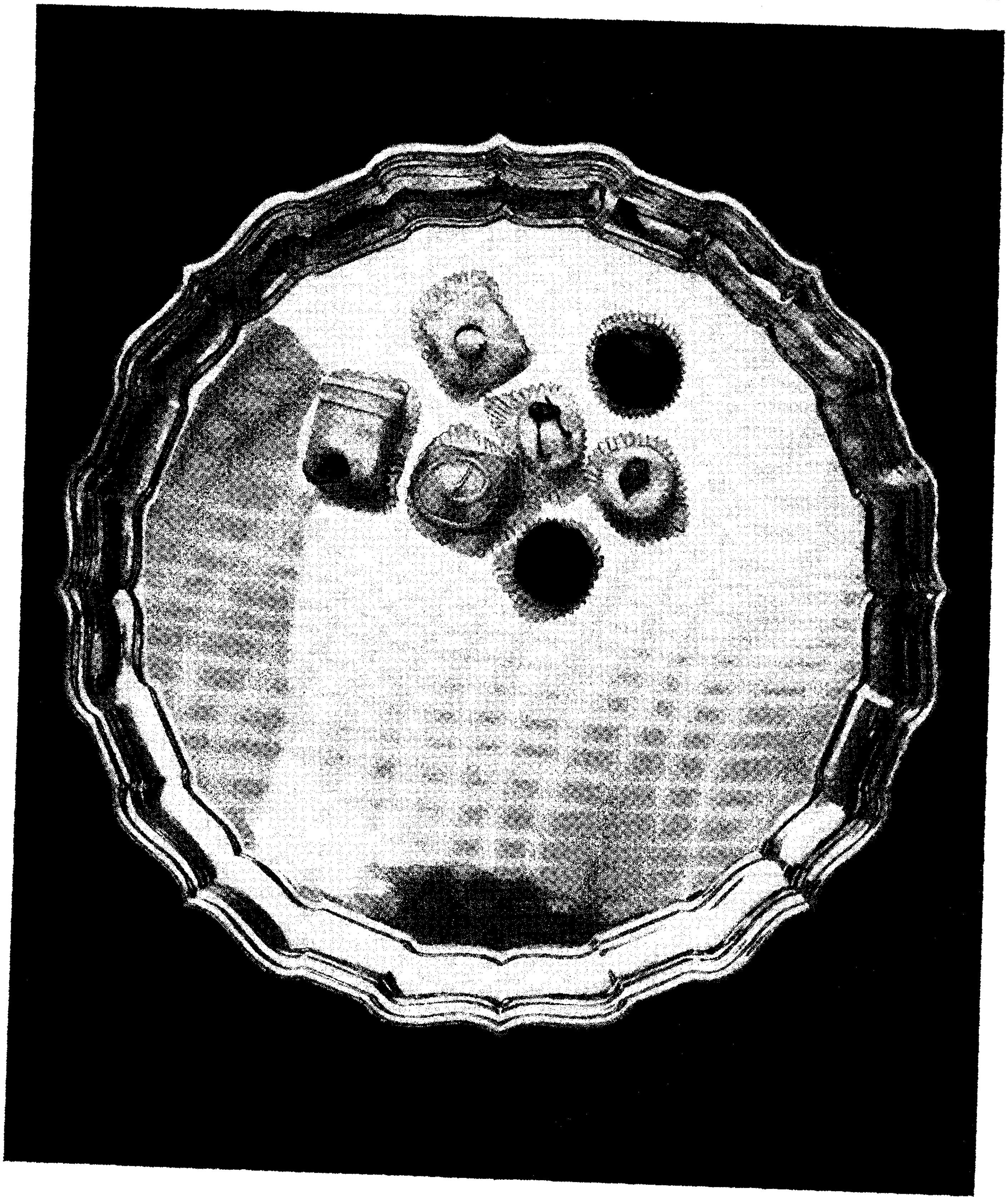
hind which, shielded from the street, generations of unfortunates have slept. "I died and was buried and went to Hell two or three times this morning, sitting in that pew," Gould continued. "To be frank, I have a hangover and I'm broke and I'm terribly hungry, and I'd appreciate it very much if you'd buy me some breakfast."

"Of course," I said.

"Fried eggs on toast!" he called out commandingly to the counterman. "And let me have some coffee right away and some more with the eggs. Black coffee. And make sure it's hot." He slid off the stool. "If you're having something," he said to me, "call out your order, and let's sit in a booth. The waitress will bring it over."

WE took a booth, and the waitress brought Gould's coffee. It was in a thick white mug, diner style, and it was so hot it was steaming. Even so, tipping the mug slightly toward him without taking it off the table, he bent down and immediately began drinking it with little, cautious, quick, birdlike sips and gulps interspersed with little whimpering sounds indicating pleasure and relief, and almost at once color returned to his face and his eyes became brighter and his twitch disappeared. I had never before seen anyone react so quickly and so noticeably to coffee; brandy probably wouldn't have done any more for him, or cocaine, or an oxygen tent, or a blood transfusion. He drank the whole mug in this fashion, and then sat back and held his head on one side and looked me over.

"I suppose you're puzzled about me," he said. His tone of voice was condescending; he had got some of his confidence back. "If so," he continued, "the feeling is mutual, for I'm puzzled about myself, and have been since childhood. I seem to be a changeling or a throwback or a mutation of some sort in a highly respectable old New England family. Let me give you a few biographical facts. My full name is Joseph Ferdinand Gould, and I was named for my grandfather, who was a doctor. During the Civil War, he was surgeon of the Fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, and later on he was a prominent obstetrician in Boston and taught in the Harvard Medical School. The Goulds, or my branch of them, have been in New England since the sixteen-thirties and have fought in every war in the history of the country, including King Philip's War and the Pequot War. We're related to many of the other early New England families, such as the Lawrences and the



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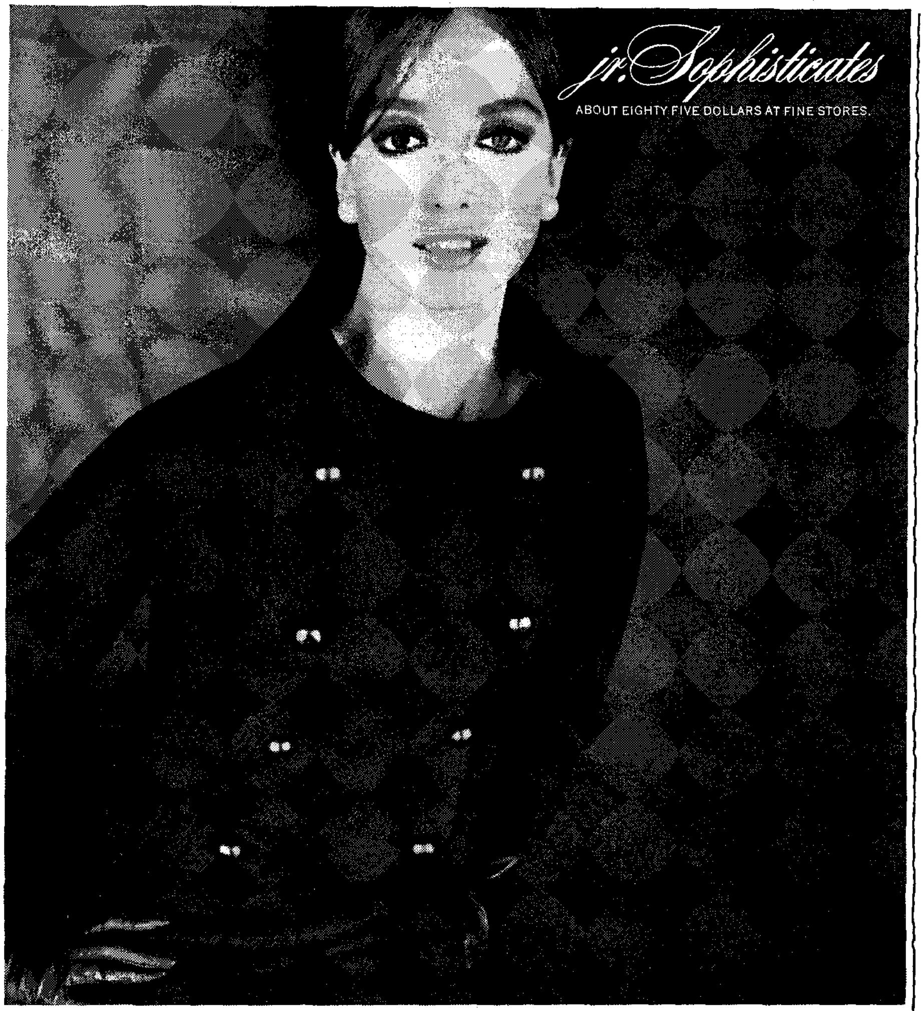
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Clarkes and the Storers. My grandmother on my father's side was a direct descendant of John Lawrence, who arrived from England on the Arbella in 1630 and was the first Lawrence in this country, and she could trace her ancestry back to a knight named Robert Lawrence who lived in the twelfth century. She used to say that the Lawrence line, or this particular Lawrence line, was not only one of the oldest clearly traceable lines in New England but also one of the oldest clearly traceable lines in England itself, and that we should never forget it."

Gould abruptly began scratching himself. He went about it unself-consciously. He scratched the back of his neck, and then he thrust his hand inside his shirt and scratched his chest and ribs.

"I should've been born in Boston," he continued, "but I wasn't. My father, whose name was Clarke Storer Gould, was also a doctor. He was a Bostonian, but he had been prevailed upon to move out and practice in Norwood, Massachusetts, and he and my mother had been living there only a few months when I was born. Norwood is a fairly good-sized old Yankee town about fifteen miles southwest of Boston. It's a residential suburb, and it also has some printing plants and some sheepskin tanneries and an ink factory and a glue works. I was born at high noon on September 12, 1889, in a flat over Jim Hartshorn's meat market. In Norwood, by the way, that's pronounced 'Jim Hatson.' A year or so later, my father built a big house on Washington Street, the main street of Norwood. Four-eighty-six Washington Street. It had three stories and twenty-one rooms, and it had gables and dormers and ornamental balconies and parquet floors, and it was one of the show places of Norwood. There was a mirror in our front hall that was eight feet high and decorated with gold cherubim. There were beautiful terra-cotta tiles around the fireplaces. There were diamond-shaped windows at the stair landings, and they had red, green, purple, and amber panes.

"As I said, my grandfather and my father were doctors, and when I was growing up I was well aware that my father hoped I would follow in his footsteps, just as he had followed in *his* father's footsteps. He never said so, but it was perfectly obvious to me and to everybody else that that was what he wanted. I loved my father, and I wanted him to think well of me, but I knew from the time I was a little boy and fainted at the sight of blood when

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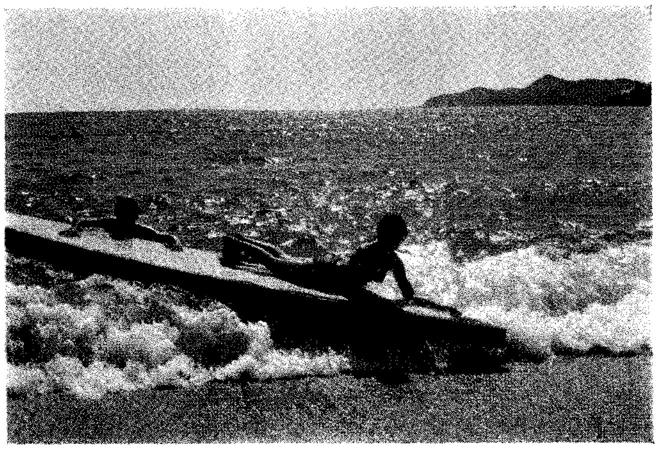

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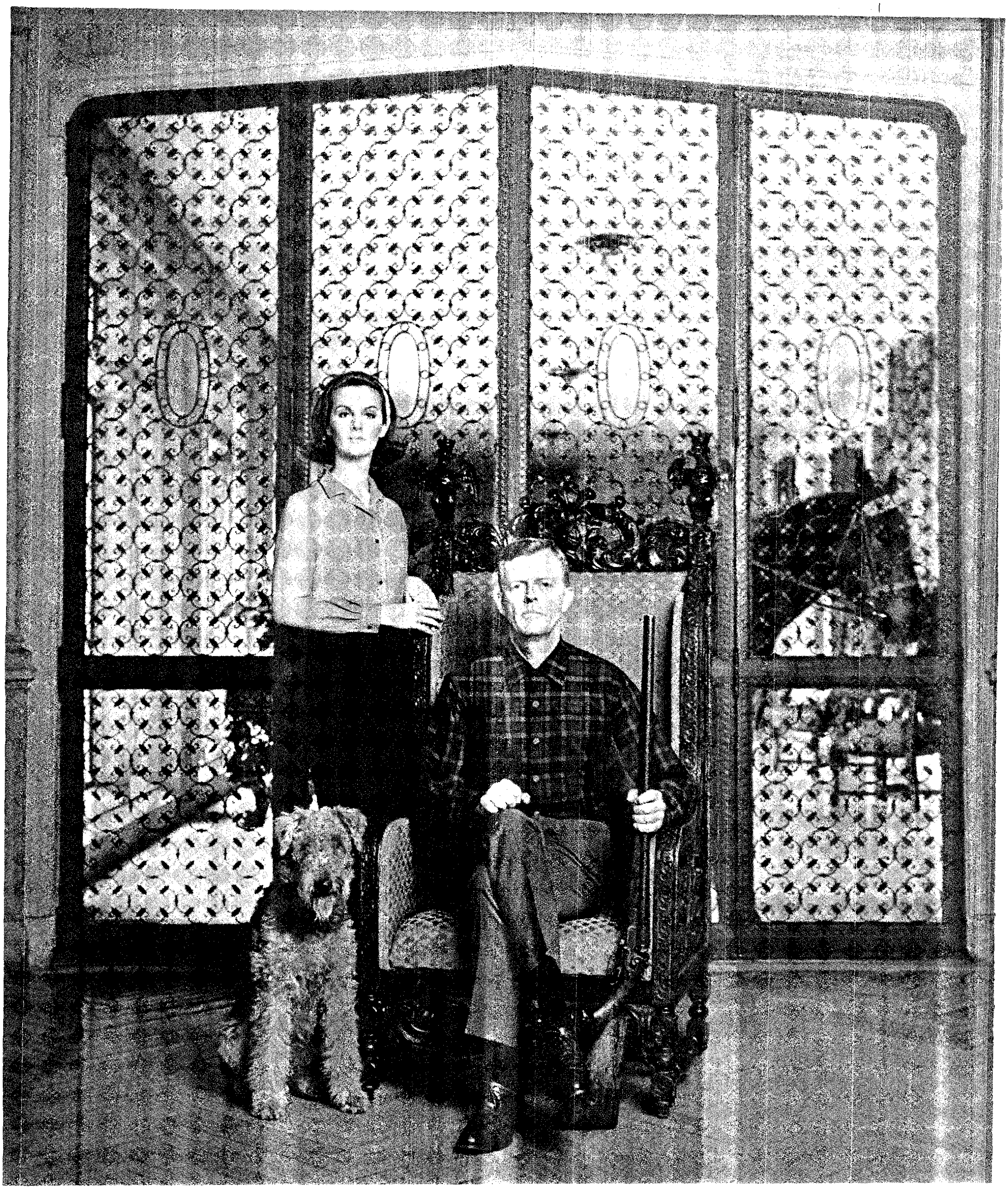

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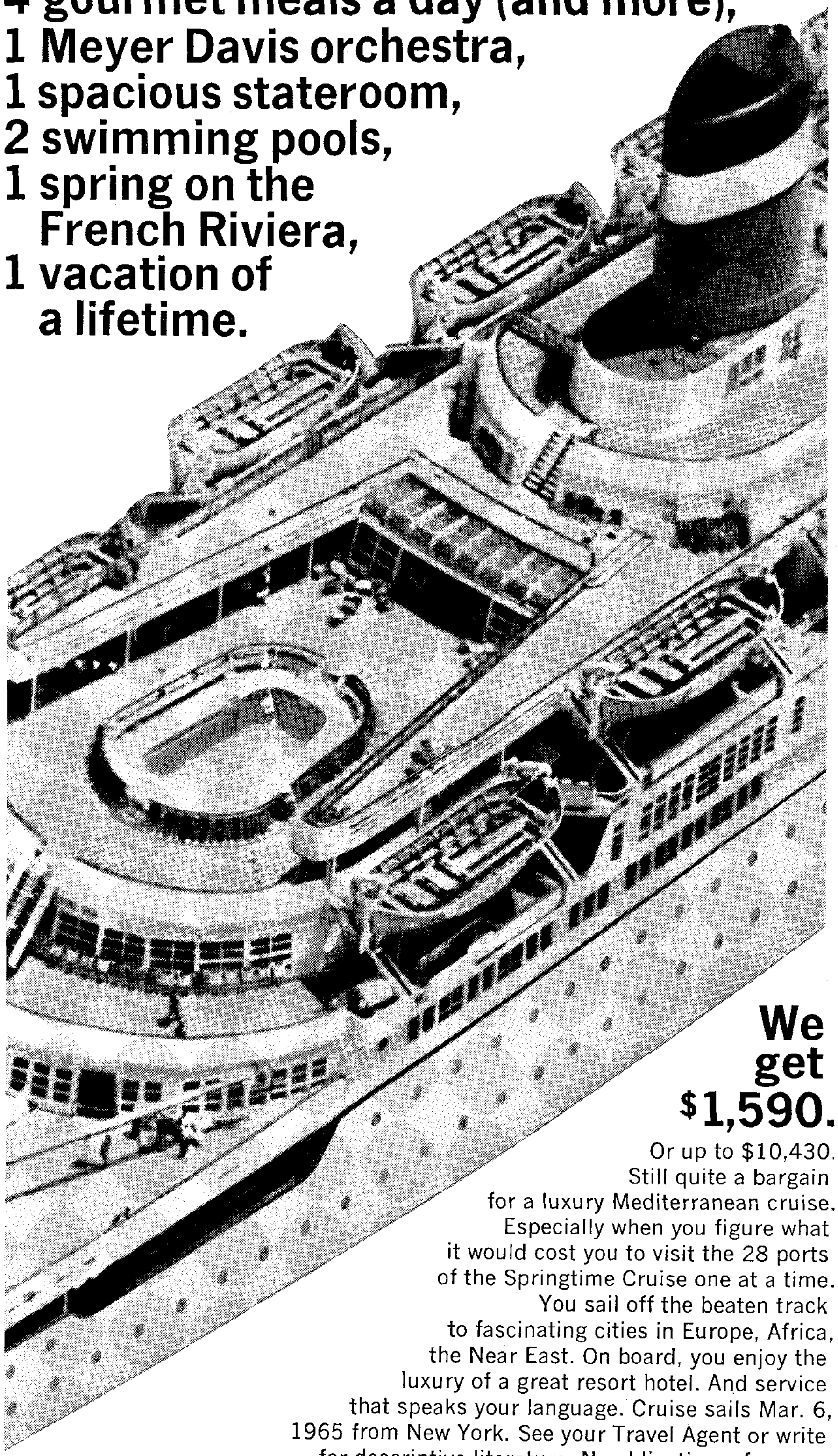
I happened to see our cook wring the neck of a chicken that I was going to be a disappointment to him, because I really couldn't stand the idea of being a doctor; I kept it to myself, but that was the last thing in the world I wanted to be. Not that I had anything else in mind. The truth is, I wasn't much good at anything—at home or at school or at play. To begin with, I was undersized; I was a runt, a shrimp, a peanut, a half-pint, a tadpole. My nickname, when anybody thought to use it, was Pee Wee. Also, I was what my father called a catarrhal child—my nose ran constantly. Usually, when I was supposed to be paying attention to something, I was busy blowing my nose. Also, I was just generally inept. Not long ago, looking up something in the unabridged dictionary, I came across a word that sums up the way I was then, and, for that matter, the way I am now—'ambisinistrous,' or left-handed in both hands. My father didn't know what to make of me, and I sometimes caught him looking at me with a thoughtful expression on his face."

Gould stood up and took off his lopsided glasses and peered desperately at the counterman, who was evidently putting off starting on Gould's order until he had attended to everyone else in the diner, including some people who had come in after we had sat down, but the counterman deliberately ignored him and would not let him catch his eye.

"Anyhow," Gould went on, sitting back down resignedly, "when I was around thirteen, a couple of things happened that showed me pretty clearly where I stood in the world. At school, we used to do a lot of marching two by two. We'd march into assembly two by two, and we'd march out to recess two by two. I could never keep in step, so they used to put me on the end of the line and I'd bring up the rear, marching by myself. This particular day, I had been kept in after school, and the teacher had let me go to the library room to pick out a book to read, and I was alone in there and out of sight, squatting down at a bookcase in the back of the room trying to decide between two books, when the principal of the school, who was a man, came in with one of the men teachers, the math teacher. They each dumped some books down on the desk, and then they stood there a few moments, talking about one thing and another, and all of a sudden I heard the principal say, 'Did you notice the Gould boy today?' The math teacher said something I didn't catch, and then the



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principal said, 'The disgusting little bastard can't even keep in step with himself.' The math teacher laughed and said something else I didn't catch, and then they went on out.

"Now, it so happened my father was on the school board and took a great interest in the school, and he and the principal saw quite a lot of each other. They were really very good friends; the principal and his wife used to come to our house for dinner, and my father and mother used to go to their house for dinner. Consequently, I was deeply shocked by the principal's remark. It hurt to overhear myself being called a disgusting little bastard, but it was the disrespect to my father that hurt the most. 'The Gould boy'! That brought my father into it. If he had just said 'Joseph Gould,' it wouldn't've been so bad. It would've confined it to me. I felt that the principal had insulted my father. I felt that he had betrayed him. At the very least, he had made fun of him behind his back. In some strange way, it made me feel closer to my father than I had ever felt before, and it made me feel sorry for him—it made me want to make it up to him. So that night, after supper, I went into the parlor, where he was sitting reading, and I said to him, 'Father, I've been doing some thinking lately about what I'd like to be, and I've decided I'd like to study medicine and be a surgeon.' I thought it would please him twice as much if I said I wanted to be a surgeon. 'That'll be the day,' my father said. 'If you *did* become a surgeon, and if you performed operations the way you do everything else, when you got through with a patient you'd have his insides so balled up you'd have his heart hanging upside down and his liver turned around backward and his intestines wound around his lungs and his bladder joined on to his windpipe, and you'd have him walking on his hands and breathing through his behind and making water out of his left ear.' "

Gould sighed, and a look of intense sadness passed over his face. "I held that remark against my father for a long time," he said. "Every once in a while, through the years, I'd remember it, and it would cut me to the quick. Then, years and years later, long after I had left home and long after my father had died, I was walking along the street one night here in New York and happened to think of it, and it must've been the first time I had ever thought of it objectively, for I suddenly burst out laughing."

At this moment, the waitress put a plate of fried eggs on toast and another

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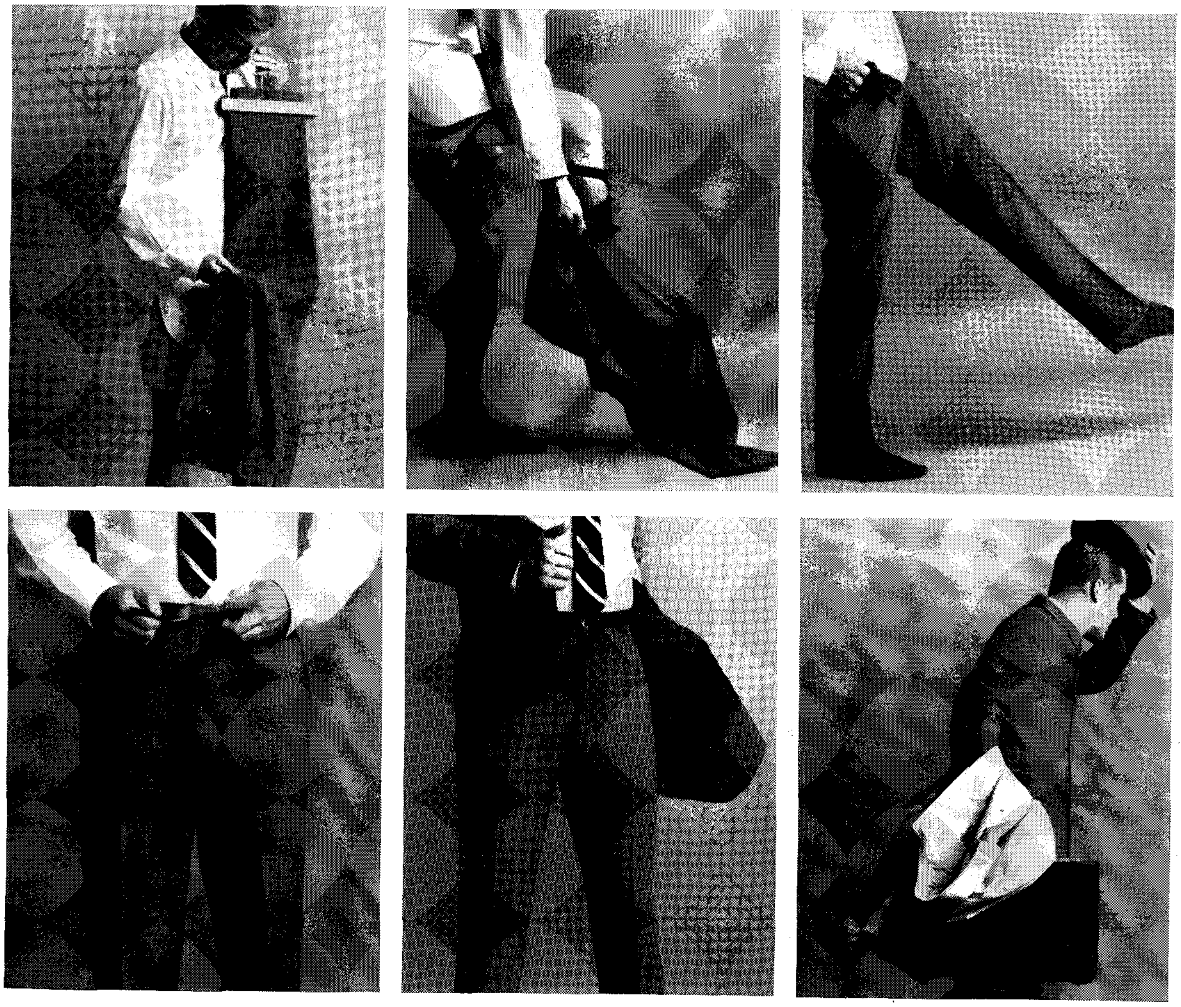

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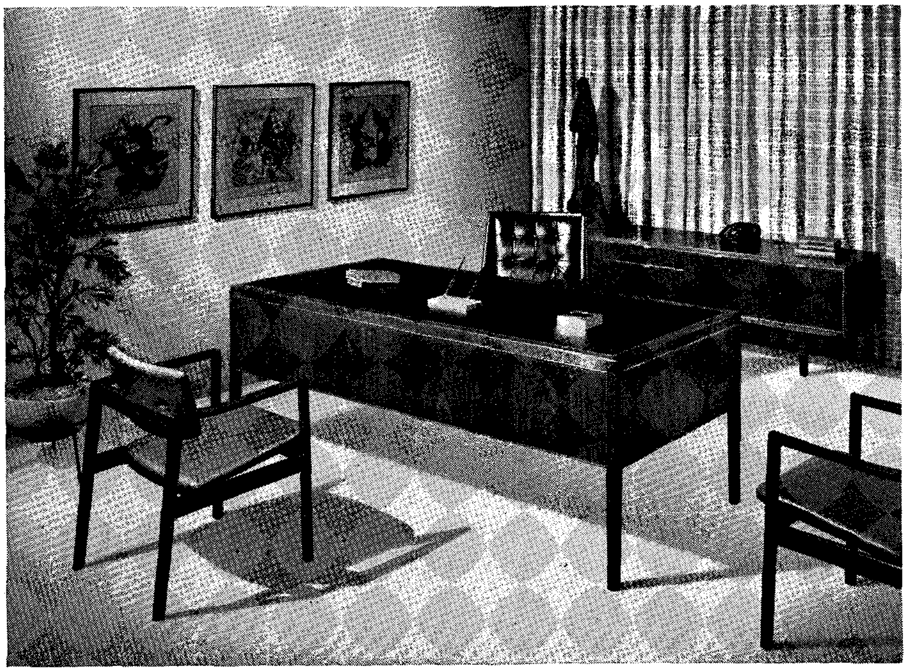

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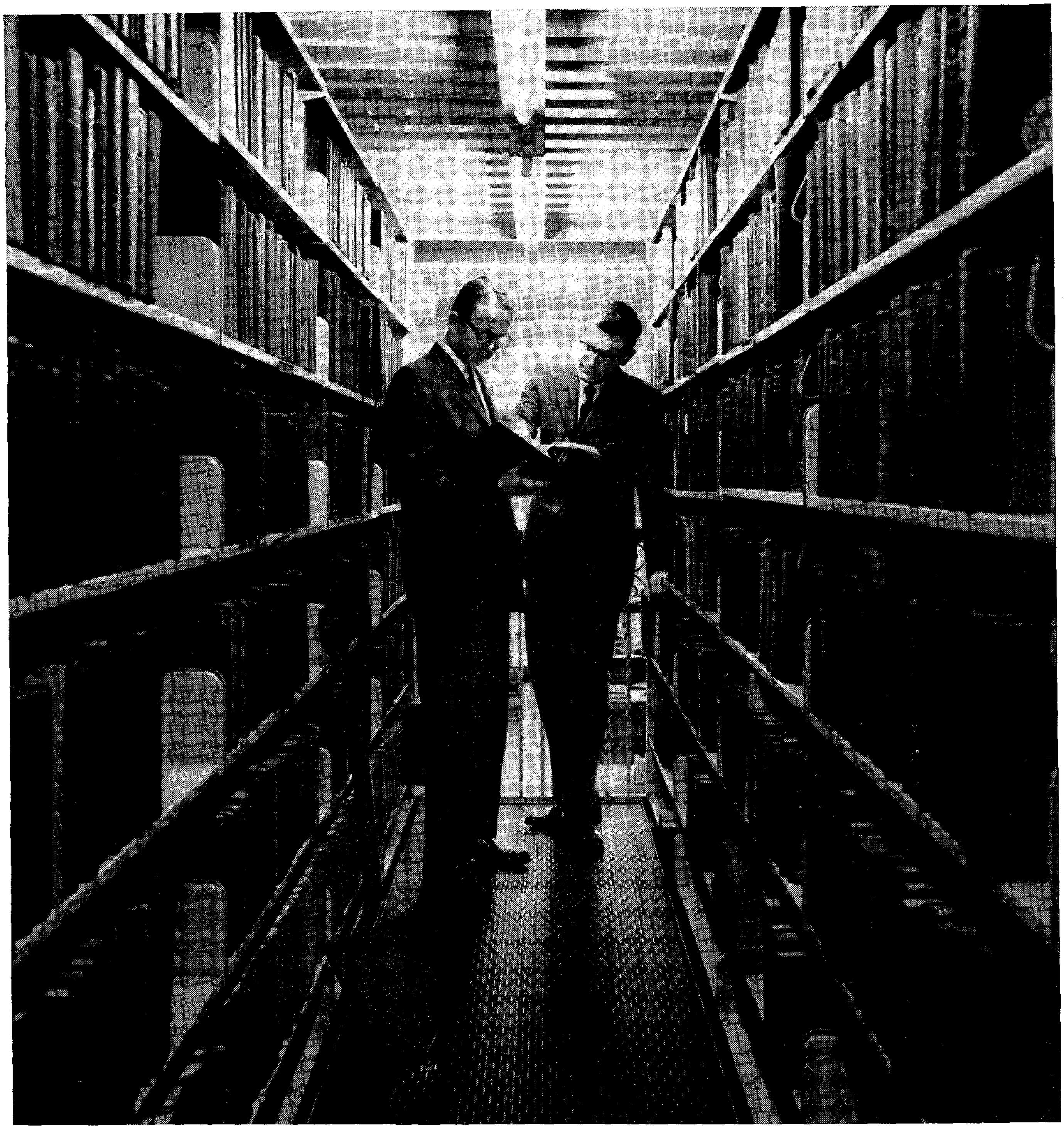
mug of coffee in front of Gould. As soon as she turned her back, he took up a bottle of ketchup that was about half full, and emptied it on the plate, encircling the eggs with ketchup. Then he darted around to the next booth and brought back another bottle of ketchup, which was perhaps a third full, and emptied this on the plate also, completely covering eggs and toast. "I don't particularly like the confounded stuff," he said, "but I make it a practice to eat all I can get. It's the only grub I know of that's free of charge." He began eating, using a fork at first but quickly switching to a spoon. "Sometimes I go in a place and order a cup of tea," he said confidingly, "and I drink it and pay for it, and then I ask for a cup of hot water. The counterman thinks I'm going to make a second cup of tea with the same tea bag, which he doesn't mind: that's all right. Instead of which, I pour some ketchup in, and I have a very good cup of tomato bouillon free of charge. Try it sometime." Gould finished his breakfast, and the waitress came to take away his plate. Catching sight of the empty ketchup bottles, she said, "You ought to have more self-respect than do a thing like that." "When I'm hungry, I don't have any self-respect," Gould said. "Anyhow, I didn't do it." He motioned with his head in my direction. "He did it," he said. "He turned both bottles up and drank them. You should've heard him. Glug, glug, glug! It was really quite embarrassing. Besides—and this is something you people can't seem to get through your heads—I'm not just an ordinary person, I'm Joe Gould—I'm Joe Gould, the poet; I'm Joe Gould, the historian; I'm Joe Gould, the wild Chippewa Indian dancer; and I'm Joe Gould, the greatest authority in the world on the language of the sea gull. I do you an honor by merely coming in here, and what do you do in return but bother me about such things as ketchup." This did not amuse the waitress. She was a portly, distracted, heavy-breathing woman, almost twice as big as Gould. "Who the hell do you think you are, you little rat?" she said. "One of these days, I'm going to pick you up by that Joe Gould beard of yours and throw you out of here." "Try it," said Gould, his voice becoming surprisingly intimidating, "and it'll be you and I all over the floor." He took a fistful of cigarette butts from a pocket of his seersucker jacket and put them on the table. As he did so, a shower of tobacco crumbs fell on his lap and on the floor and on the table,



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and I was afraid that he and the waitress would have some more words with each other. While she watched with disgust, Gould picked through the butts and chose one and fitted it in a long black cigarette holder. Paying no attention to the waitress, he lit it with an arch-elegant, Chaplinlike flourish, and she walked away.

"Now," he said, "to return to the story of my life for just a minute, I finished school in Norwood and then I went to Harvard. In 1911, I graduated from Harvard, and I spent the next few years debating in my mind what I should do next. By 1915, I had about given up hope of coming to any conclusion about this matter when I somehow became interested in the subject of eugenics. In fact, I became so interested that I borrowed some money from my mother and went to the Eugenics Record Office, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island—an organization connected with the Carnegie Institution—and took a summer course in eugenical field-work methods. After that, I decided I ought to put what I had learned to some use, and I borrowed a little more money from my mother and went out to North Dakota and began measuring the heads of Indians. In January and February, 1916, I measured the heads of five hundred Mandan Indians on the Fort Berthold Reservation, and in March and April I measured the heads of a thousand Chippewas on the Turtle Mountain Reservation, and then my money ran out. I wrote and asked my mother for more, and I received a telegram from her sending me my train fare and telling me to come home at once, which I did, whereupon she told me that she and my father were in financial difficulties to the point they had had to sell our house and were now renting it by the month from the new owner. It seems that a few years previous to this my father had invested his own money as well as the money his family had left him in the stock of a company that had been formed to buy and develop a huge tract of land in Alaska. In other words, as smart as he was, my father had bought some gold-mine stock. And while I was out in North Dakota he and my mother had found out that the stock was worthless.

"Well, I didn't see how I could be of any help to my parents, and I really had enjoyed measuring heads, so I went to Boston and called on various relatives and tried to raise money for another expedition to Indian reservations, but I was unsuccessful, to say the least. At this juncture in my life, my father took

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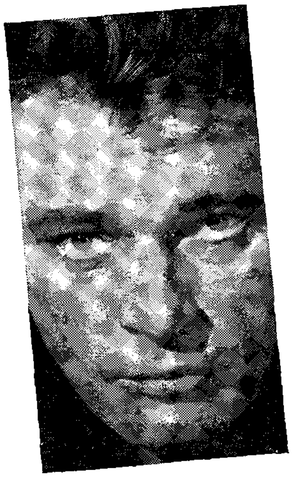

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it upon himself to find a job for me. He had a friend in Boston, a Mr. Pickett, who was the lawyer for an estate that owned several rows of dwelling houses in Norwood. These houses were rented by the week to people who worked in the tanneries and the glue works, and Mr. Pickett offered me the job of collecting the rents. My father was tired of what he called my shilly-shallying, and I knew it was either take this job or leave Norwood. I was terribly mixed up in my feelings about Norwood. I really never had felt at home in it, but there were things about it that I liked very much, or had liked at one time. I used to like to walk beside a little river that winds along the eastern and southern edges of it, the Neponset. And I used to like to wander around in a weedy old tumbledown New England graveyard that was directly in back of our house on Washington Street. The weeds were waist-high, and you could lie down and hide in them. You could hide in them and speculate on the rows upon rows of skeletons lying on their backs in the dirt down below. And I used to like some of the old buildings downtown, the old wooden stores. And I used to like the smell from the tanneries, particularly on damp mornings. It was a musky, vinegary, railroady smell. It was a mixture of the smells of raw sheepskins and oak-bark acid that they used in the tanning vats and coal smoke, and it was a characteristic of the town. And I used to like a good many of the people—they had some old-Yankee something about them that appealed to me—but as I grew up I gradually realized that I was a kind of fool to them. I found out that even some of the dignified old men that I admired and respected the most made little jokes about me and laughed at me. I somehow just never fitted in. So, little by little, through the years, I had come to hate Norwood. I had come to hate it with all my heart and soul. There were days, if wishes could kill, I would've killed every man, woman, and child in Norwood, including my mother and father. So I told my father that I couldn't accept Mr. Pickett's offer. 'I have decided,' I said, 'to go to New York and engage in literary work.' 'In that case, Son,' my father said, 'you've made your bed and you can lie in it.' I left Norwood a few days later. I left it with a light heart, even though I knew in my bones that I was leaving it for good, except I might possibly go back in the course of time for such occasions as funerals—my father's funeral, my mother's funeral, my own funeral. I hadn't gone far, however,

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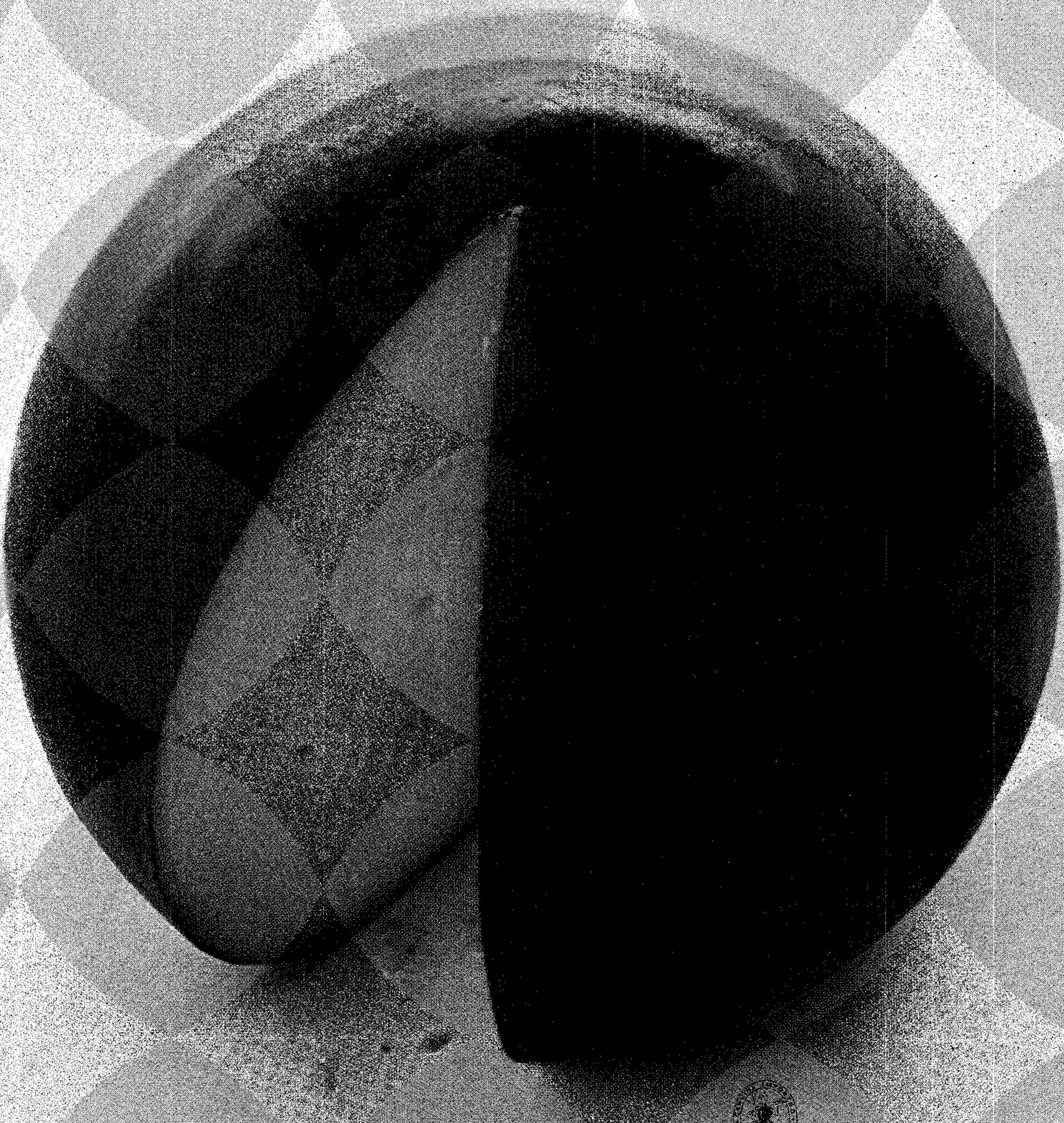
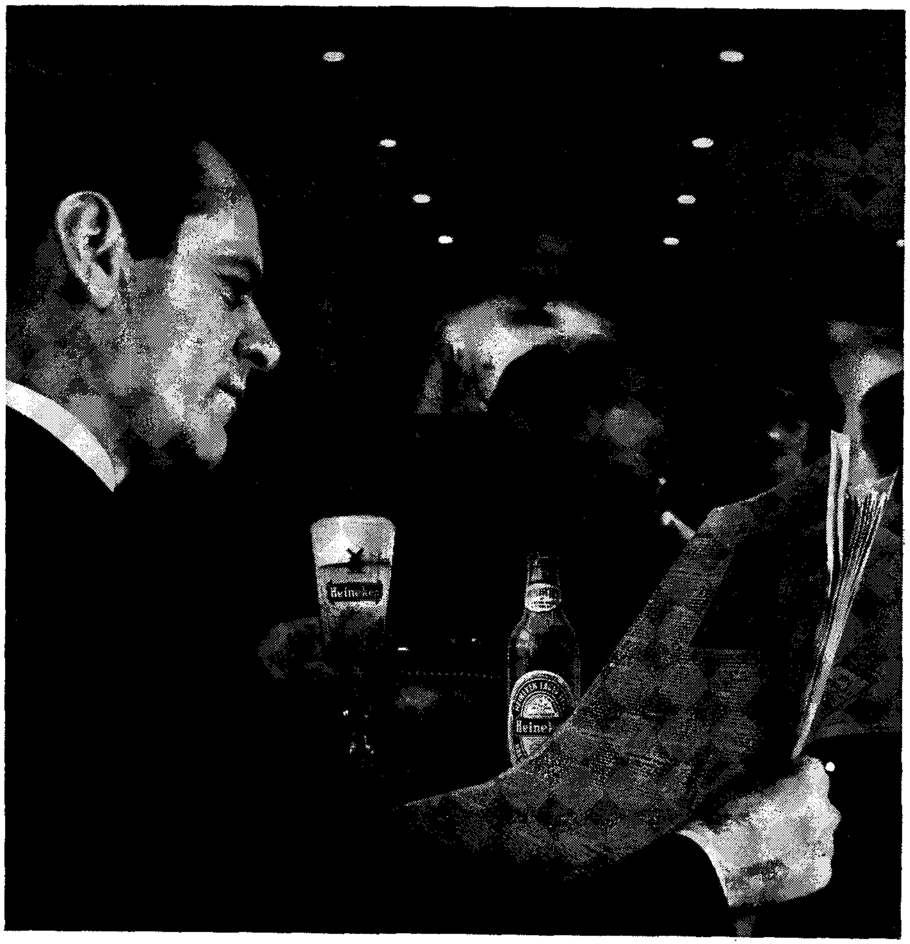


CHEESE OF HOLLAND

before I began having a reaction that took me by surprise. On the train, all the way to New York, I was so homesick for Norwood that I had to hold on to myself to keep from getting off and turning around and going back. Even today, I sometimes get really quite painfully homesick for Norwood. A sour smell that reminds me of the tanneries will bring it on, such as the smell from a basement down in the Italian part of the Village where some old Italian is making wine. That's one of the damndest things I ever found out about human emotions and how treacherous they can be—the fact that you can hate a place with all your heart and soul and still be homesick for it. Not to speak of the fact that you can hate a person with all your heart and soul and still long for that person.

"I came to New York with the idea in mind of getting a job as a dramatic critic, for I thought that that would leave me time to write novels and plays and poems and songs and essays and an occasional scientific paper on some eugenical matter, and eventually I did succeed in getting a job as a sort of half messenger boy, half assistant Police Headquarters reporter for the *Evening Mail*. One morning in the summer of 1917, I was sitting in the sun on the back steps of Headquarters recovering from a hangover. In a second-hand bookstore, I had recently come across and looked through a little book of stories by William Carleton, the great Irish peasant writer, that was published in London in the eighties and had an introduction by William Butler Yeats, and a sentence in Yeats's introduction had stuck in my mind: 'The history of a nation is not in parliaments and battlefields, but in what the people say to each other on fair days and high days, and in how they farm, and quarrel, and go on pilgrimage.' All at once, the idea for the Oral History occurred to me: I would spend the rest of my life going about the city listening to people—eavesdropping, if necessary—and writing down whatever I heard them say that sounded revealing to me, no matter how boring or idiotic or vulgar or obscene it might sound to others. I could see the whole thing in my mind—long-winded conversations and short and snappy conversations, brilliant conversations and foolish conversations, curses, catch phrases, coarse remarks, snatches of quarrels, the mutterings of drunks and crazy people, the entreaties of beggars and bums, the propositions of prostitutes, the spiels of pitchmen and peddlers, the sermons of street preachers, shouts in the night, wild rumors, cries



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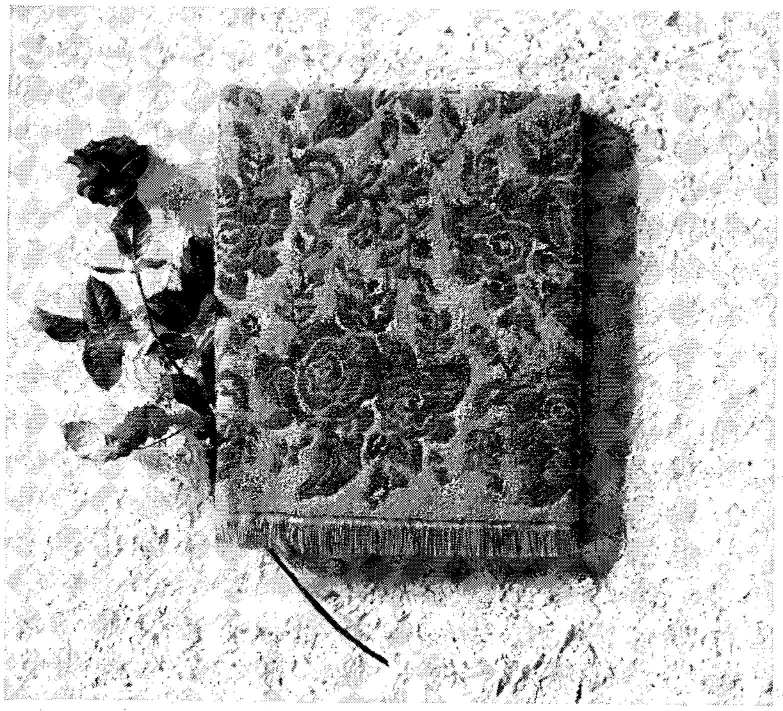

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from the heart. I decided right then and there that I couldn't possibly continue to hold my job, because it would take up time that I should devote to the Oral History, and I resolved that I would never again accept regular employment unless I absolutely had to or starve but would cut my wants down to the bare bones and depend on friends and well-wishers to see me through. The idea for the Oral History occurred to me around half past ten. Around a quarter to eleven, I stood up and went to a telephone and quit my job."

A throbbing quality had come into Gould's voice.

"Since that fateful morning," he continued, squaring his shoulders and dilating his nostrils and lifting his chin, as if in heroic defiance, "the Oral History has been my rope and my scaffold, my bed and my board, my wife and my floozy, my wound and the salt on it, my whiskey and my aspirin, and my rock and my salvation. It is the only thing that matters a damn to me. All else is dross."

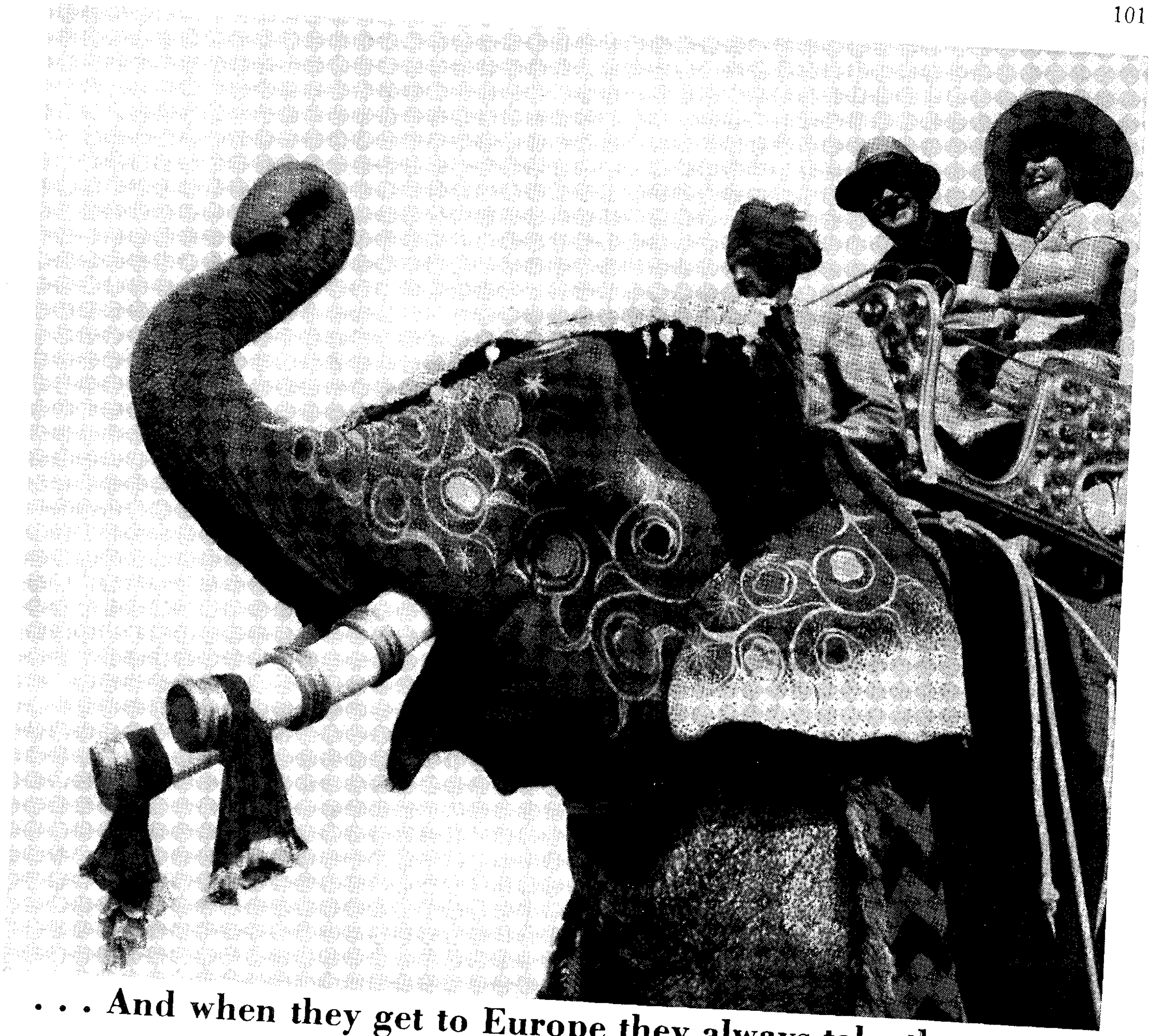
It was obvious that this was a set speech and that he had it down pat and that he had spoken it many times through the years and that he relished speaking it, and it made me obscurely uncomfortable.

"Just now, when you told the waitress that you were an authority on the language of the sea gull," I said, changing the subject, "did you mean it?"

Gould's face lit up. "When I was a child," he said, "my mother and I spent summers at a seaside town in Nova Scotia, a town called Clementsport, and every summer an old man would catch me a sea gull for a pet, and I sometimes used to have the impression that my sea gull was speaking to me, or trying to. Later on, when I was going to Harvard, I spent a great many Saturday afternoons sitting on T Wharf in Boston listening very carefully to sea gulls, and finally they got through to me, and little by little I learned the sea-gull language. I can understand it better than I can speak it, but I can speak it a lot better than you might think. In fact, I have translated a number of famous American poems into sea gull. Listen closely!"

He threw his head back and began to screech and chirp and croak and mew and squawk and gobble and cackle and caw, occasionally punctuating these noises with splutters. There was something singsong and sonorous in this racket that made it sound distantly familiar.

"Don't you recognize it?" cried Gould excitedly. "It's 'Hiawatha'! It's



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from the part called 'Hiawatha's Childhood.' Listen! I'll translate it back into English:

> By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
> By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
> Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
> Daughter of the moon, Nokomis.
> Dark behind it rose the forest,
> Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
> Rose the firs with cones upon them . . ."

Gould snickered; his spirits had risen the moment he had begun talking about sea gulls. "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow translates perfectly into sea gull," he said. "On the whole, to tell you the truth, I think he sounds better in sea gull than he does in English. And now, with your kind permission," he went on, standing up and starting to get out of the booth, a leering expression appearing on his face as he did so, "I'll step out in the aisle and give you my interpretation of a hungry sea gull circling above a fish pier where they're unloading fish." I had been aware, out of the corner of an eye, that the counterman had been watching us. Now this man spoke to Gould. "Sit down," he said. Gould whirled around and looked at the counterman, and I expected him to speak sharply to him, the way he had spoken to the waitress. He surprised me. He sat down meekly and obediently, without opening his mouth. Then, picking up his portfolio and putting it under his arm, as if preparing to go, he leaned across the table and began talking to me in a low voice. "You know the money I borrowed from you yesterday to get the eye prescription," he said. "Well, I started over to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but on the way something came up, and when I got there the clinic was closed, and I'm in a worse fix today than yesterday as far as money is concerned, and the clinic closes earlier on Thursdays than on Wednesdays, and I wonder if you could lend me two or three or four or maybe five dollars, so I can go get the prescription and start using it. We can continue our talk some other time."

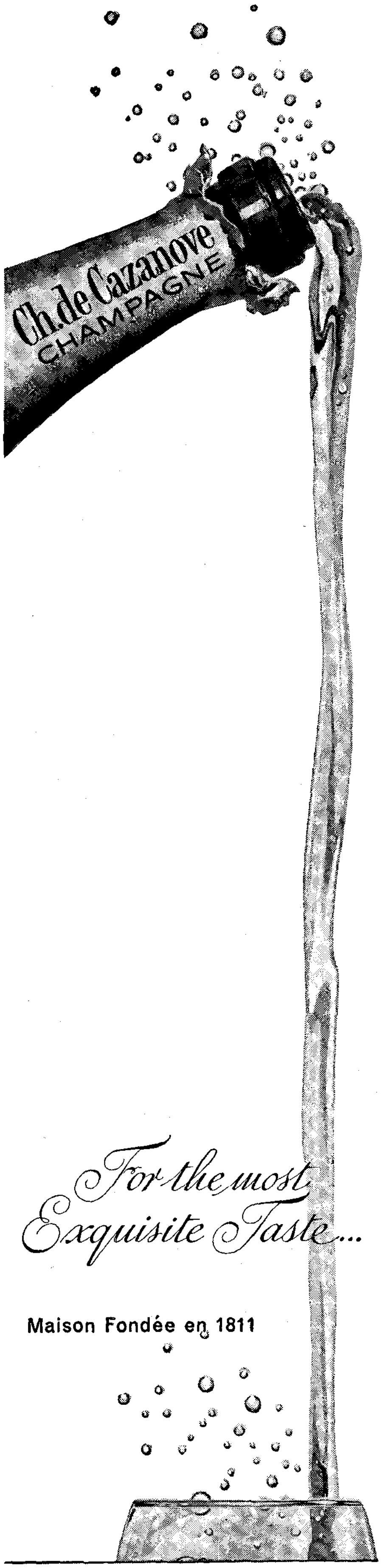
"Of course," I said.

"You won't mind?"

"Oh, no," I said. "Except I was hoping I could see some of the Oral History and maybe read some of it."

"I can easily arrange that," Gould said.

He sat his portfolio on his lap and untied it and opened it and dug around in it and brought out two composition books and put them on the table. "You'll find a chapter of the Oral History in each of these," he said. "I fin-



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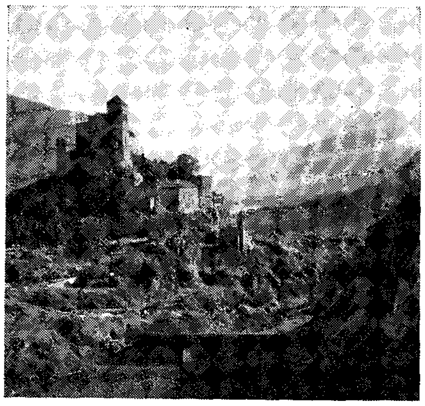

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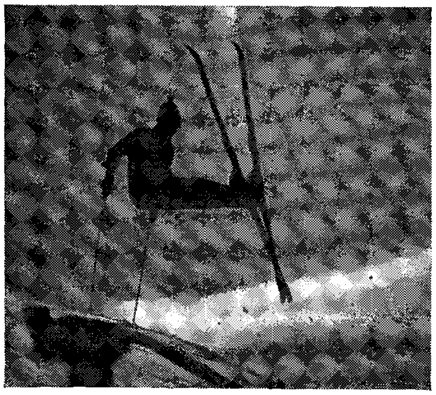

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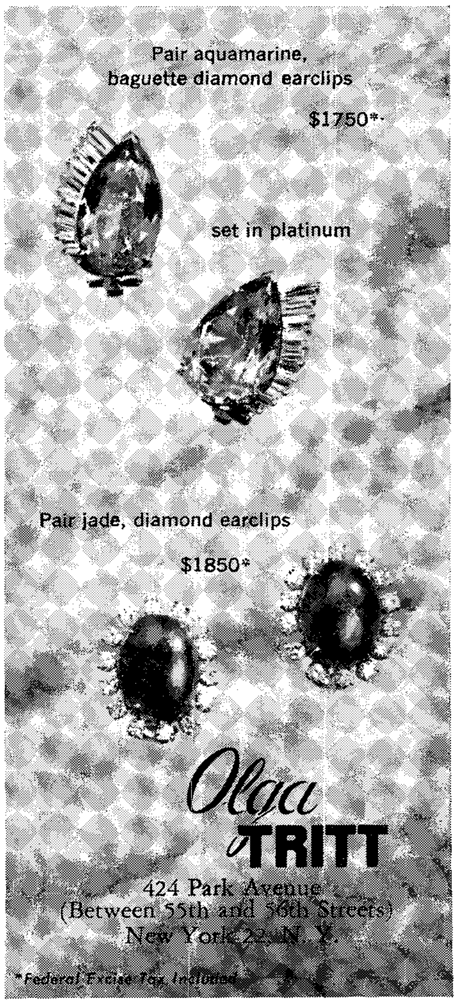
ished them only night before last. I've still got to polish them up a little, but you won't have any trouble reading them." He kept on digging around in the portfolio, using both hands. "In the twenties and thirties, a few bits and pieces and fragments of the Oral History were published in little magazines," he said, "and I have copies of them somewhere in here." He took a small, rolled-up paper bag with a rubber band around it from the deepest part of the portfolio and looked at it inquisitively. "What in hell is this?" he said, opening the bag and peering into it. "Oh, yes," he said. "Cigarette butts." He carefully put the bag back in the portfolio. "Sometimes, in wet weather or snow all over the streets," he said, "it's good to have some butts stuck away." Then he brought out four magazines one by one and stacked them on the table. They were dog-eared and grease-spotted and coffee-stained.

"Here's Ezra Pound's old magazine the *Exile*," he said, riffling the pages of the one on top. "The *Exile* lasted exactly four issues, and this is the second issue—Autumn, 1927—and there's a chapter from the Oral History in it. I have E. E. Cummings to thank for that. Cummings is one of my oldest friends in New York. He and I come from pretty much the same kind of New England background, and our years at Harvard overlapped—my last year was his first year—but I got to know him in the Village. Sometime around 1923 or '24 or '25, Cummings spoke to Pound about me and the Oral History, and then Pound wrote to me, and we got into a correspondence that extended over several years. Pound became very enthusiastic about my plan for the History. He printed this little selection in the *Exile*, and later on, in his book 'Polite Essays,' after speaking of William Carlos Williams as a great, neglected American writer, he referred to me as 'that still more unreceived and uncomprehended native hickory, Mr. Joseph Gould.' And here's *Broom* for August-November, 1923. It has a chapter from the History—Chapter C-C-C-L-X-V-I-I-I. At that time I was numbering the chapters with Roman numbers. And here's *Pagany* for April-June, 1931. It has some snippets from the History.

"And here's the greatest triumph of my life so far—the *Dial* for April, 1929. There are two essays from the Oral History in it. Marianne Moore, the poet, was editor of the *Dial*, and her office was right down here in the



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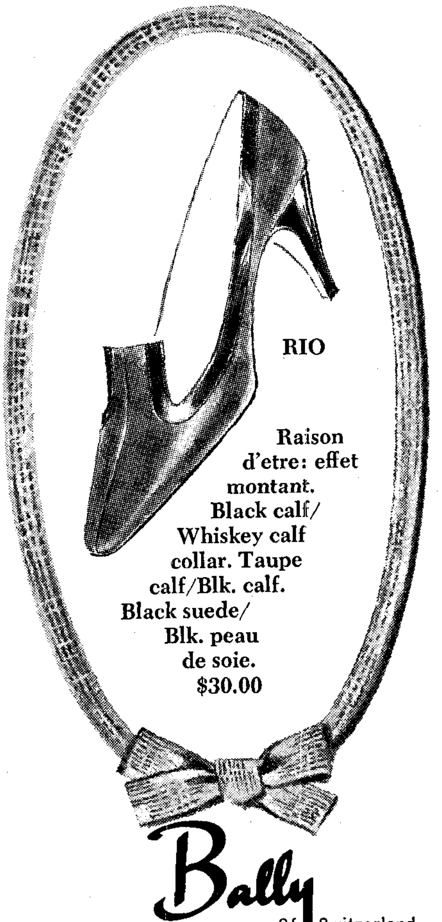

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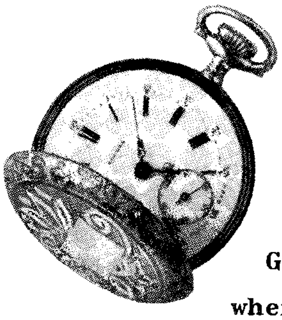

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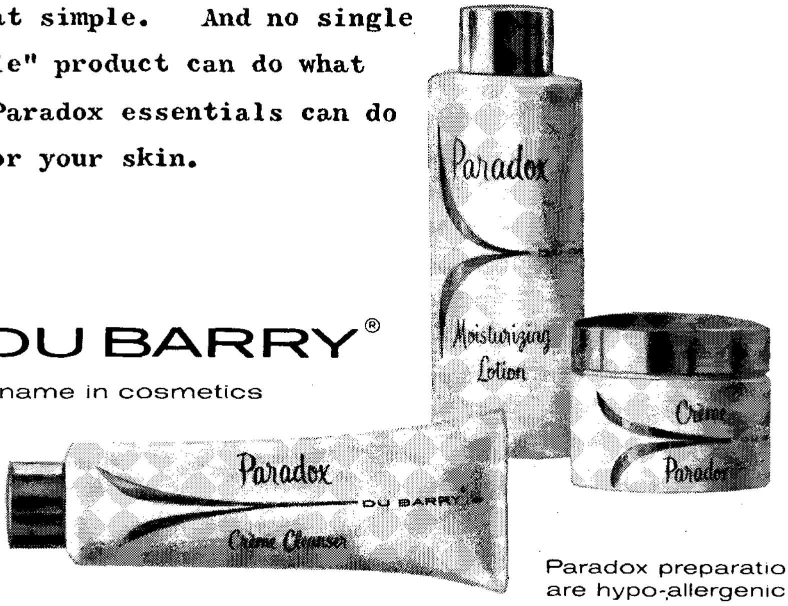

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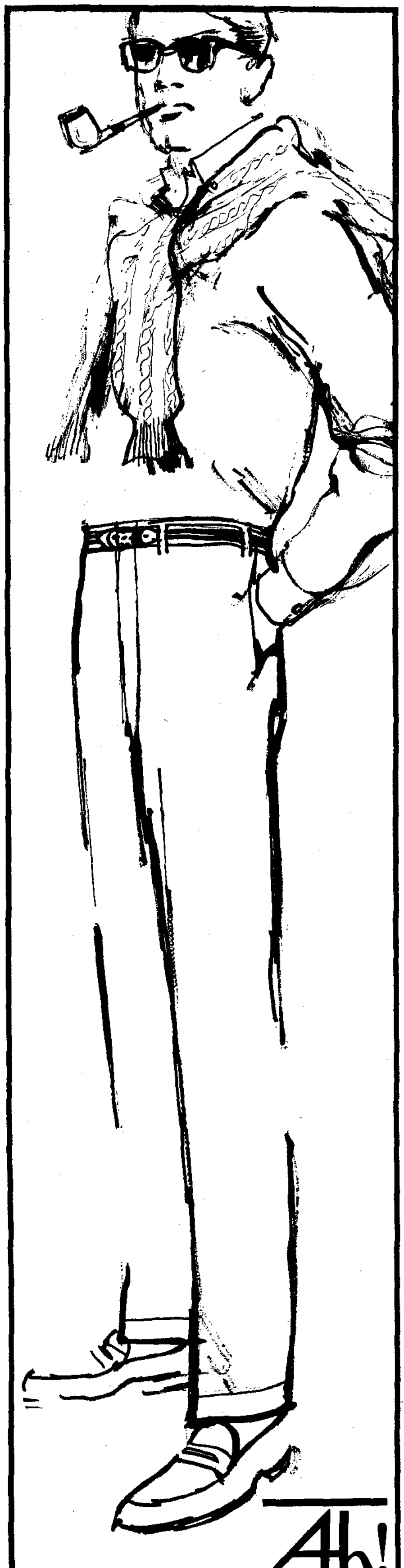

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Village—on Thirteenth Street, just east of Seventh Avenue. It was one of those old houses—red brick, three stories high, a steep stoop leading up to the parlor floor, an ailanthus tree growing at a slant in front—that have always typified the Village to me. I used to drop in there about once a week and sit in her outer office all morning and sometimes all afternoon, too, reading back copies, and whenever I was able to wangle a little time with her I would try to get her to see the literary importance of the Oral History, and finally she printed these two little essays. Everything else I've ever done may disappear, but I'll still be immortal, just because of them. The *Dial* was the greatest literary magazine ever published in this country. It published a great many masterpieces and near-masterpieces as well as a great many curiosities and monstrosities, and there'll be bound volumes of it in active use in the principal libraries of the world as long as the English language is spoken and read. 'The Waste Land' came out in it. So did 'The Hollow Men.' Eliot reviewed 'Ulysses' for it. Two great stories by Thomas Mann came out in it—'Death in Venice' and 'Disorder and Early Sorrow.' Pound's 'Hugh Selwyn Mauberley' came out in it, and so did Hart Crane's 'To Brooklyn Bridge,' and so did Sherwood Anderson's 'I'm a Fool.' Joseph Conrad wrote for it, and so did Joyce and Yeats and Proust, and so did Cummings and Gertrude Stein and Virginia Woolf and Pirandello and George Moore and Spengler and Schnitzler and Santayana and Gorki and Hamsun and Stefan Zweig and Djuna Barnes and Ford Madox Ford and Miguel de Unamuno and H. D. and Katherine Mansfield, and a hundred others. For centuries to come, people will be going through the bound volumes looking up things by those writers, and now and then one of them will surely notice my two little essays and become curious about them and read them (God knows they aren't very long), and that's closer to immortality than a good many of my rooting and tooting contemporaries are likely to get—best-sellers, interviews on the radio, the dry little details of their dry little lives in *Who's Who*, photographs of their empty faces in the book-review sections, six or seven divorced wives, and all. Just look at some of the other things in this issue. A poem by Hart Crane. An essay by Logan Pearsall Smith. A couple of photographs of a sculpture of a nude by Maillol. A Paris Letter by Paul Morand. A piece about the theatre by

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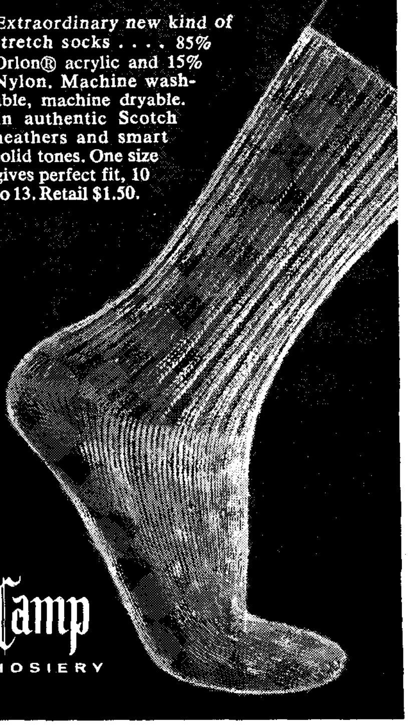

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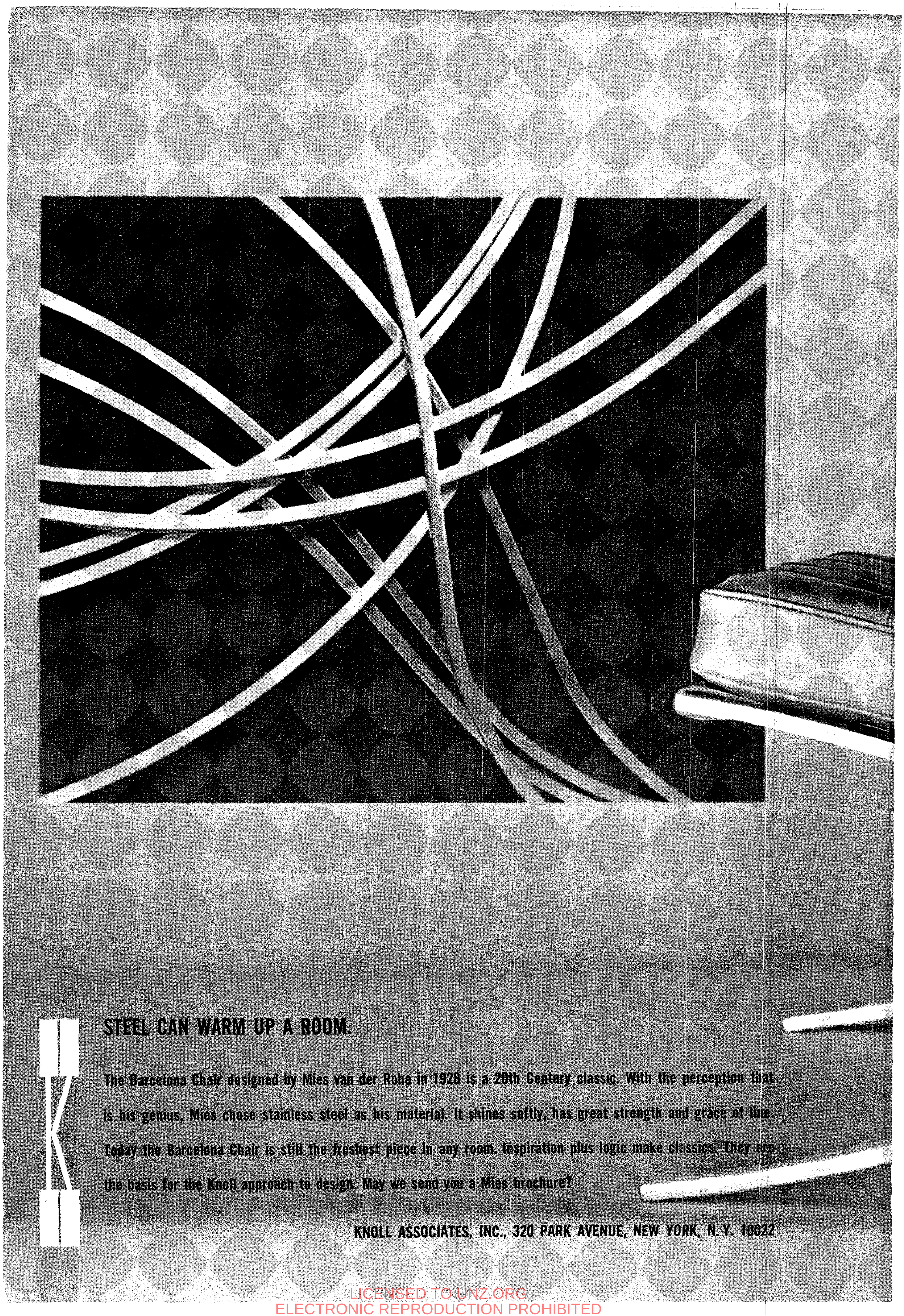

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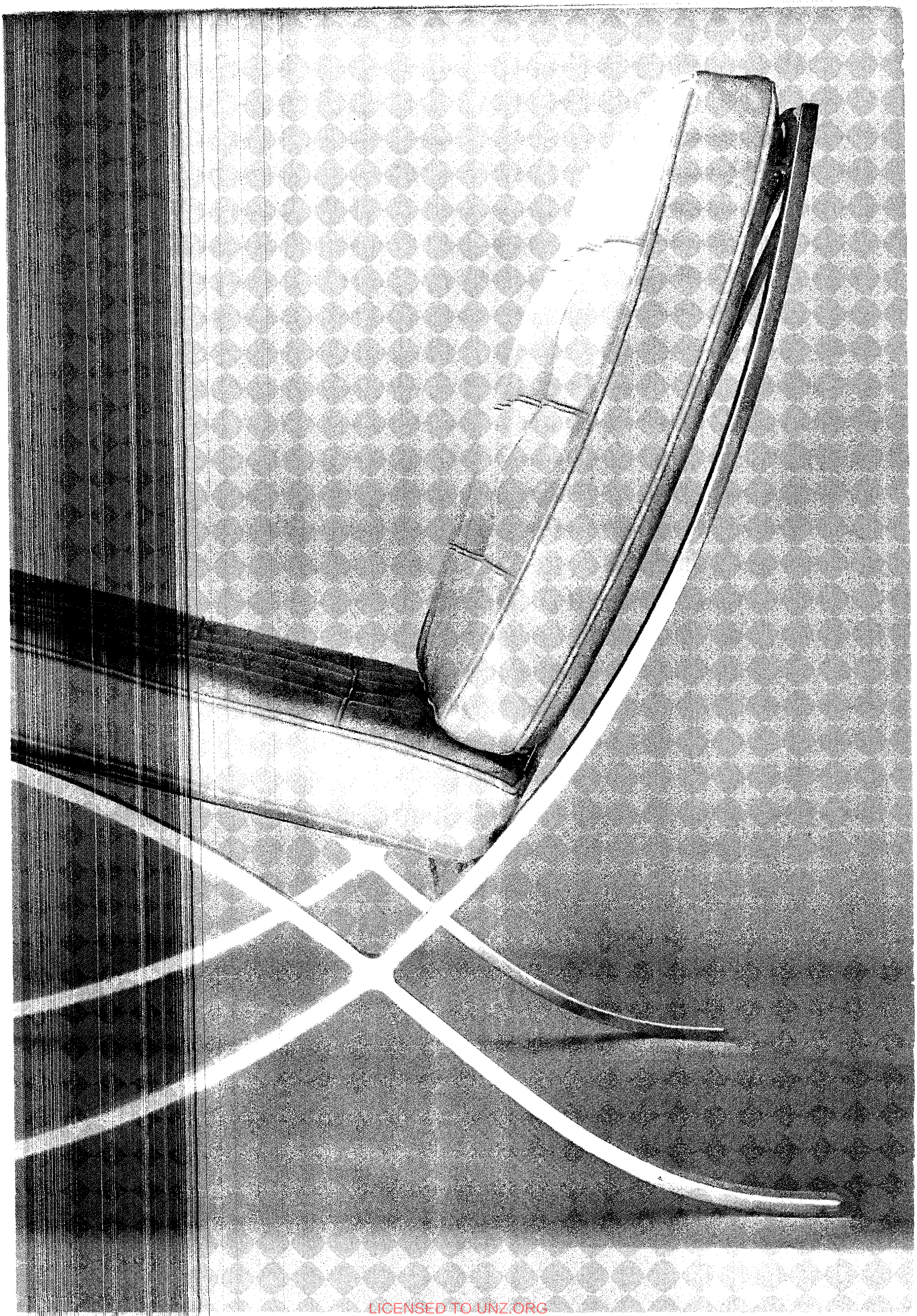

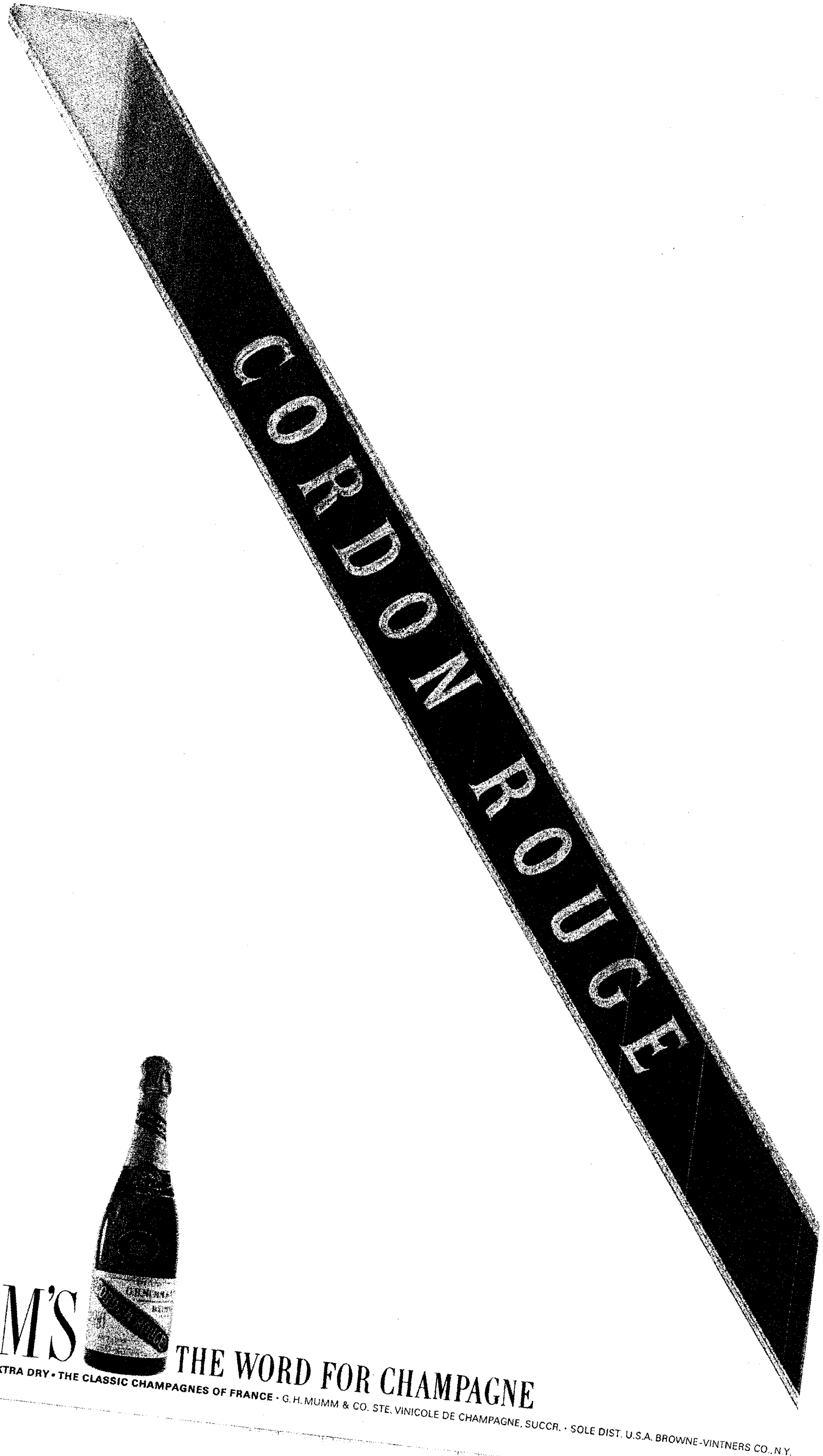

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Padraic Colum. A book review by Bertrand Russell."

Gould pushed the magazines and the composition books across the table to me. "Take them along and read them," he said.

OUTSIDE the diner, on the sidewalk, we agreed to meet again on Saturday night. "But not in the diner," Gould said. "I used to get along very well with the countermen and the waitresses in there. They used to kid around with me and I used to kid around with them. But they seem to have turned against me." A deeply troubled look appeared on his face, a haunted look, and he was silent for a few moments, reflecting. Then he shrugged his shoulders, as if dismissing the matter from his mind, but evidently the matter would not stay dismissed, for right away he started talking about it again. "In recent years," he said, "quite a few people have turned against me. Men and women all over the Village who once were good friends of mine now hate me and loathe me and despise me. You're bound to run into some of them, and they'll probably give you various reasons why they feel that way, and I guess I ought to get in ahead of them and give you the real reason. Would you like to hear it?"

I said that I would.

"The real reason," he said, "is a certain poem I wrote."

We walked slowly along Sixth Avenue.

"In the early thirties, because of the depression," he went on, "a good many people in the Village got interested in Marxism and became radicals. All of a sudden, most of the poets down here became proletarian poets and most of the novelists became proletarian novelists and most of the painters became proletarian painters. I know a woman who's married to a rich doctor and collects art and has a daughter who's a ballet dancer, and I ran into her one day and she informed me very proudly that her daughter was now a proletarian ballet dancer. The trouble is, the more radical these people became, the more know-it-all they became. And the more self-important. And the more self-satisfied. They sat around in the same old Village hangouts that they had sat around in when they were just ordinary bohemians and they talked as much as they ever had, only now it wasn't art or sex or booze that they talked about but the coming revolution and dialectical materialism and the dictatorship of the proletariat and what Lenin meant when he said

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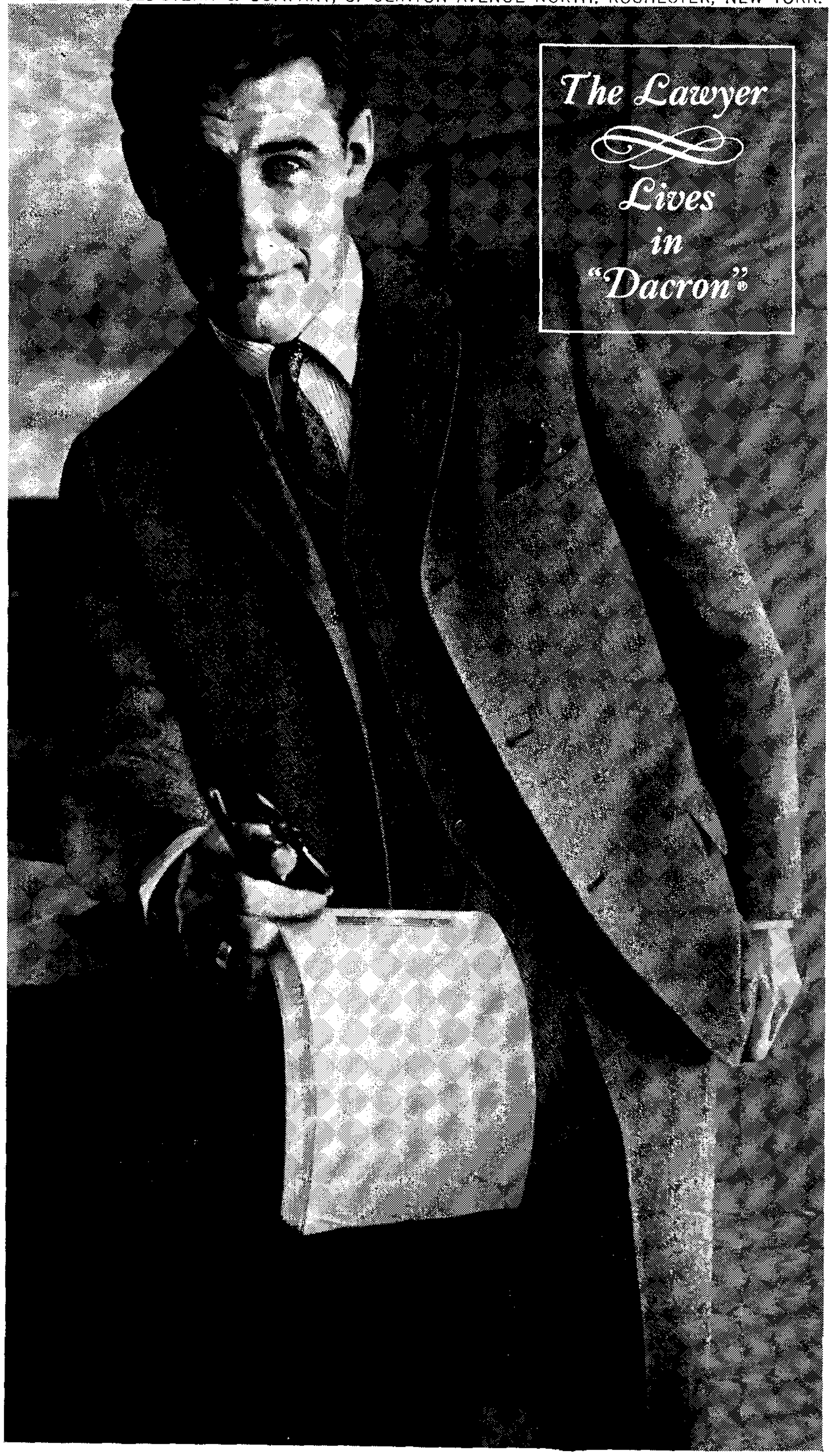

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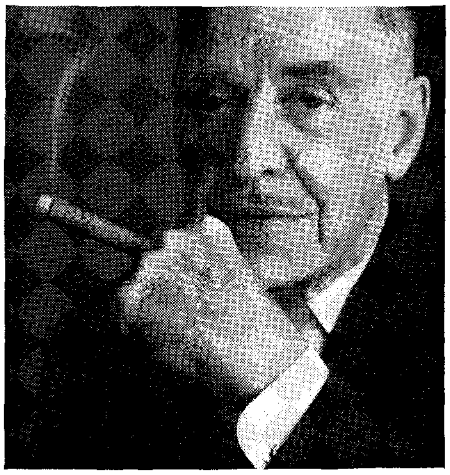

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this and what Trotzky meant when he said that, and they acted as if any conclusions they arrived at on these matters might have a far-reaching effect on the future of the whole world. In other words, they completely lost their sense of humor. The way they talked about the proletariat, you'd think they were all the sons and daughters of iron puddlers, but the truth was, a surprisingly large number of them came from families that were either middle-class or upper-class and either very well-to-do or really quite rich. As time went on, I began to feel like a stranger among them. It wasn't so much their politics that bothered me, beyond the fact that politics of any kind bores the living hell out of me; it was the self-important way they talked about politics. As much as anything else, it was the way they said 'we.' Instead of '*I* think this' or '*I* think that,' it was always '*We* think this' or '*We* think that.' I couldn't get used to the 'we.' I began to feel intimidated by it. Once, trying to make a joke and lighten the atmosphere, I blurted out to one of them that I belonged to a party that had only one member and the name of it was the Joe Gould Party. He said that every time I made such remarks and joked about serious matters I showed myself in my true colors. 'We're on to you and people like you,' he said. 'When you act the clown, all you're doing is trying to hide the fact that you're a reactionary. To be frank about it,' he said, 'we would classify you as a parasite, a reactionary parasite. As for the Oral History,' he said, 'all you're doing in that, as far as we're concerned, is collecting the verbal garbage of the bourgeoisie.'

"At that time, in the summer, one of the novelties of the Village was the sidewalk café in front of the Brevoort Hotel, at Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. It was just a couple of rows of tables set back behind a hedge growing in a row of wooden boxes painted white, but people thought it was very European and very elegant. For some reason, this café was a great gathering place for the Village radicals. One afternoon in the summer of 1935, I was walking past it and I didn't have a penny in my pocket and I was hungry—not just a little hungry, the way I usually am, but so hungry I was dizzy and my eyes wouldn't focus right and my gums were sore and I had a sick headache and a dull, gnawing pain in the pit of my stomach—and a number of them were sitting there drinking the best Martinis money could buy and eating good French cooking and gravely discussing some matter no doubt having to do with

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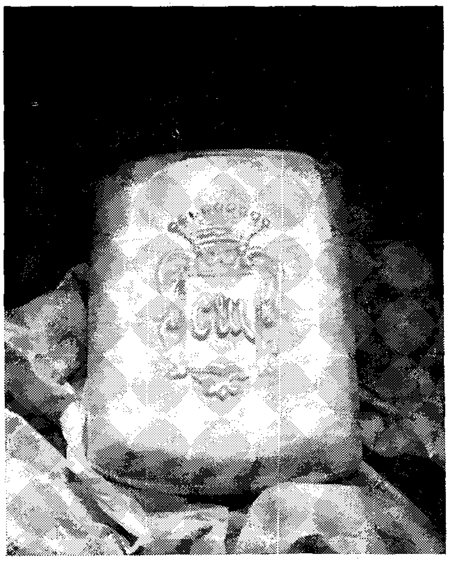

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the coming revolution, when a poem popped into my mind. I called it 'The Barricades.' That night, at a Village party, I stood up and said I had a proletarian poem I wanted to recite, and I recited this poem. It really wasn't much of a poem—in fact, it was just a piece of doggerel—but a surprising thing happened. Some of the people were mildly amused by it and laughed a little, which was all I had expected and all I had wanted, but there were several Village radicals and radical sympathizers present, including the man who had let me in on the fact that I was a reactionary parasite, and they were shocked. At first, I thought they were kidding me, pulling my leg, but they weren't, they were genuinely shocked—they looked at me the way deeply religious people might look at someone who had done something horribly sacrilegious—and when they got over their shock they became angry. They became so angry and hysterical that I left the party, which was away over on the east side of the Village, and started walking back to the west side. On Ninth Street, near University Place, I looked in the window of a restaurant called Aunt Clemmy's and saw a miscellaneous group of Villagers sitting around a table in there, some of whom I vaguely knew, and I decided to try 'The Barricades' out on them. I went in and recited it to them, and the same thing happened—some laughed politely and some got blazing mad. Then I went into a real old-time Village restaurant on Eighth Street, called Alice McCollister's—the kind of place that has red water glasses—and recited it to some people in there, and the same thing happened. Then I went over to Sheridan Square and went into a cafeteria that was the most popular late-at-night bohemian hangout in the Village at the time, a Stewart's cafeteria, and recited it in there, and the same thing happened. I was amazed at the fanatical reaction some people had to the poem. They practically foamed at the mouth. At the same time, I was delighted. I began to spend a good many evenings just going around the Village looking for opportunities to recite 'The Barricades.' Pretty soon, I found a way to make it even more inflammatory. Instead of reciting it, I would work myself into a state and chant it. I would chant it in a highly excited voice, the voice of a flaming revolutionary, and shake my fist at the end of each line. It got so, in some places in the Village, late at night, all I had to do was stand up and say that I had a proletarian poem I wanted to recite and half the

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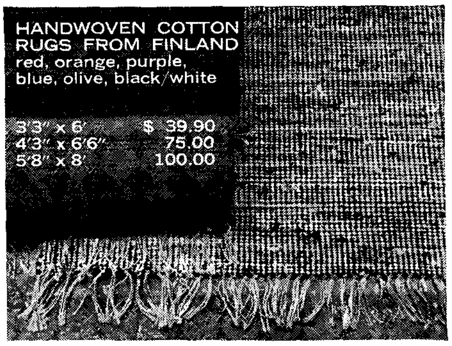
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people would leap to their feet and try to stop me and the other half would leap to their feet and egg me on.

"I go to as many Village parties as I can. I go for the free food and liquor and for material for the Oral History. I'm invited to some, and I hear about others on the Village grapevine and just go. One Saturday night a few months after I wrote 'The Barricades,' I showed up at a big party in a studio on Washington Square South. I hadn't been invited, but I knew the man and his wife who were giving it and I had been going uninvited to their parties for years. When I rang the bell, the wife came to the door, and it didn't seem to me that she was as friendly as she had been in times gone by, but she asked me to come in. I went over and sat in a corner and had a number of drinks, after which it occurred to me that I should create a little diversion and repay my hosts, the way a guest who's a singer might repay his hosts by singing a song, so I stood up and announced that I had a proletarian poem I wanted to recite. Everybody suddenly became quiet, and I took a quick look around the room. It was a big room and there were a lot of people in it, and every face I looked at looked back at me with hatred. That didn't particularly disturb me. I'm used to that. Then I took a closer look around, and here and there, in among the faces of total strangers and the faces of people whom I knew but who meant nothing to me, I saw the faces of several men and women who had always been ready and willing to give me a little money or stake me to a meal or help me out in various other ways, and their faces were as cold and hostile as the others. And that did disturb me. That sobered me up immediately. I suddenly woke up to the fact that without quite realizing what I was doing I had made God only knows how many enemies. Since then, I've been trying to repair the damage, but it doesn't do any good. I never recite 'The Barricades' in public anymore—oh, I do if I'm sure of my audience—and quite a lot of time has gone by, but the Village radicals haven't forgiven me. They cut me dead on the street. If a group of them are sitting in a cafeteria and I sit down near them, they move away. If I stand near them at a bar, they move away. Some of them used to welcome me when I showed up at parties at their places, but now they shut the door in my face. And I've found out that every time my name comes up in conversation they revile me and disparage me and vilify me. And the worst thing is, they

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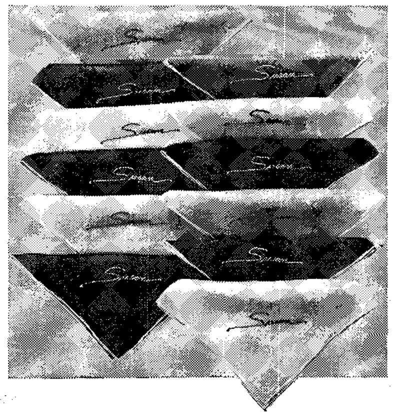

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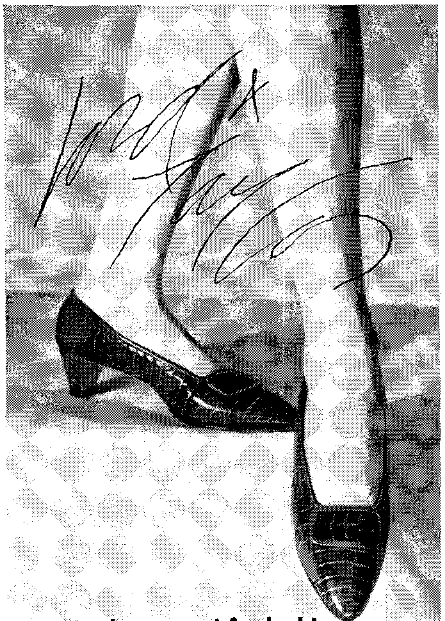

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communicate the way they feel about me to others. Sooner or later, they'll turn everybody in the Village against me. The countermen and the waitresses in the diner, for example—I'm sure they've turned against me simply because they've heard some of the Village radicals making remarks about me and running me down. Oh, well, what's done's done. Here," he said, handing me his portfolio, "hold this, and I'll recite 'The Barricades' for you."

He straightened his tie and buttoned his dirty seersucker jacket. He drew himself excessively erect, like a schoolboy pledging allegiance to the flag. Then, raising his right fist in the air, he recited the following poem:

"This prissy hedge in front of the
  Brevoort
Is but a symbol of the coming
  revolution.
These are the barricades,
 The barricades,
  The barricades.
And behind these barricades,
 Behind these barricades,
  Behind these barricades,
The Comrades die!
 The Comrades die!
  The Comrades die!
And behind these barricades,
 The Comrades die—
  Of overeating."

Gould took back his portfolio. "On the other hand," he said, "as far as the people in the diner are concerned, it may not be that at all. I've been terribly run down and nervous this summer, and when I get that way, I scratch a lot. It's just a nervous habit—I've been doing it since childhood. The people in the diner have undoubtedly noticed me scratching, and they may have gotten it in their heads that I'm lousy, and *that* may very well be why they've turned against me." He had been speaking calmly, but now his manner changed. His face was abruptly contorted by an expression of pain and fury, and he spat on the street. "The absolutely hideous and disgusting and unspeakable God-damned truth of the matter is," he said, "I *am* lousy. I discovered it this morning while I was sitting through all those Masses in St. Joseph's. It's the second time in a month. I'll have to go to the Municipal Lodging House tonight and take a bath and let them put my clothes in the fumigator." He shook his head, vaguely. "This is no way to live," he said—and his voice sounded defeated—"but it's the only way I *can* live and work on the Oral History."

I started to try to say something optimistic but sensed that I ran the risk of being presumptuous; a man who has no

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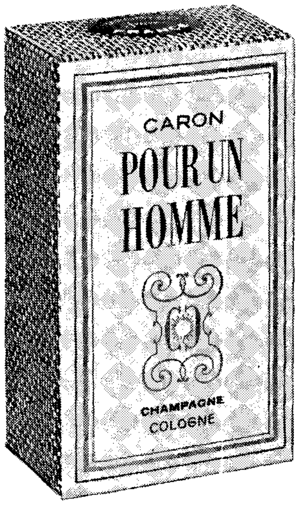

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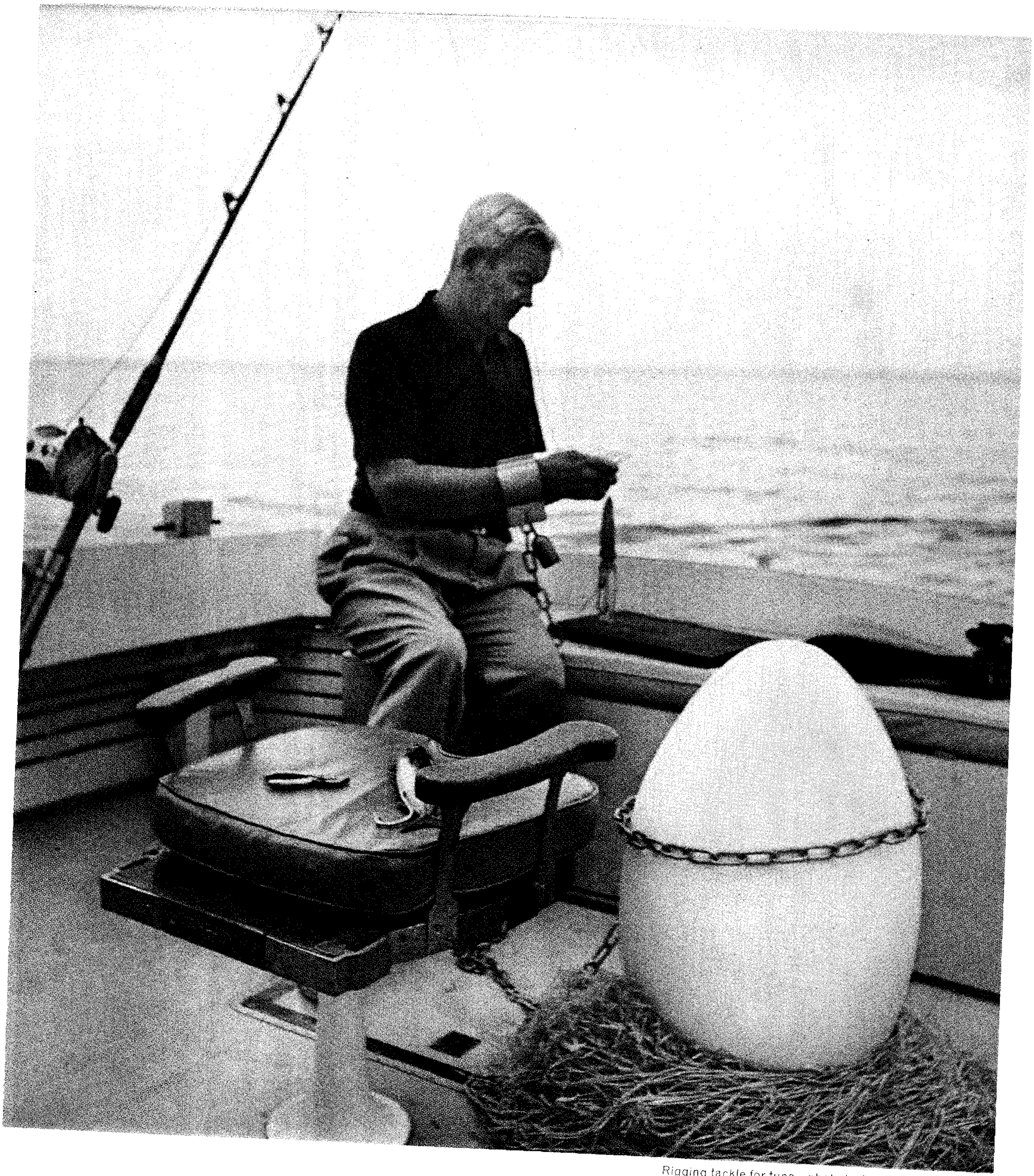

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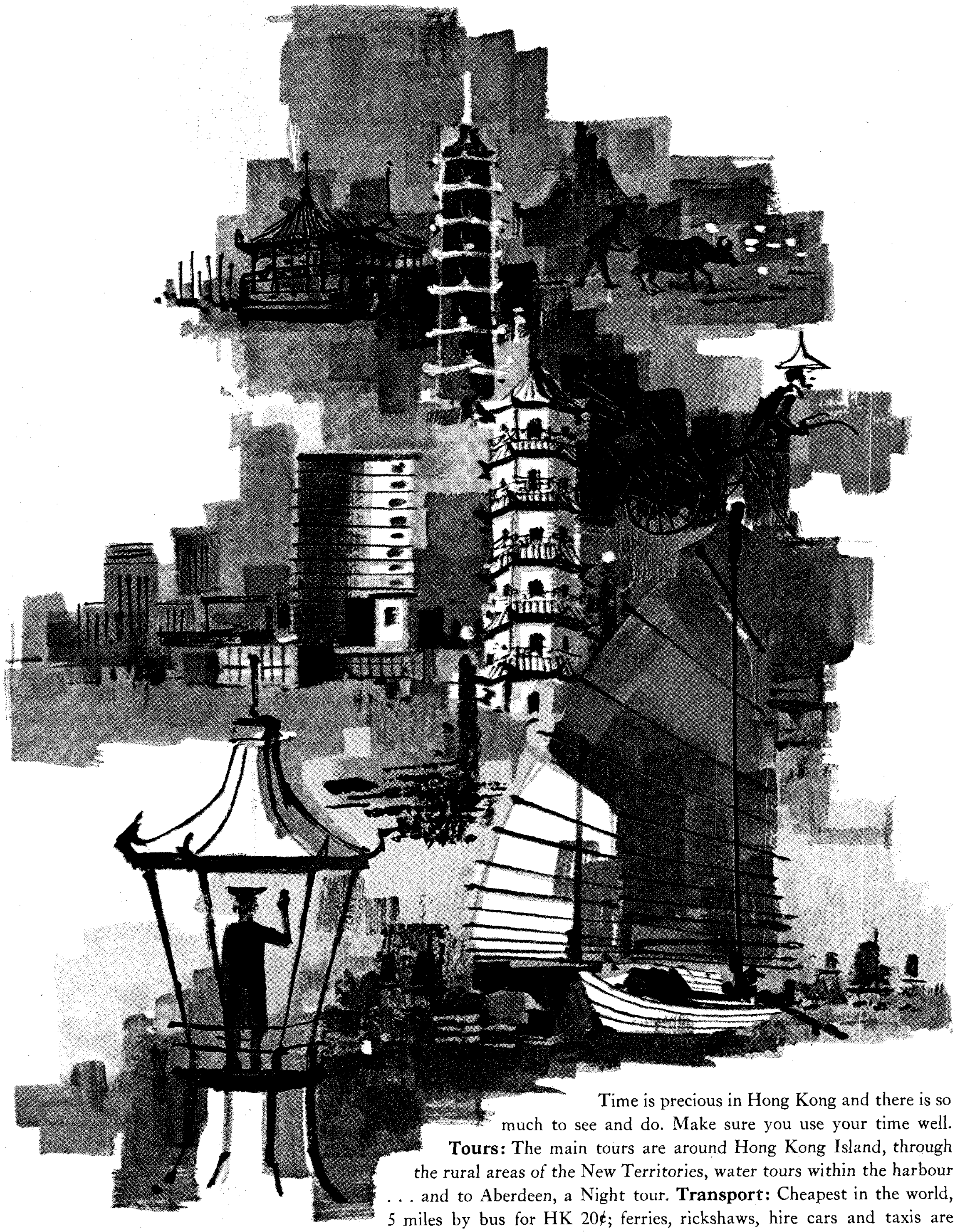

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THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

lice on him is not in a very good position to minimize the disagreeableness of lice if he is talking to a man who is crawling with them, so I changed the subject to where we should meet on Saturday night. We decided that we would meet in Goody's, one of the saloons on Sixth Avenue in the Village. Then we said goodbye, and Gould started across the street. After he had gone a few steps, he suddenly did an about-face and hurried back to me.

"I just remembered something else I want to tell you," he said. "Something about the *Dial*. For a magazine of its kind, the *Dial* had a long life. It lasted nine and a half years. As I told you, the issue that has my contribution in it—the one I just gave you—was the issue for April, 1929. It lasted only three more issues. After the July issue, it discontinued publication, and that was a great shock to everyone who had any interest whatsoever in the cultural life of this country. In the Village, about the only thing people wanted to talk about for weeks was *who* killed the *Dial* or *what* killed the *Dial*. I wrote a poem about this."

Gould drew himself erect, as he had done before, and recited this poem:

" 'Who killed the *Dial*?'
'Who killed the *Dial*?'
'I,' said Joe Gould,
'With my inimitable style,
I killed the *Dial*.' "

As he recited it, he watched my face. When he finished it, I laughed more than he had expected me to, I think, and I was struck by how much pleasure this gave him. His bloodshot little eyes glowed with pleasure. Then, giggling, he hurried off.

It was a cloudy day and looked as if it might pour down any minute, but I disregarded the weather and went over and sat on a bench under the big old elm in the northwest corner of Washington Square and opened one of Gould's composition books. On the first page was carefully lettered, "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." The chapter was divided into four sections, and contained descriptions of Gould's father's final illness (he had blood poisoning), death (he died in the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, in March, 1919, aged fifty-four), funeral (he had a big funeral in Norwood), and cremation. Gould's writing was very much like his conversation; it was a little stiff and stilted and mostly rather dull, but enlivened now and then by a surprising

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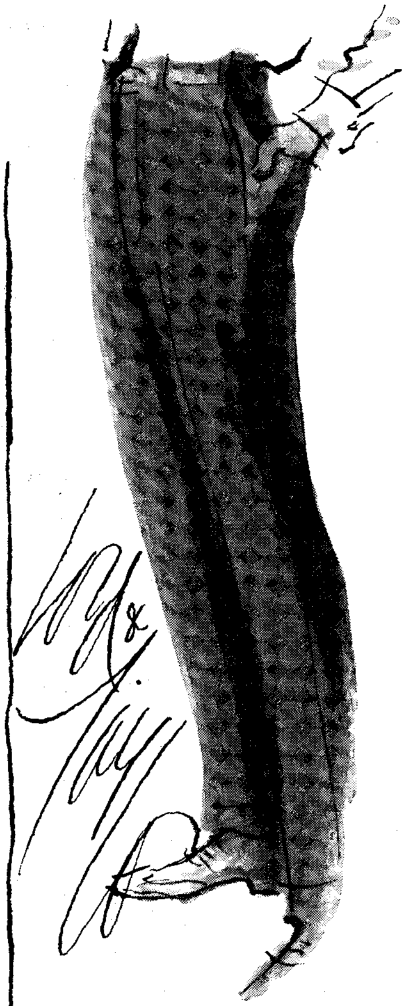

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observation or bit of information or by sarcasm or malice or nonsense. It was full of digressions; there were digressions that led to other digressions, and there were digressions within digressions. Gould's father had belonged to the Universalist Church and the Masons, and his funeral service had been conducted jointly by the pastor of the local Universalist church and the chaplain and the Worshipful Master of the local Masonic lodge. Gould described the Universalist part of the service, and went from that to a discussion of the subtle differences between the members of the Universalist, Unitarian, and Congregational churches in New England towns, and went from that to a discussion of the differences between an Easter service he had once attended in an Albanian Orthodox Catholic church in Boston with a friend of his, an Albanian student at Harvard, and Easter services he had attended in Roman Catholic churches, and went from that to a description of a strange but unusually good meat stew he had once eaten in a basement restaurant in Boston frequented by Albanian shoe-factory workers that the Albanian student had taken him to ("They said it was lamb and it may have been mutton," he wrote, "but it was probably goat, either that or horse meat, not that I have any objection to goat meat or horse meat, having had the experience of eating boiled dog with the Chippewa Indians, which incidentally tasted like mutton, only sweeter, although I should point out here that eating dog has a ceremonial significance to the Chippewas and might be compared to our communion services and consequently the taste per se is not of great importance"), and went from that to a description of a baked-bean pot he had once seen in the window of an antique store on Madison Avenue that was exactly like the baked-bean pot used in the kitchen of his home in Norwood when he was a child. "Gazing at that so-called ANTIQUE baked-bean pot," he wrote, "I felt for the first time that I understood something about Time." He then began a description of the Masonic part of his father's funeral service, but went astray almost immediately with a digression on the importance of the Masons and the Elks and the Woodmen of the World and similar fraternal orders in the night life of small towns, which he interrupted at one point for a subsidiary digression on the subject of life insurance. "I wonder what Lewis and Clark would have thought of life insurance," he wrote in the course of the latter di-

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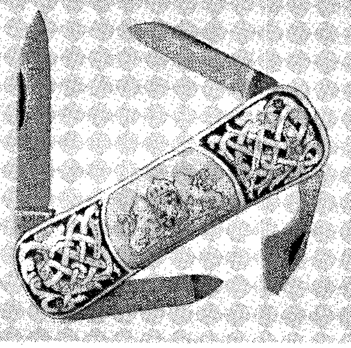

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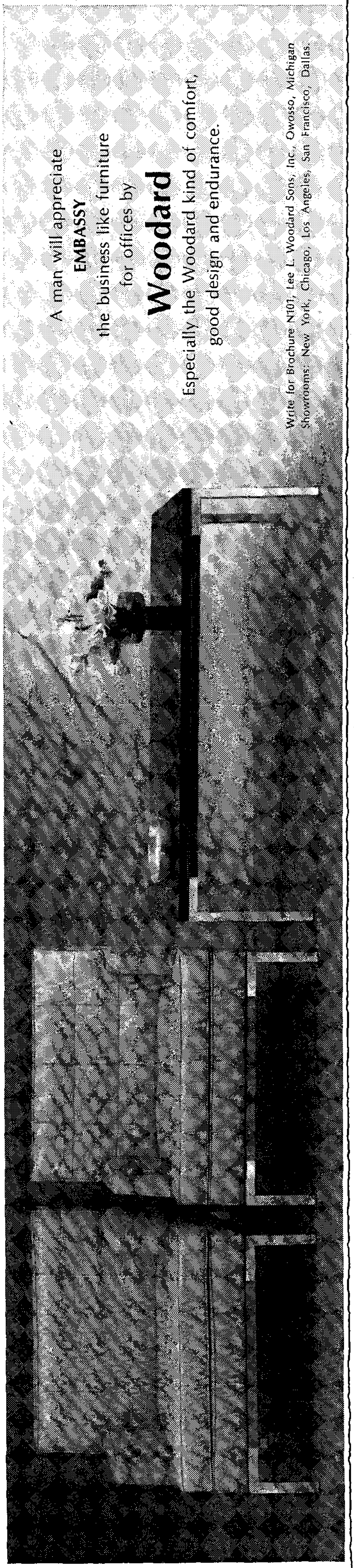
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gression, "never mind Daniel Boone." (He had run a line through "never mind" and had written "let alone" just above it; then he had run a line through "let alone" and had written "not to speak of" just above *it;* then he had run a line through "not to speak of;" and then, in the margin, beside "never mind," he had written "stet.") Scattered through the book were many sentences that were wholly irrelevant; they seemed to be thoughts that had popped into his mind as he wrote, and that he had put down at once, because he didn't want to forget them. In the description of the Easter service in the Albanian church, for example, apropos of nothing that went before or came after, was this sentence: "Mr. Osgood, the Indian teacher at Armstrong, N. D., said that whiskey made the Sioux murderous and the Chippewa good-natured."

On the cover of the other composition book was lettered, "THE DREAD TOMATO HABIT. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I couldn't make much sense out of this chapter until I skipped around in it and found that it was mock-serious and that its purpose was to make fun of statistics. Gould maintained that a mysterious disease was sweeping the country. "It is so mysterious that doctors are unaware of its existence," he wrote. "Furthermore, they do not want to become aware of its existence because it is responsible for a high percentage of the human misfortunes ranging from acne to automobile accidents and from colds to crime waves that they blame directly or indirectly on microbes or viruses or allergies or neuroses or psychoses and get rich by doing so." Gould devoted several pages to a description of the nature of the disease, and then stated that he knew the cause of it and was the only one who did. "It is caused by the increased consumption of tomatoes both raw and cooked and in the form of soup, sauce, juice, and ketchup," he wrote, "and therefore I have named it solanacomania. I base this name on Solanaceae, the botanical name for the dreadful nightshade family, to which the tomato belongs." At this point, Gould began filling page after page with unrelated statistics that he had obviously copied out of the financial and business sections of newspapers. "If this be true," he wrote after each statistic, "this also must be true," and then he introduced another statistic. He filled twenty-eight pages with these statistics. "And now," he wrote, winding up the chapter, "I hope I have proven, and I have certainly done so to my own satis-

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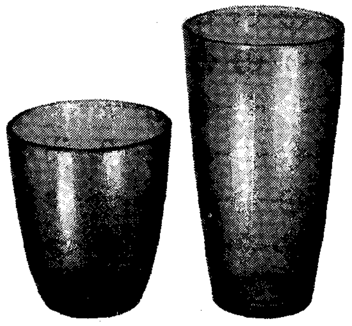
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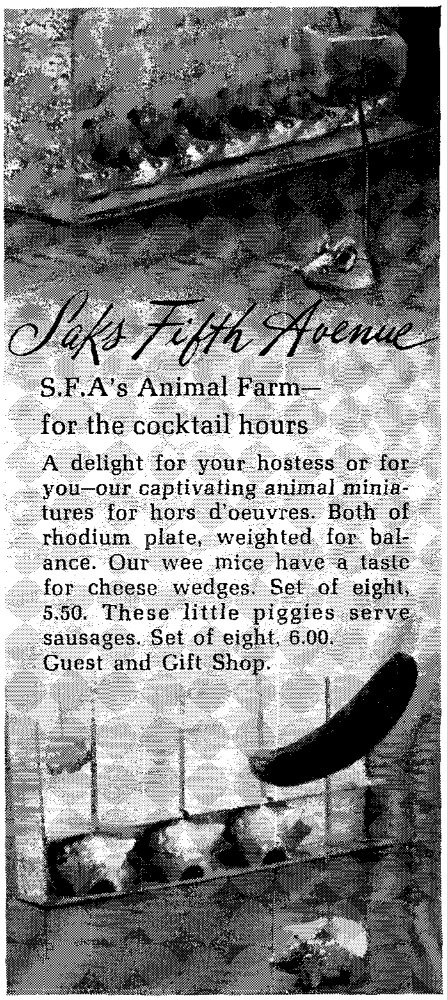
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faction, that the eating of tomatoes by railroad engineers was responsible for fifty-three per cent of the train wrecks in the United States during the last seven years."

I was puzzled. These chapters of the Oral History bore no relation at all that I could see to the Oral History as Gould had described it. There was no talk or conversation in them, and unless they were looked upon as monologues by Gould himself there was nothing oral about them. I turned to the little magazines Gould had given me, and found that his contributions to them were brief but rambling essays, each of which had a one- or two-word title and a subtitle stating that it was "a chapter of" or "a selection from" the Oral History. In the *Exile*, his subject was "Art." In *Broom*, his subject was "Social Position." He had two essays in the *Dial*—"Marriage" and "Civilization." And he had two in *Pagany*—"Insanity" and "Freedom." By this time, I had read enough of Gould's writing to know what these essays were. They were digressions cut out of chapters of the Oral History by the editors of the little magazines or by Gould himself and given titles of their own. In other words, they were more of the same. I read them without much interest until, in the "Insanity" essay, I came across three sentences that stood out sharply from the rest. These sentences were plainly meant by Gould to be a sort of poker-faced display of conceit, but it seemed to me that he told more in them than he had intended to. In the years to come, as I got to know him better, they would return to my mind a great many times. They appeared at the end of a paragraph in which he had made the point that he was dubious about the possibility of dividing people into sane and insane. "I would judge the sanest man to be him who most firmly realizes the tragic isolation of humanity and pursues his essential purposes calmly," he wrote. "I suppose I feel about it in this way because I have a delusion of grandeur. I believe myself to be Joe Gould."

—JOSEPH MITCHELL

(*This is the first of two articles on Joe Gould.*)

*

"One of the major successes of the Peace Corps is dispelling the image of the 'Ugly American,'" she declared. "Underpopulation is a big problem in Bolivia and the Peace Corps supplies the necessary manpower while eliminating the middle man."—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

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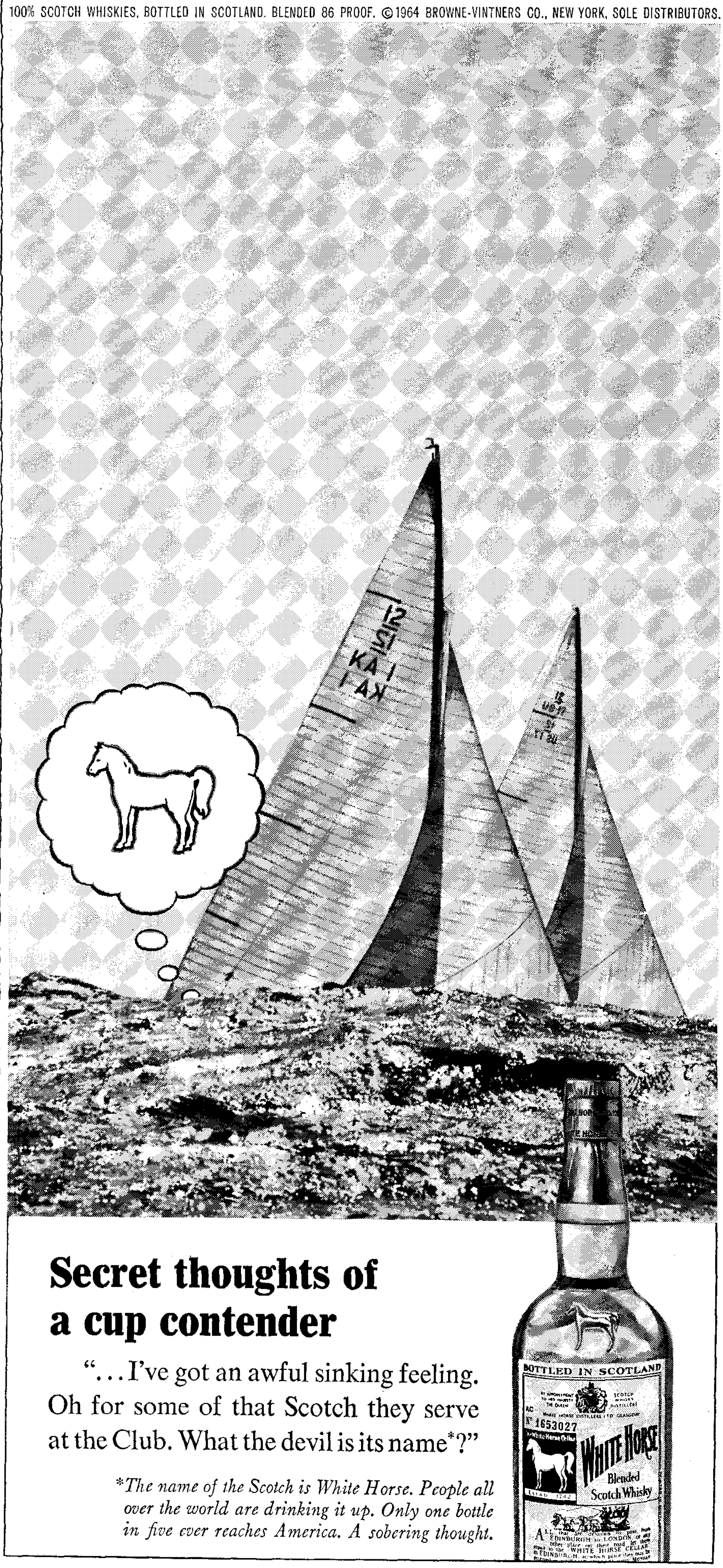

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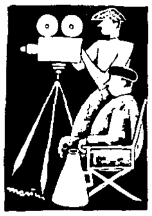

THE double trouble with "M-G-M's Big Parade of Comedy" is that so much of it is M-G-M and so little of it is comedy. The producer, Robert Youngson, has riffled through the company files and gathered up whatever conventionally piquant material came to hand, including many shots that are, in effect, mere home movies: a young John Gilbert arriving at the studio in a chauffeur-driven convertible (known in those days as a roadster), or a *very* young Joan Crawford (known in those days as Lucille LeSueur) being fitted for the costume she wore in one of her first movies, "Pretty Ladies." Mr. Youngson has scissored and stitched his innumerable snippets into what amounts to a trailer for M-G-M, capable of keeping the older stockholders awake over their box lunches at an annual meeting; to a serious student of comedy—and nobody on earth is as serious as a student of comedy—the picture will prove a mélange of gloomy shadows, interrupted by a few flashes of authentic lightning. Isolated glimpses of parts of scenes from "Dinner at Eight," "The Thin Man," "The Philadelphia Story," and "Ninotchka" do a cruel disservice to our memory of past pleasures, and the cruelty is heightened by the fact that these glimpses are at the mercy of a patronizing and largely irrelevant memorial narration, more suitable to Forest Lawn than to Times Square. Luckily, the few good things in the picture are so extremely good that they survive undiminished this vulgar verbal embalming. It appears that nothing can injure that famous scene from "Hollywood Party" in which a battle of wits between Lupe Velez and Laurel and Hardy is waged not with words but with readily crushable, horribly drippable eggs; or the scene from an early Keaton movie in which Buster, consumed by love for the girl with whom he is carrying on a telephone conversation, drops the phone and races on foot across Manhattan at such uncanny speed that he is able to greet his beloved in person as, after a few parting endearments, she, too, puts down the phone; or the several scenes in which Robert Benchley displays a

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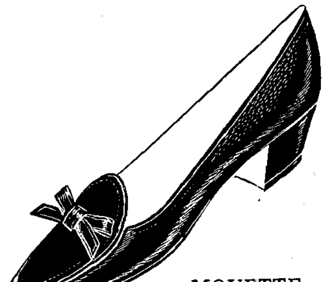

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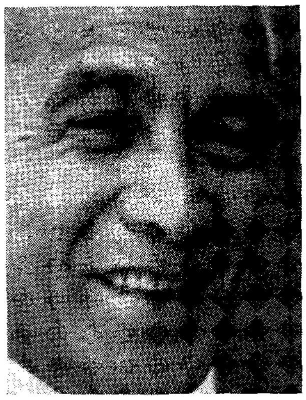

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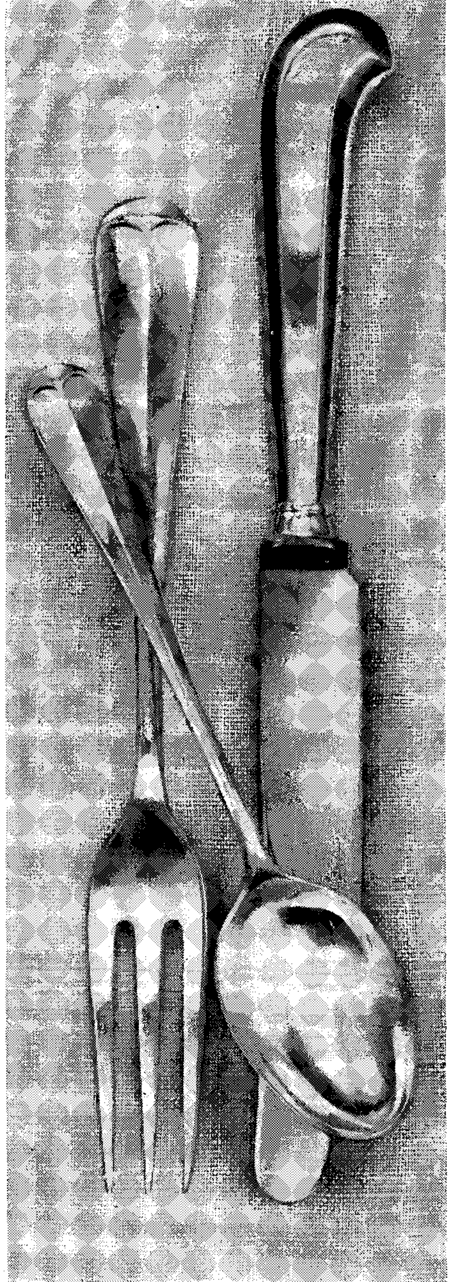

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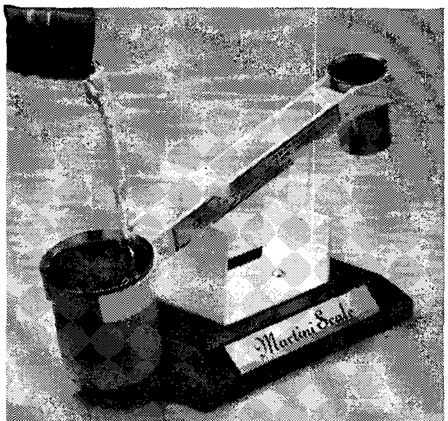
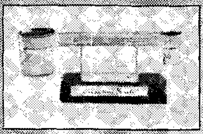
humor so modest and graceful that it seems, after twenty years, not to have dated by so much as twenty minutes. Among the faces that one recognizes, celebrating one's own past by the act of recognition, are those of Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Katharine Hepburn. They deserve a more fitting tribute.

SOME weeks ago, I was in difficulties over the Japanese movie "Harakiri," which I wished to recommend but which I felt obliged to admit contained several scenes too explicitly bloody for my squeamish Western tastes. Now along comes a Japanese movie, "Bushido," which, quart for quart, is at least ten times bloodier than "Harakiri," and which I'm relieved to feel no desire to recommend. Like its predecessor, it's a study of samurai customs and the samurai mind, which puts loyalty to the master above everything else, including life itself. We follow several generations of the Iikura family, from 1610 to date, and if you think those old Greeks had troubles . . . ! The first Iikura commits harakiri for his master's sake, as does his son, while the third of the line becomes the darling of a homosexual master, with results far too drastic to mention here; *his* son, Shuzo, suffers bedevilments of a comparatively wholesome nature, such as the enforced giving away of his wife and daughter for sexual purposes, his wife's suicide, his slaying, while blindfold, of his daughter and her devoted admirer, and his own eventual suicide. A descendant, Shingo, dies on a battlefield of the Sino-Japanese War, and Shingo's grandson dies as a kamikaze pilot in the Second World War. This brings us to the present, where we observe the latest Iikura at work in a big Tokyo industrial firm, toward which he feels precisely the same feelings of unalterable loyalty that his forefathers always felt toward their lords. Thanks to a near suicide on the part of his fiancée, who has betrayed her employers for his sake, we're expected to believe that the young man finally succeeds in shaking off the mindless devotion of generations of blood-drenched ancestors. I found this cozy moral awakening preposterous. "Bushido," directed by Tadashi Imai, won the 1963 Grand Prize of the Berlin Film Festival. Dear me.

—BRENDAN GILL





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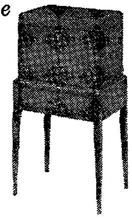

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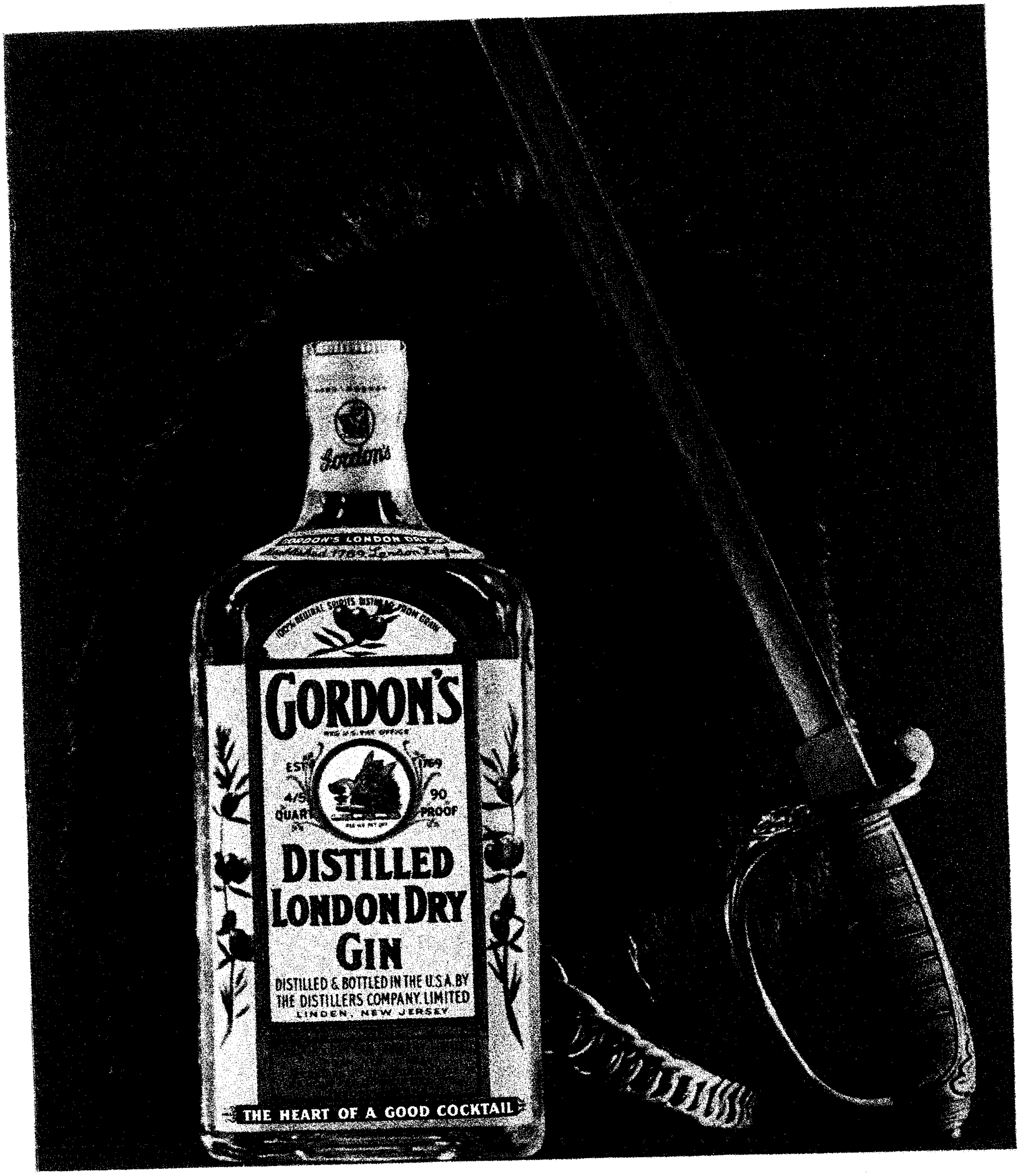
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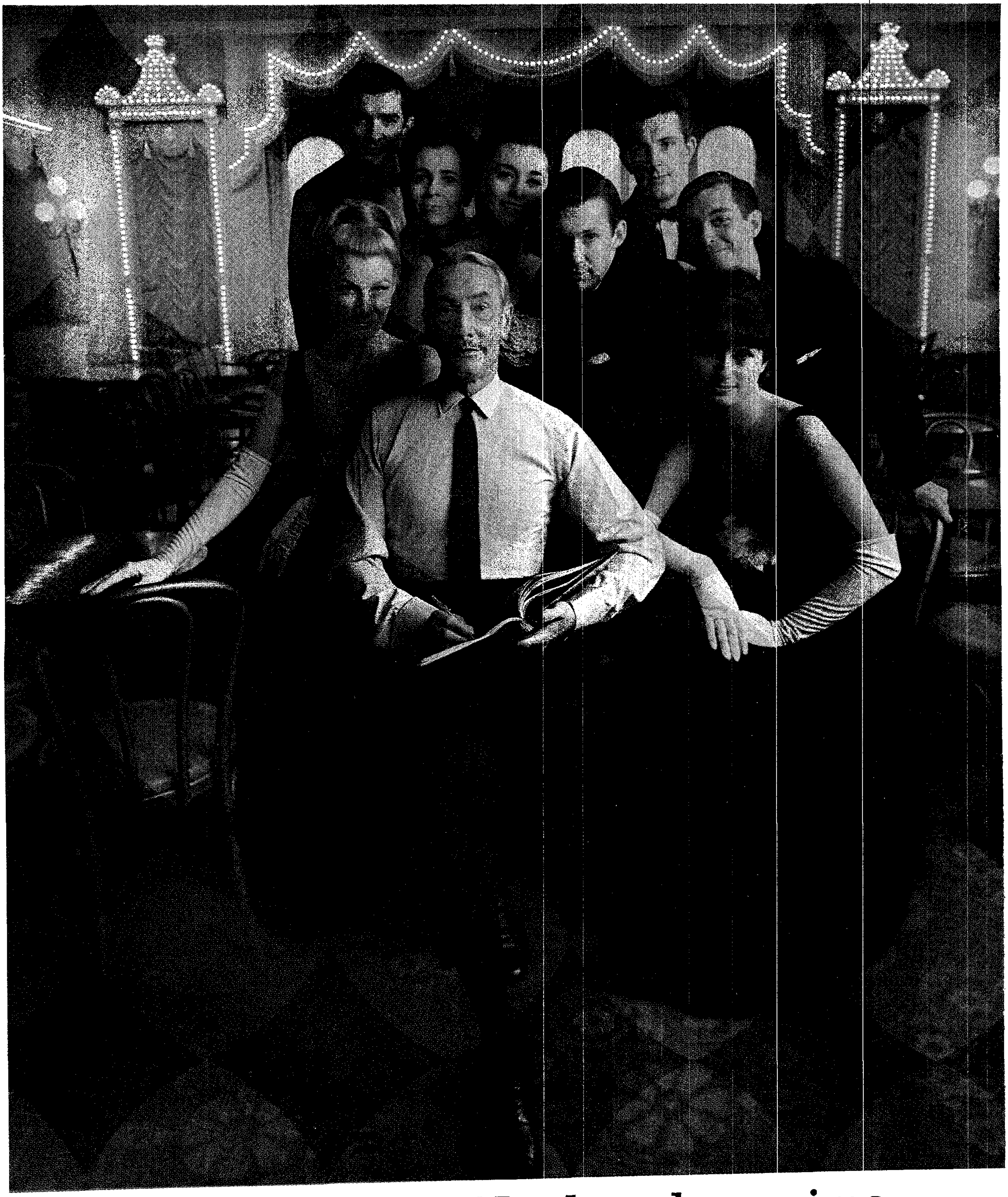

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

"I WENT TO THE ANIMAL FAIR . . ."

"To the Editor of the *Times:*
"SIR:

"THE time has come to abolish the Zoo."

A letter starting this way, which appeared in the London *Times* a few months ago, set off a stream of correspondence that appeared endless. At least, it was still going on, under the daily heading "ABOLISH THE ZOO?," seven or eight weeks later, when I left England for a visit to New York. I was not surprised by such volubility; like the editor, and most other residents of Britain, I was well aware of the British preoccupation with wildlife. Nothing stirs the British up so much, or so often, as a controversy about zoos, unless it is one about blood sports, and as a long-time resident of England, I seem to have caught some of the same feeling. At any rate, when I heard recently, while in New York, that an organization called the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums was about to hold a meeting in Cincinnati, I asked the proper authorities whether I might attend it as an observer. It turned out that I might, and the next Sunday afternoon there I was, at the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel, in Cincinnati, duly registered and with a name card pinned to the left shoulder of my dress. The formal meeting was to begin the next morning and to end on Wednesday, but delegates had been arriving all day, and that evening there was a cocktail party billed as an "Ice Breaker." By the time I joined the party, old friends had found each other and were standing around in little groups, talking shop. I heard tantalizing snatches of conversation: "Can you use a baby elephant thirty-seven inches high? I ordered four, but the other three are about forty." . . . "He would like to find a female okapi." . . . "He wanted seven hundred and fifty for that Cameroonian goat."

The delegates were a varied lot, coming from all parts of the continent, and even from Europe and Africa, and representing all branches of zoo activity. Among them were zoo directors, veterinarians, keepers, curators, bird men, fish men, herpetologists, animal trainers, game-farm owners, animal dealers, zoo architects, and a man from a Nebraska horse-meat company. Costumes were mixed, some of the men affecting hairy tweed with enormous plaid designs, and others dressing as soberly as bank managers. There were women, too—not very many, but some, even apart from the Cincinnati ladies who had been invited to the Ice Breaker to help entertain the visitors. At first, I assumed the visiting women were all wives who had come along for the ride. They looked the part—quiet and smiling, with fresh hair sets, fancy hats, and fur stoles—but I soon learned that a few were there on their own, in an official capacity. Standing near me and talking to a couple of men was a tall blond girl whose name tag proclaimed her to be a keeper from Florida. (Everyone, of course, was labelled, like me, with a piece of cardboard giving his name, job, and place of work. At conferences, looking at a label without obviously craning one's neck is quite an art.) I introduced myself to her, but at that moment a muscular young man in a bright-blue short-sleeved shirt approached her and asked, in a Southern accent, "Just what do you do at your zoo, Ma'am?"

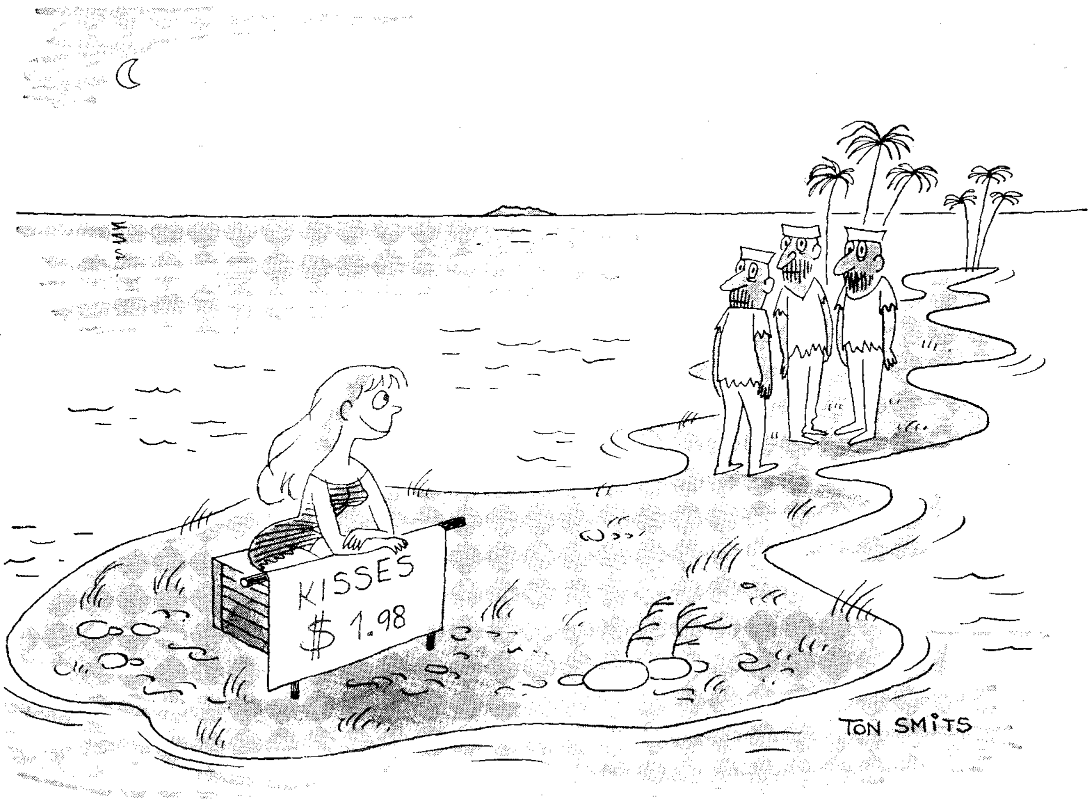
"I run the hospital," the girl said. "Take care of animals that get sick, and new cubs, and so on. You know."

He nodded, and said, "I don't guess you'd try handling a sick cat, though?"

"Oh, no, not alone. I leave them to the men," she replied.

Someone called her away then, and the young man stared after her for a minute. "Well, why not?" he said to me. "There's plenty of jobs a woman would be right good at in a zoo. Many a keeper depends on his wife to take care of bottle feeding. You couldn't run a zoo without a woman somewhere, it seems like. Why shouldn't that little girl be a keeper?"

Without waiting for me to answer, he took off after her. Another woman, petite and vivacious, now spoke to me—Mrs. William Hoff, the wife of the executive director of the Cincinnati Zoo. She rapidly introduced me to several other women, among them Mrs. Mildred Davis, of Columbus, Ohio, who was the first person in America to raise a gorilla successfully from babyhood. "Most of her family's in zoo work," Mrs. Hoff told me. "You find quite a few families like that, where they all go in for it. Mrs. Davis's son is here, too. He's director of Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, in



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Colorado. Carrying on the tradition. Have you met Mr. Hermann Ruhe, Jr.? He's another case in point. I think he's a third-generation animal dealer. His father was famous, too. They were at Arusha, in Tanganyika, but Mr. Ruhe has moved to Germany now—says Arusha's all shot. Zoo people are all such nice people—I don't know any other lot of men who work together so well. They're really devoted to their work. But there's one thing you might be surprised at—they *have* absolutely no inhibitions." Mrs. Hoff looked at me solemnly, to make certain that I was taking in her warning. "They'll discuss simply anything, anywhere at all," she assured me. "They talk about the breeding habits of animals, and sewage disposal, and everything—it doesn't matter where they are or who's listening. They're so absorbed in their work, you see. But don't worry about it. You'll get used to it."

Her warning proved unnecessary, at least for that evening. Everyone I talked with was far more interested in snake bite than in any other topic. Not long before, Gerald de Bary, the thirty-seven-year-old director of the Hogle Zoo, in Salt Lake City, had died as a result of the bite of a puff adder. The case had been much written about at the time in newspapers and magazines, but then the general public had forgotten about it. The members of the A.A.Z.P.A. had not forgotten. I heard many comments on Jerry de Bary, as he was usually called, but was unable to get much information; people said they were waiting to get the true story in the course of the coming sessions. Around eight o'clock, the party came to an end, and the zoo people went off about their own concerns.

WE met again at nine the next morning, in a large room filled with rows of folding chairs, which faced a platform with a table, a microphone, a few men in more chairs, and a white screen. As we entered, each of us was handed a large black folder containing a mimeographed program and a pad of notepaper. I studied my program, trying to match the names on it with the people on the platform. I spotted the co-chairmen for the morning, both directors of Texas zoos—Lawrence Curtis, of Fort Worth, and Pierre Fontaine, of Dallas. Mr. Carson S. Whiting, president of the Zoological Society of Cincinnati, made a welcoming speech, and afterward, though the program said he would be followed by Dr. Theodore H. Reed, president

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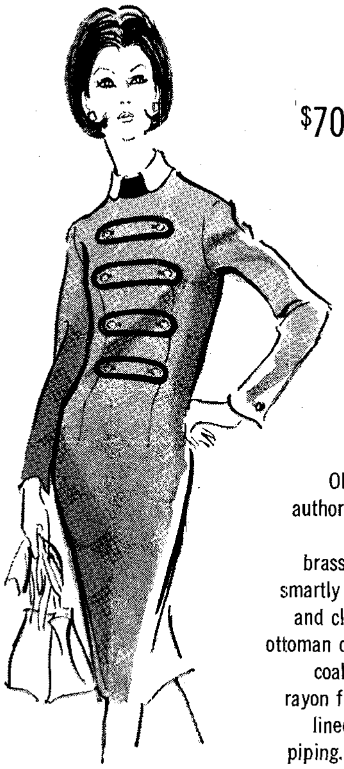

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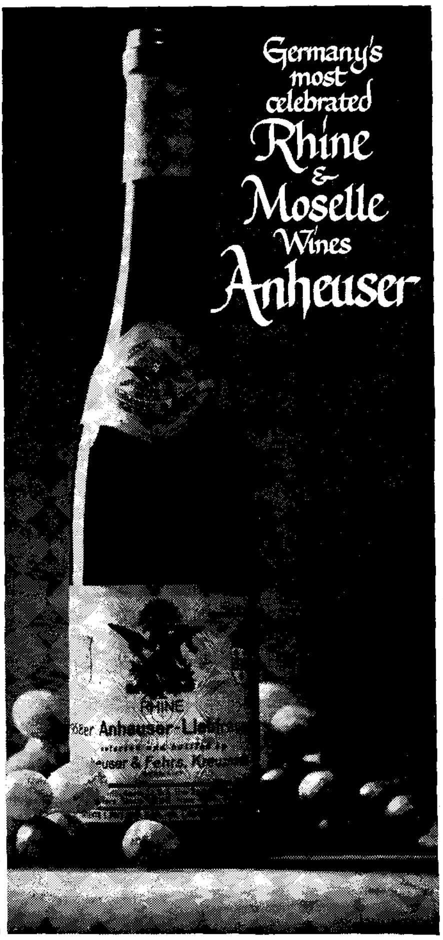

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PROGRESS REPORT ON U.S. INDUSTRY IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO

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Puerto Rican children build a castle out of cartons that brought U.S. products to Puerto Rico. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now buys more from the U. S. mainland than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined

OUR PHOTOGRAPH was taken near San Juan. It makes two points. First, kids—the world over—love to play with boxes. And second, people in Puerto Rico buy quite a variety of products from the U.S. mainland (note the familiar names on the cartons).

Person for person, Puerto Rico is our best customer—by far. Each person in the Commonwealth buys almost *twice as much* from the U.S. as each person in second-place Canada.

Last year, the people of Puerto Rico bought *a billion dollars' worth of products from the U.S. mainland.*

The income from these purchases was spread throughout the states. The South received $265 million. The Midwestern states, $295 million. East Coast states supplied $305 million worth of goods. California, Washington and Oregon made sales of $118 million to the Puerto Rican market.

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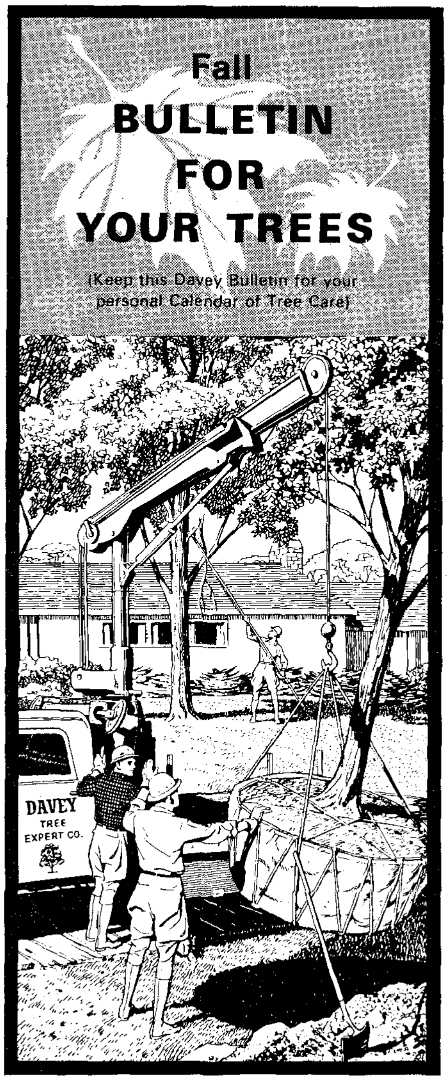
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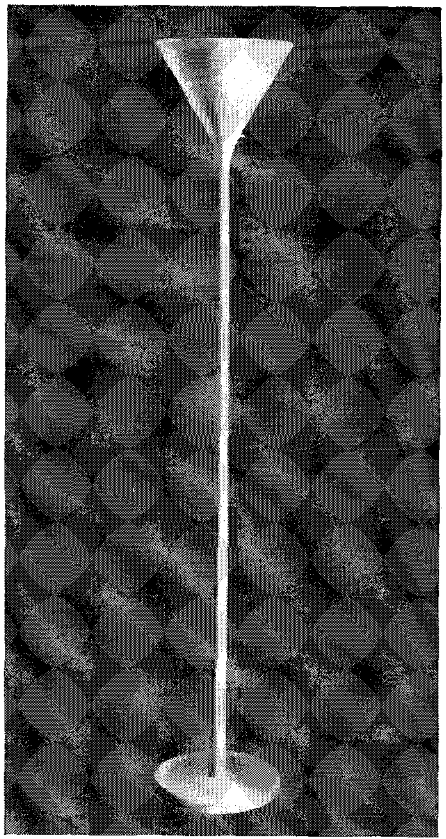
of the A.A.Z.P.A., we were addressed by Walter Stone, director of the Franklin Park Zoo, in Boston, who explained the switch by saying, "Ted Reed couldn't make it. He's in Djakarta, stealing a march on us by getting a komodo." He gave us a brief rundown on the talks we were to hear that day, and added that since the program had been printed, an additional address had been scheduled—some remarks by Lamar Farnsworth, the director of the Hogle Zoo, on the subject of Mr. de Bary and antivenin. At this, *everyone* sat up straighter. Mr. Stone told us that a de Bary Memorial Fund had been set up, and that anyone wishing to contribute to it should speak to him later, and then he called on us to stand in silence for a moment in memory of the unfortunate director.

The next speaker was William G. Conway, director of the New York Zoological Park, which everyone stubbornly insists upon referring to as the Bronx Zoo. The title of his talk was given in the program as "The Seven Sins of Zoo Business," but Mr. Conway, a lean, youthful-looking man with dark hair, explained that he had changed his plans at the last minute, and now proposed to read aloud, instead of his own talk, a letter that he was sure would interest us more than anything he himself might have been able to say. "It was found by our veterinarian under the wing of a Canada goose killed by vandals in 1963 in our zoo," he explained. "The signature isn't easy to make out, but it seems to be *Branta canadensis*." Everyone laughed, and continued to laugh at intervals throughout the reading of the letter, into which Mr. Conway had put a good deal of telling criticism of zoo management. The goose described a long career of zoo tenancy here and there, and condemned "slum-tenement" conditions in one place, the bathroom-tile atmosphere at another, and the huggermugger manner in which specimens are often exhibited. "Down with representation without education!" cried *Branta canadensis*. The tour de force was a great success, and Mr. Conway was warmly applauded as he stepped down. "It just came to me last night at the last minute," he said modestly when a friend congratulated him. "I owe the idea—in part at least—to a piece I read a long time ago by William Morton Wheeler, the entomologist. He wrote something on that order about termites."

Next, Mr. F. Bob Truett, director of the Birmingham, Alabama, zoo, spoke to us on "Making Popular



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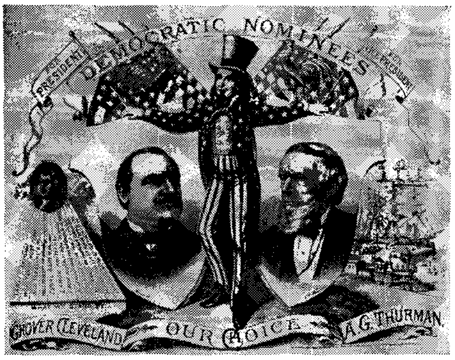

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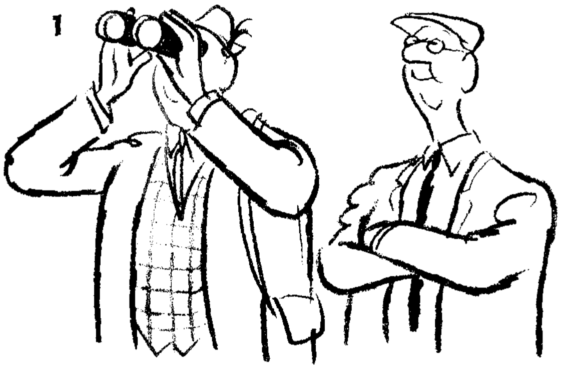
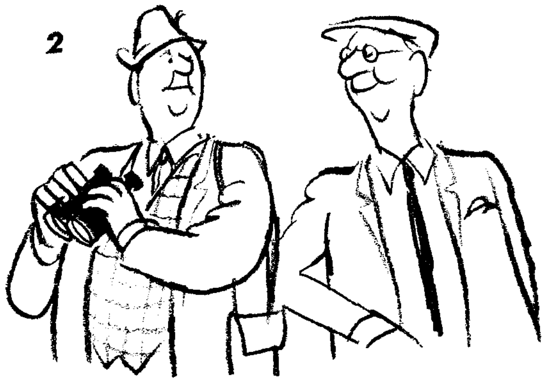


Aha! I see it now!

Don't tell me you see a ruby-throated nuthatch?

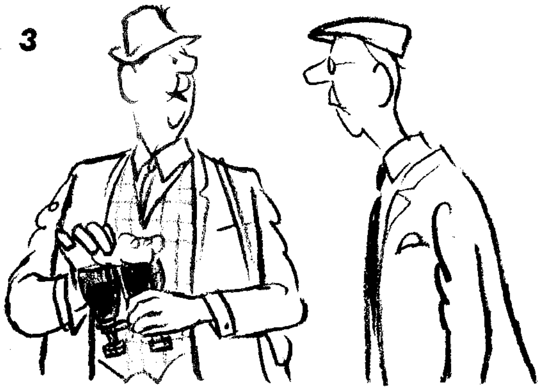
2



I'm not watching birds.

Oh, you sly devil—that's where they hold the official All-Girls Volleyball Championship.

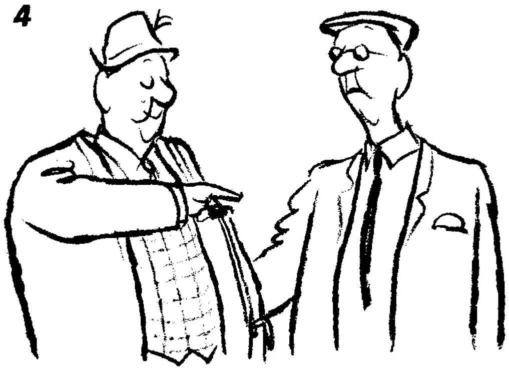
3



I'm past that stage. I'm spying on a squirrel.

A squirrel?

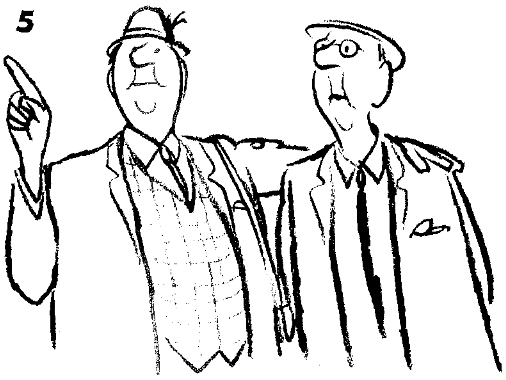
4



He's been teaching me a lesson.

You feeling all right?

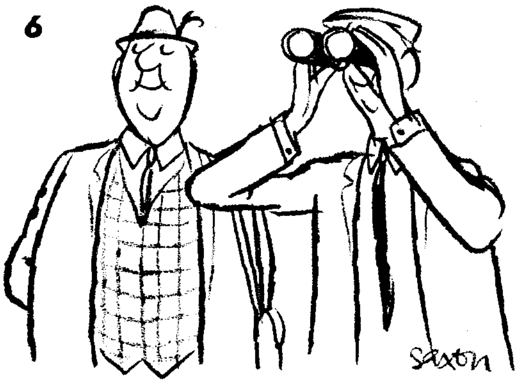
5



Great. The reason I'm watching that squirrel is to see what he does with the nuts I leave him. And you know, without fail, he always puts some away for tomorrow.

Squirrels really do that?

6



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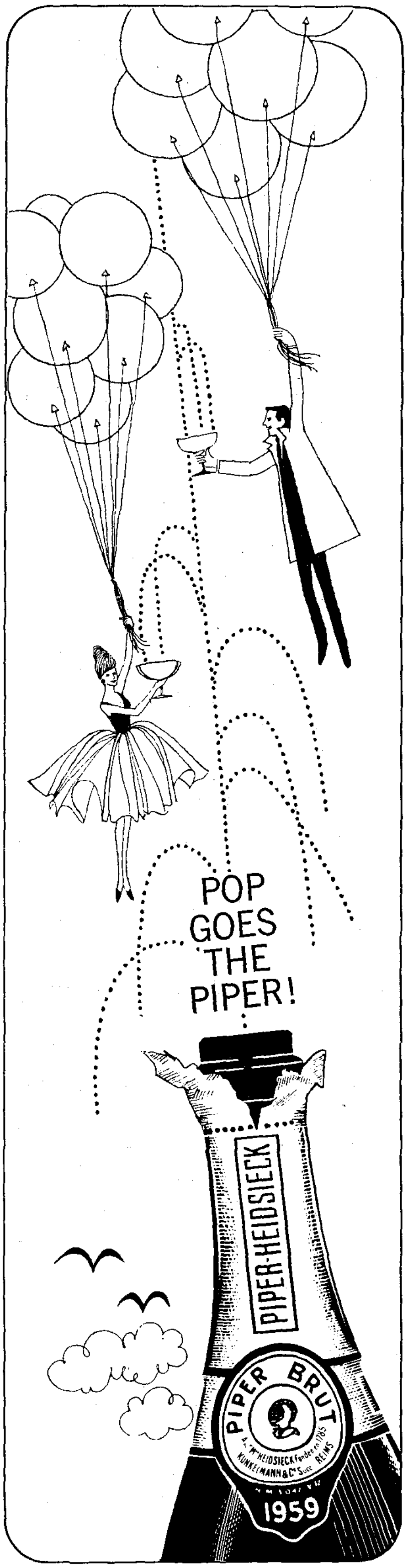

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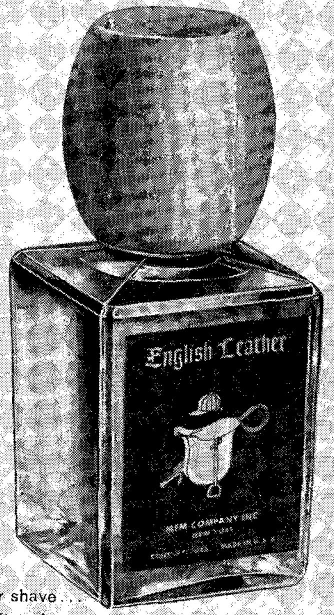
Speeches Out of Difficult Science Subjects." Certain topics, he said, were of unfailing interest to the public, two of them being "What Is Evolution?" and "How Snakes Live." Snakes? I waited expectantly, but for the moment the subject was carried no further. Mr. Truett was now assuring any of us who might suffer from shyness or stagefright at the prospect of making a speech that everyone goes through a similar ordeal at one time or another. "It's normal to be scared and who wants to be abnormal?" he said. Nobody volunteered a reply, and Mr. John McKew, personnel director of the New York Zoological Park, took the floor to speak on "Wages of Menagerie Keepers and Employees' Fringe Benefits in Zoological Parks." Both wages and benefits, it appeared, were unsatisfactory.

It was time for a fifteen-minute break, and we all walked about the room, filling cups with coffee from an urn in one corner, talking, and generally relaxing. All the talk was not recreational, however. Trading seemed to be going on here and there. Just behind my chair, a pair of wild pigs was swapped for fish of a species unfamiliar to me, and a deal in lizards was put through over my head. Above the hubbub, a man on the platform shouted that Mr. Gerald Lentz, assistant curator of the St. Louis Zoo, was taking a reptile and amphibian census and would appreciate it if everyone with a collection of fifty or more reptiles would keep records of all specimens and turn them in to him at the end of every year. As a side effect, the announcer said, this would furnish a good idea of the standard collection, but Mr. Lentz's project had three main purposes—to stimulate the keeping of zoo records, to supply information on keeping difficult specimens alive, and to facilitate trading.

"That's Lentz over there—that tall young fellow," a neighbor told me. "His father is Moody Lentz, the general curator at St. Louis, and *he's* at the end of the row there, with his wife. We have quite a few St. Louisans here. You know Marlin Perkins from television, don't you? His program used to be called 'Zoo Parade,' but it's something else now—I forget what. That's Mrs. Perkins with him, up at the front of the room talking to Curtis."

The man on the platform was broadcasting another request, this one from the elder Lentz, who wanted information on the feeding of baby elephants and had made out a questionnaire on



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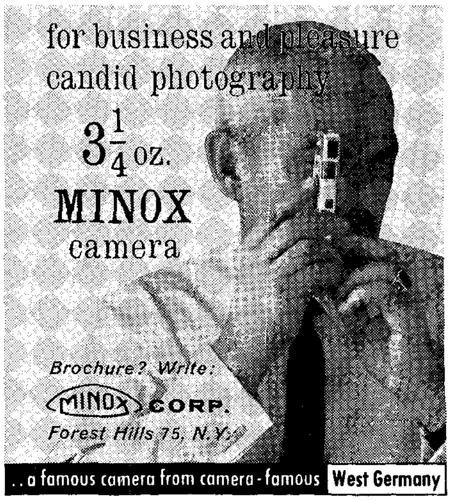
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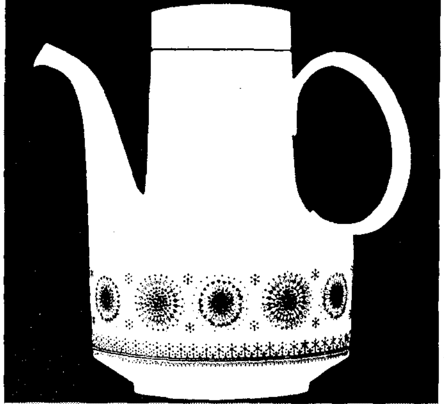

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the subject, copies of which could be picked up at the registration desk. By the time we were full of coffee and back in our seats, Mr. Farnsworth, the director of the Hogle Zoo, was behind the mike, ready to tell us about the death of Mr. de Bary, who had been his predecessor in office. He looked pale but spoke matter-of-factly, saying that it was natural for the accident to have stimulated a good deal of comment but that the authorities had been surprised and dismayed by the mistakes in many of the printed accounts. The mistakes showed that there were still people who never let facts spoil a good story, so Mr. Farnsworth was grateful for this opportunity to set the record straight with the people who were most closely concerned. I got the impression that he really was finding it a relief to be among men who knew what he was talking about, and who wouldn't look at him with awe and terror when he spoke about the affair.

"All of you who knew Jerry know how devoted he was to his work," Mr. Farnsworth said. "That, of course, is why the accident occurred. He was cleaning out the snake cages at night. No doubt he shouldn't have been doing it—shouldn't have been there at all at that time—but it wasn't unusual for him to be working late, and this is something that's got to be done either before or after the public is on the grounds. As I needn't tell you, he was always fond of reptiles; they were his favorites. He was planning to leave about nine-thirty, when this job was finished. The only other man anywhere nearby was a keeper on night duty." Mr. Farnsworth outlined the events of the next few minutes, after explaining that the snake cages at this zoo had glass doors that opened from the front. De Bary had just opened the door of the puff adder's cage when he had a spell of vertigo and fell forward, raising his right arm to break the fall. "He'd had these spells before, but not for some time," Mr. Farnsworth said. "We can tell you exactly what happened, because Jerry told us; at intervals during the next day and a half, before his death, he was able to talk as clearly as I'm talking to you now. He saw the snake coming for his arm, but he couldn't do anything about it before it got him. Both fangs went into the lower arm, possibly into the vein, immediately."

De Bary threw the snake back into its pit, slammed the door, and called the keeper. This man, who had recently had a routine lesson in first aid for snakebite, applied a tourniquet and

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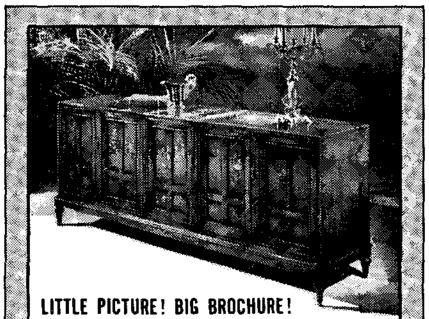

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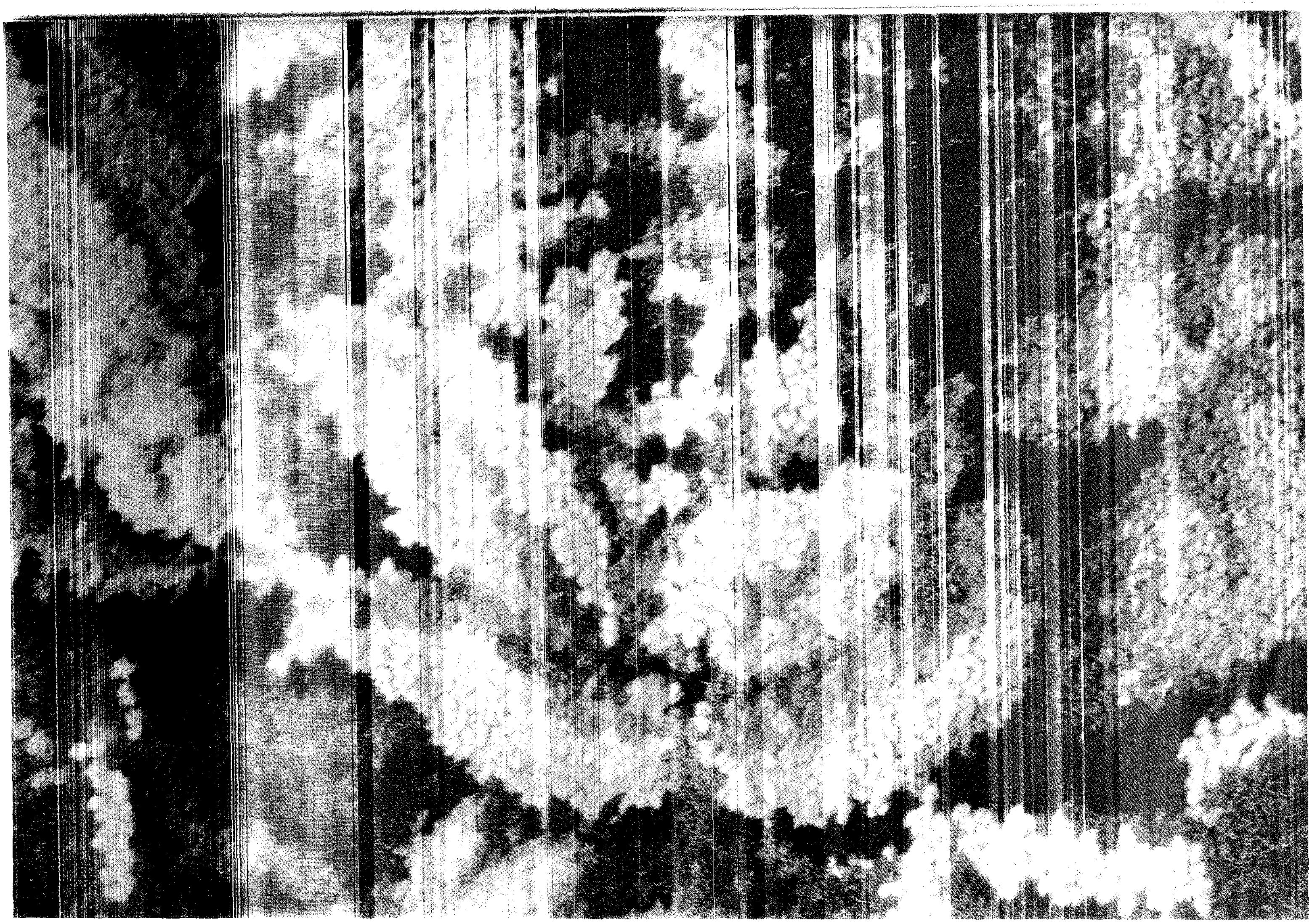

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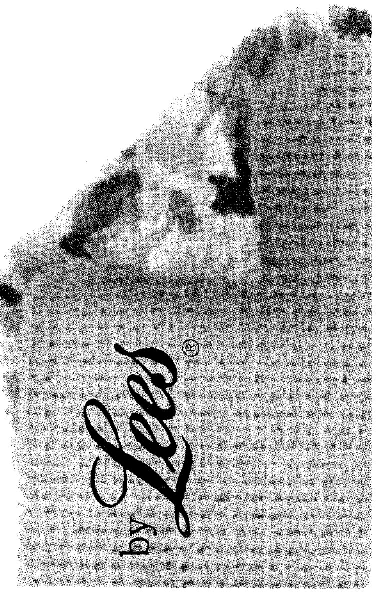

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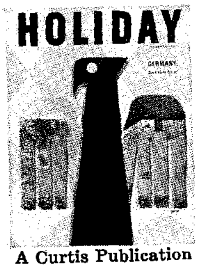

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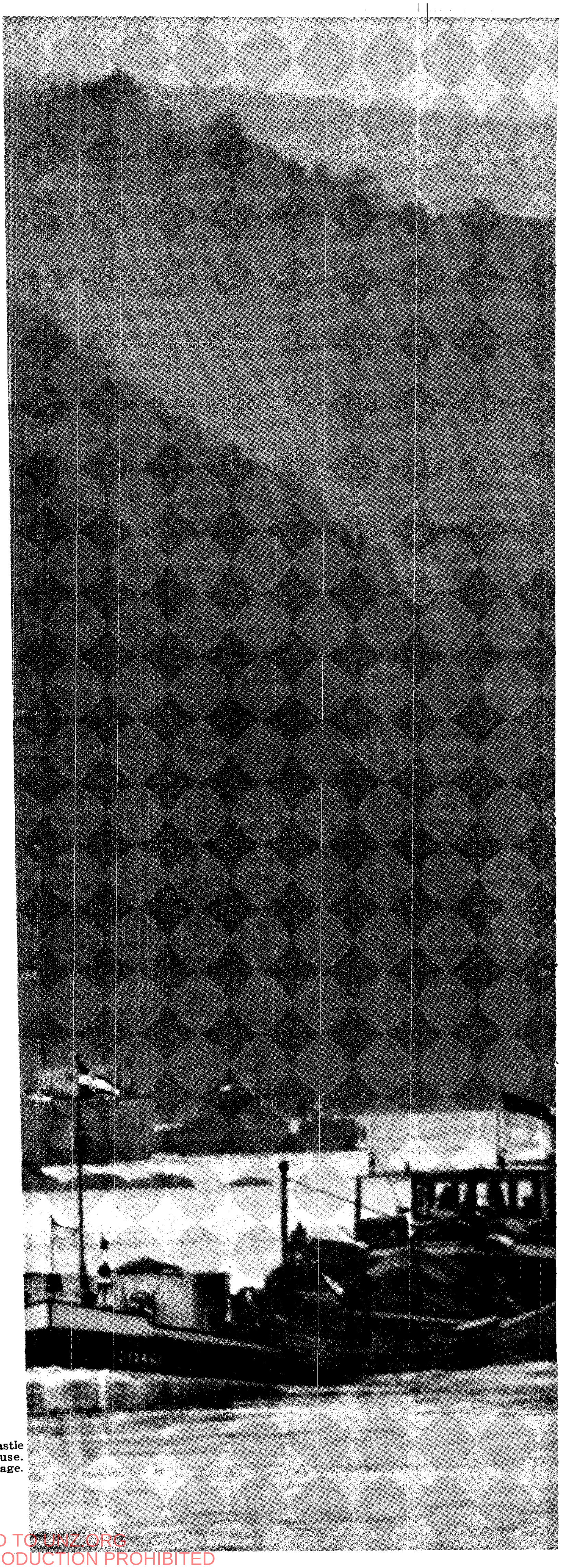

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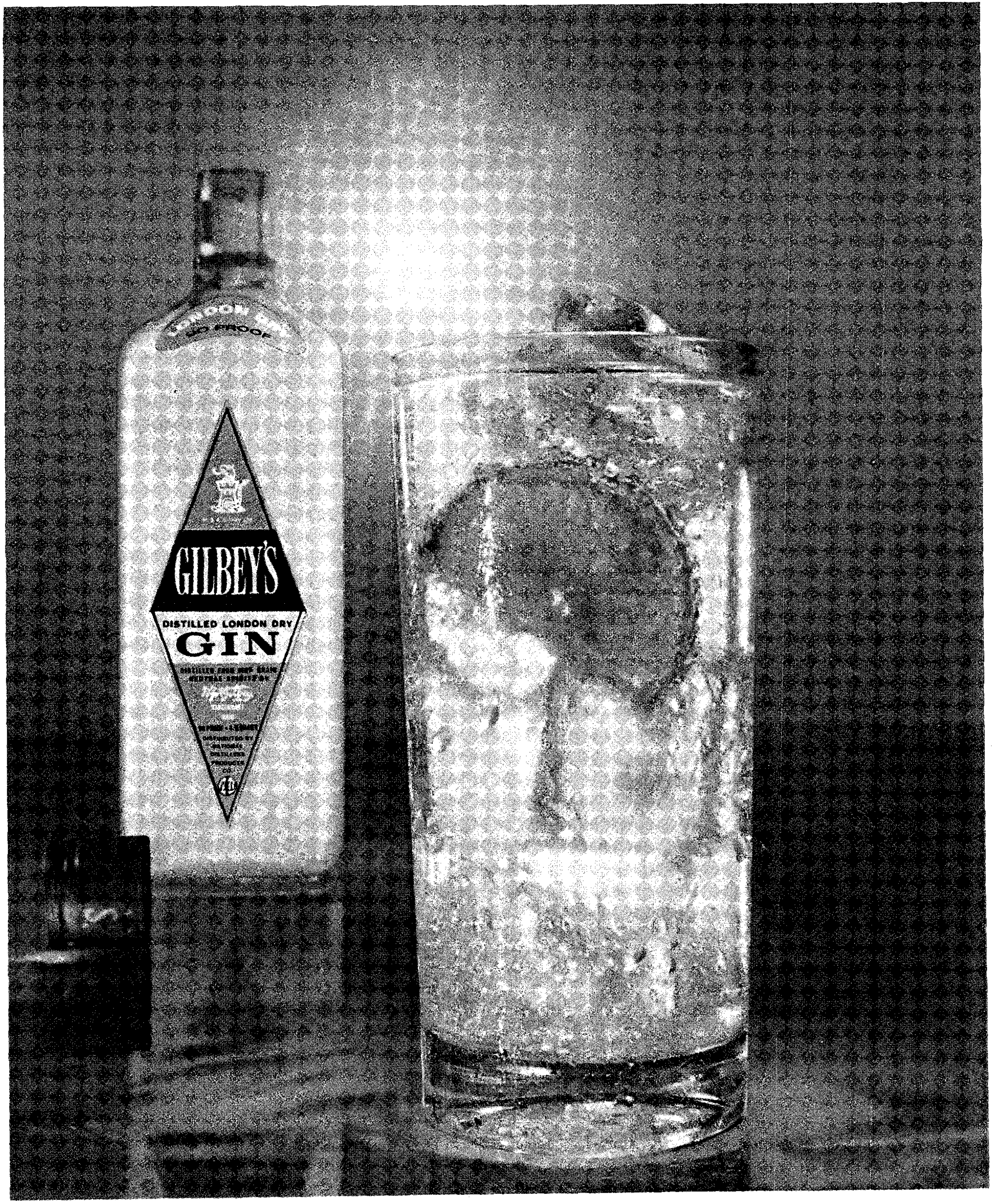
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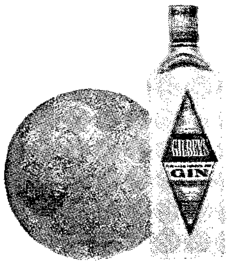
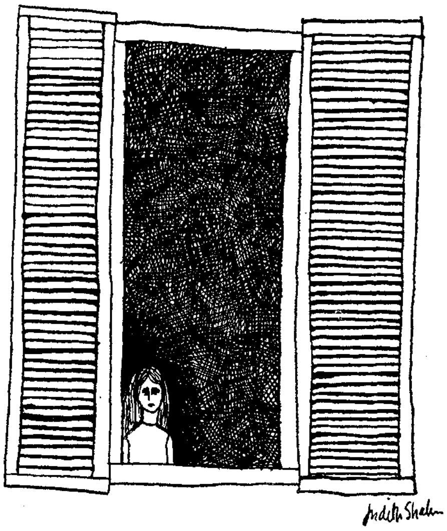

GILBEY'S
GIN

summoned the police, a doctor, and Mr. Farnsworth, in that order. The police arrived first, and then the doctor, and, what with all the excitement, no one on the spot at first remembered that two bottles of antivenin were kept close at hand, in a refrigerator in the office of the reptile house, for just such an emergency; instead, the police hurried over to the main refrigerator, on the other side of the zoo premises. In all, there were eighty cubic centimetres of antivenin available in Salt Lake City, and this—if there had been no delay—might have saved de Bary, sixty cubic centimetres being the maximum advisable amount, according to a Salt Lake authority on snakebite. The victim was put in an ambulance and taken to the hospital. During the journey and in the hospital, the doctor administered antivenin at ten-minute intervals, until the sixty cubic centimetres had been given. Should more antivenin have been used? It was hard to make up one's mind, even after the event, said Mr. Farnsworth. The stuff was fresh enough—it was only six months old—but the poison worked so rapidly that the tissues in de Bary's arm and shoulder simply melted away. Apparently, the venom of the puff adder, like that of some other snakes, has much the same effect as digestive juices in breaking down body tissue. "The autopsy showed that the flesh and muscles and blood vessels in the arm had just dissolved," said Farnsworth bleakly, and paused. Then he resumed, "The fact was, after the initial bite there was very little choice except, perhaps, the alternative of immediate amputation. Jerry was the only one there who had complete knowledge of what to do in such cases, and at the important moment, Jerry . . ." Again there was a pause. "Remember, the puff adder isn't the most



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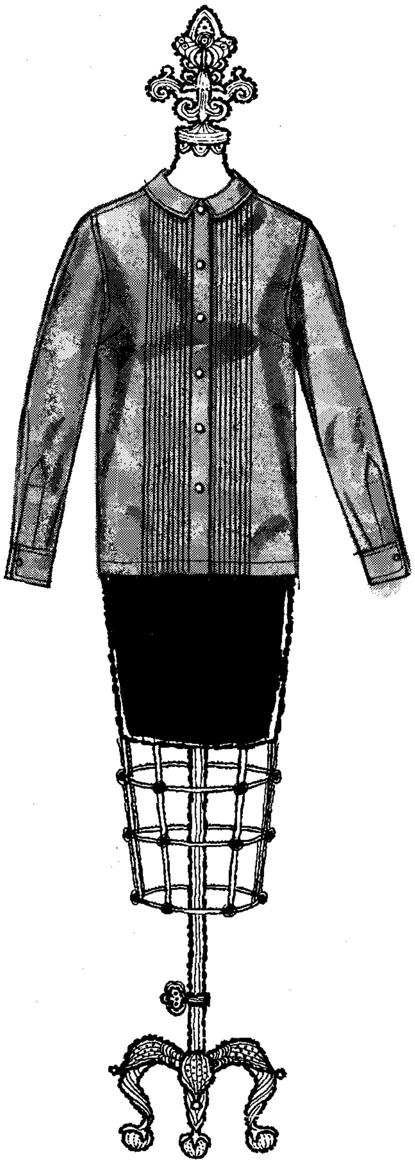

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treacherous snake in the world, yet Jerry is dead," Farnsworth went on. "Though he had transfusion immediately, his whole system changed and he died in thirty-one hours. He'd be all right, then he'd go into complete shock. Between these intervals, he was completely lucid. He'd seem to be holding his own. Then the blood pressure would drop down to zero, and it was during one of these times that he died."

Somebody asked what was known about de Bary's earlier blackouts, and the reply was that he had suffered from one or two at a previous zoological convention, in Washington, but that a complete checkup had shown nothing wrong, and he had put them out of his mind.

"Hadn't he suffered from gastric ulcers?" asked another man.

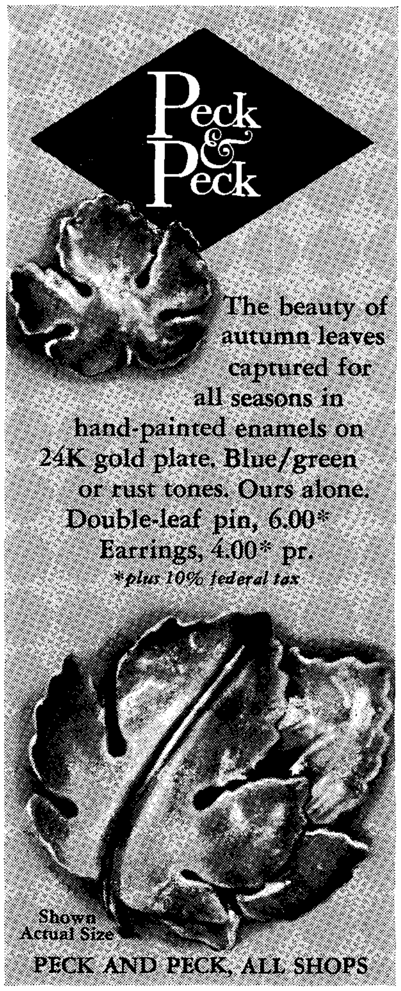
"Yes, he had," said Mr. Farnsworth. "He'd had two sets of ulcers, but he was believed to have fully recovered." Moreover, it was not true, as some reporters had written, that de Bary was suffering from influenza at the time of the accident. A complete medical report was in the works, but Farnsworth doubted if anything new would show up. "When an incision was made near the bite, deterioration had progressed so far that fluid just poured out of the wound," he added. "There were no tissues left at all—no muscles or anything."

In the silence that followed, a man in the back row stood up to say that he had been asked by a medical captain in the United States Army—whose name and address he furnished—to forward a request, which was that in any future case of snakebite in a zoo the people involved telephone him, the captain, immediately. He was doing research on the subject and needed tissues from snakebite victims. The captain himself had been bitten by a cobra, but had been out of danger by the afternoon of the next day.

"Which reminds me," said a man across the room. "Had de Bary been tested for antivenin sensitivity as a matter of routine? Or was he perhaps sensitive to it?"

"Yes, he'd been tested, and he wasn't sensitive," Mr. Farnsworth said.

There seemed to be no more questions about de Bary, and I thought—erroneously—that the subject was closed, especially since Walter Stone, the Boston man, immediately rose to give a talk on signs in zoological parks. Mr. Stone explained that because his own zoo had just about the worst signs and labels in the world, he and his associates had conducted a survey of signs in general,



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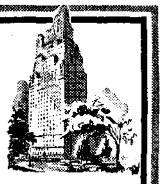

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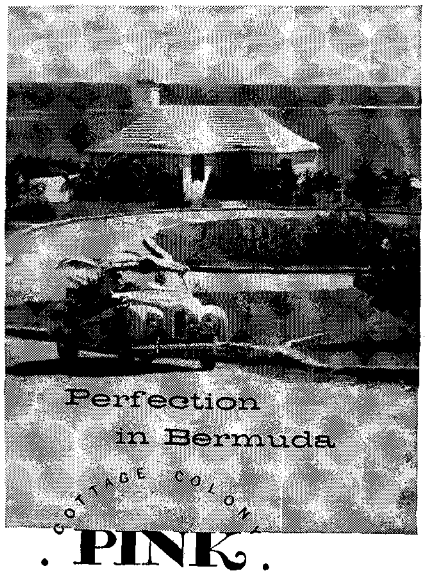
which had led them to certain conclusions. He enumerated these. I had already become aware—the impression was inescapable—that the average zoo man's attitude toward the zoo-visiting public is not one of unmitigated admiration, and Mr. Stone said nothing to change my mind. He told us that signs and labels in zoos should be clear, that there should never be more than sixty characters in a line, and that the letters should be black against white. A sign should contain nothing that might strain the feeblest intelligence. The attention span of the public is limited, he declared, a period of thirty seconds being the longest that it can be expected to concentrate. Mr. Stone's peroration was "*Keep it simple.*"

Feeling rather gloomy, I went downstairs to the dining room for lunch with Mrs. Marlin Perkins, whose husband was attending a board meeting and couldn't eat with the rest of us. Like everybody else, she was thinking more about snakebite than zoo signs. "It was so awful for that poor man this morning," she said. "It was nobody's fault that a night keeper was the only other person around when de Bary was bitten, but one naturally wonders what might have happened if he'd been incised and suction had been applied. He might have had a chance. Suction wasn't mentioned this morning, and one didn't like to ask, but I do wonder. My husband has been bitten three times and has recovered completely. It's risky handling snakes, as he does on television."

We ordered our lunch, and the subject changed with the interruption. "Are you enjoying it?" Mrs. Perkins asked. "It's great fun, isn't it? I never miss one of these meetings if I can help it. I hate not to hear every talk, because you never know when you might find out something new." She remarked that it was fortunate that she had such enthusiasm for zoos, since, of all the women in the world, a zoo man's wife is least likely to get away from her husband's work, even when she travels. "Everyone says how fascinating it must be to go all over the world with my husband, as I do, but they don't realize quite what it's like, and they might not take to it," she said. "For instance, last year we went to Europe, and I was told that we'd have a whole day in Paris. I was thrilled—I'd never been to Paris—and I made out a list of the shopping I wanted to do. I had all the addresses written down and everything mapped out. Well, as soon as we got there, one of the men from the zoo at Vincennes came to see Marlin, and



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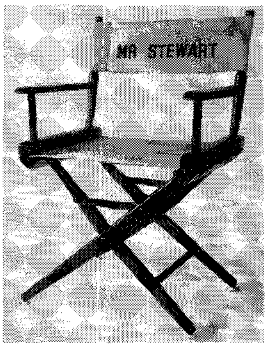

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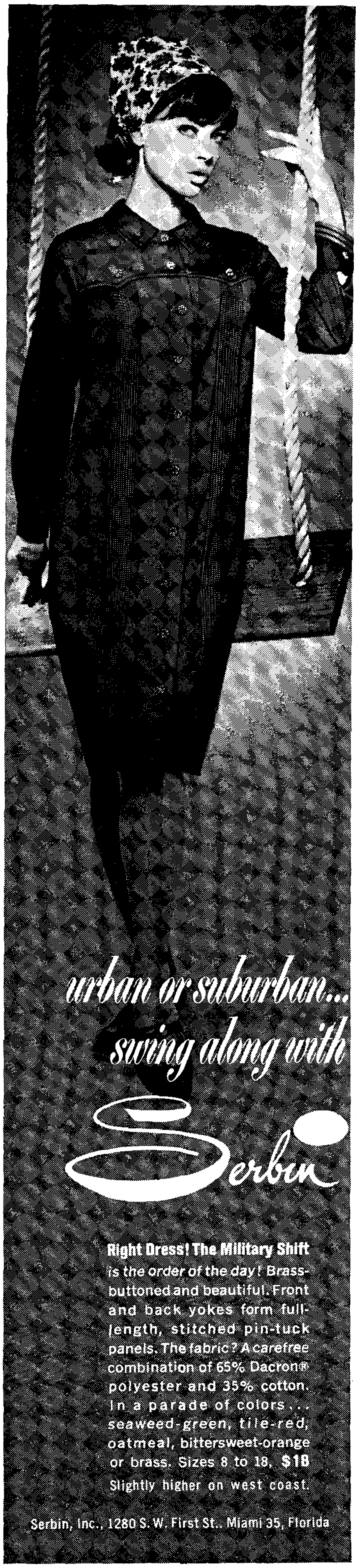
nothing would do but that we go with him to look at the zoo. You can't say no, and—do you know?—we never left that zoo until we had to rush for the plane. I should have realized it would be like that, because it always is, but I wouldn't change my life for anything."

THE afternoon was spent talking, or listening to talks, about children's zoos—a phenomenon that had sprung up suddenly and, as far as I could tell, simultaneously all over the world. I first saw a children's zoo about twenty years ago, at Whipsnade, the country zoological park in England, which happens to be near my house. There, for an extra sixpence, the visitor can enter an enclosure and look the less ferocious fauna—ponies, rabbits, calves, and the like—squarely in the eye. A child not only can pet the beasts but, if properly chaperoned by one of the girl attendants, can wear a small python as a necklace for a few minutes, or play with a woolly monkey. It gives him something to talk about when he gets back to school. There used to be a friendly llama at large in the children's zoo, but it ate a woman's hat and was removed. I often go to Whipsnade when I'm at home, especially when we have small visitors to entertain, but I had never known, until I attended the meeting in Cincinnati, that the technical name for the place where the children can pat the animals is "contact area." I heard a good deal on this subject from the zoo people.

Dr. Gordon Hubbell, veterinarian and director of the Crandon Park Zoo, in Miami, explained that contact areas perform various functions. Their principal one, I learned, is to keep children from being crowded out of the park altogether. One's mental picture of a zoo as a place enjoyed primarily by the juvenile set is not accurate. For every child who goes to the zoo, there are two adults, and you can see what hob this plays with a child's life on a crowded day—or would play if he couldn't find refuge in a children's zoo. But even in children's zoos, it seems, adults are a nuisance. Not only do they take up too much room but they infect the children with their own fears. Dr. Hubbell said that Crandon Park obviates this difficulty by keeping adults out of the children's zoo altogether. Inside, the children sit in a miniature stadium and observe a specimen animal while an attendant gives a little disquisition on its habitat, its nature, and its age. After the lecture, the children are permitted to touch the animal. If it is a cuddly and harmless sort—a rabbit or a



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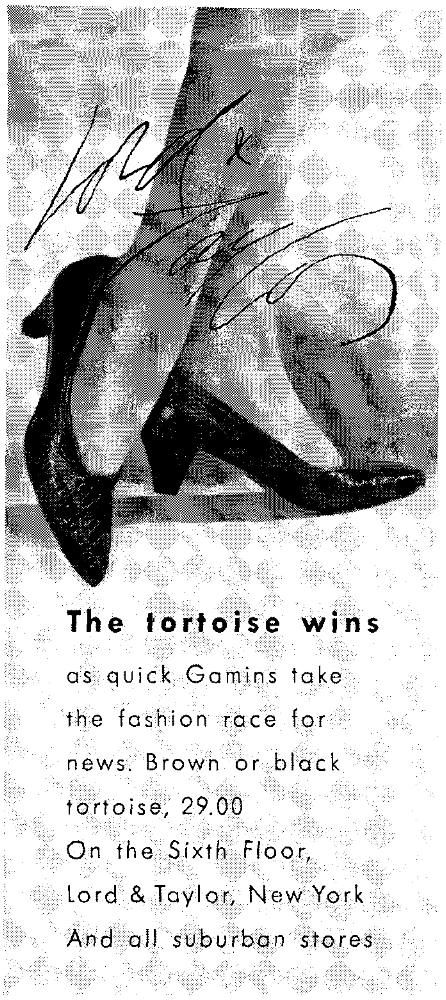

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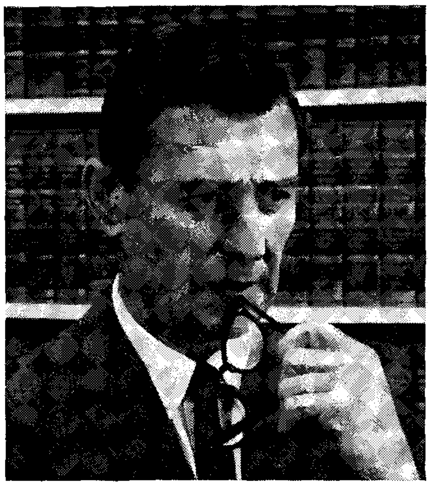
mouse, for instance—they can even play with it for a short time. The adults are left to stand behind a fence, through which they can watch but not interfere. Such a contact area is beneficial to the animal world as well, said Dr. Hubbell, because the children learn how to take care of pets—how to pick up rabbits, say, or worm dogs—and because a child who has been properly informed will refuse to own an animal that has been deliberately crippled by de-fanging or de-clawing. At Crandon Park, the attendants in the children's zoo are high-school girls, working part time. Girls are better than boys at handling contact-area animals, Dr. Hubbell said, but he added that it is wise to have a male attendant not far away, just in case. The exhibits in a children's zoo may vary widely. Crandon Park has used rats, mice, hamsters, lambs, goats, pigs, turtles, monkeys, kinkajous, a brown lemur, baby coatimundis and anteaters, lion cubs, "and so on." Not far from the exhibition arena are small cages in which, for short periods, less amenable creatures are displayed—marmosets, a small hyrax, some parrots, macaws, and toucans. The problem of bites and scratches was far worse in the past, when parents came in with their children, than it is now, Dr. Hubbell said. Nowadays it doesn't amount to much.

"I disagree with the last talk," Arthur R. Watson, director of the Baltimore Zoo, said roundly. "We opened our children's zoo last year. As a result of our experiences, I don't believe in contact areas at all." This looked like civil war, but it wasn't. Mr. Watson explained the reasons for his intransigence. In *his* contact area, he said, a problem was created by the buzzing of hornets and bees around trash baskets near the ice-cream and cotton-candy stands. The Baltimore Zoo has spent considerable sums on insecticides but hasn't got rid of the insects. An added peril to the public, it seems, is bantams, chicks, and other specimens of poultry that one might consider harmless; they have a way of stalking visitors in the hope of handouts, and frighten the timid. "Eliminate bantam roosters," said Mr. Watson passionately. "Have peacocks instead. Peacocks are fine." There is also the turnstile problem. Turnstiles are all right for admitting people of reasonably uniform size, but how can you use them to count infants in arms or tots in strollers? How, for that matter, can you keep active but small human beings from slipping underneath, thus leaving no record of their



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passage and making no payment? You can't. Worse, unlucky children who do walk through properly may be hit on the head by the next arm as it swings. "We eliminated turnstiles," Mr. Watson said grimly. As a substitute for the perilous contact area, he went on, Baltimore put goats and sheep in a pen where children could reach in and touch them, and found this better for all concerned. "A llama outside was O.K., because she went so fast the kids couldn't catch her," he conceded, and continued, "You can't always get the animals you want for a contact area. It isn't always the right season for baby skunks, raccoons, and so forth. The result is, the public's disappointed. I find it's better in the long run to keep your specimens in cages where the kids can reach in a single finger if they want to touch. We've had a lot of accidents with ponies and horses—kids don't know how to feed them, and get bitten. We are going to put up little poems and signs everywhere, teaching them about that."

Clearly, one section of Mr. Watson's talk found an answering echo in many hearts, and that was the section about turnstiles. A brisk discussion of these devices followed. Few of the zoo people had anything to say in favor of them, though one man maintained that the system worked all right if you had a big, strong attendant standing by. During the general discussion, Mr. Watson could be heard adding a few remarks about the injuries that his public suffered from the children's zoo: "A little nibbling. Clothing and pocketbooks. Goats sometimes steal sandwiches in the patio, or stand on the table—that sort of thing. Kids cry when their sandwiches are snatched, but I admit it's only a minor problem."

When the excitement had died down, Mr. Watson gave us the second chapter of his address, which proved to be an extract from a paper written by Walter J. Hill, the principal keeper of birds at Baltimore, on the subject of bird imprinting—taming and training birds, if anyone as ignorant as I can hazard a translation, by means of a new chemical compound. "The taming is quick and permanent, with minimum risk of injury to either bird or handler," Mr. Hill wrote, and the paper went on to describe a preparation called Fame Tame, which consists of birdseed and a secret substance, both coated with certain volatile oils. Birds like the taste and the smell, and the secret substance puts them into a receptive state for learning a new behavior pattern. Mr.

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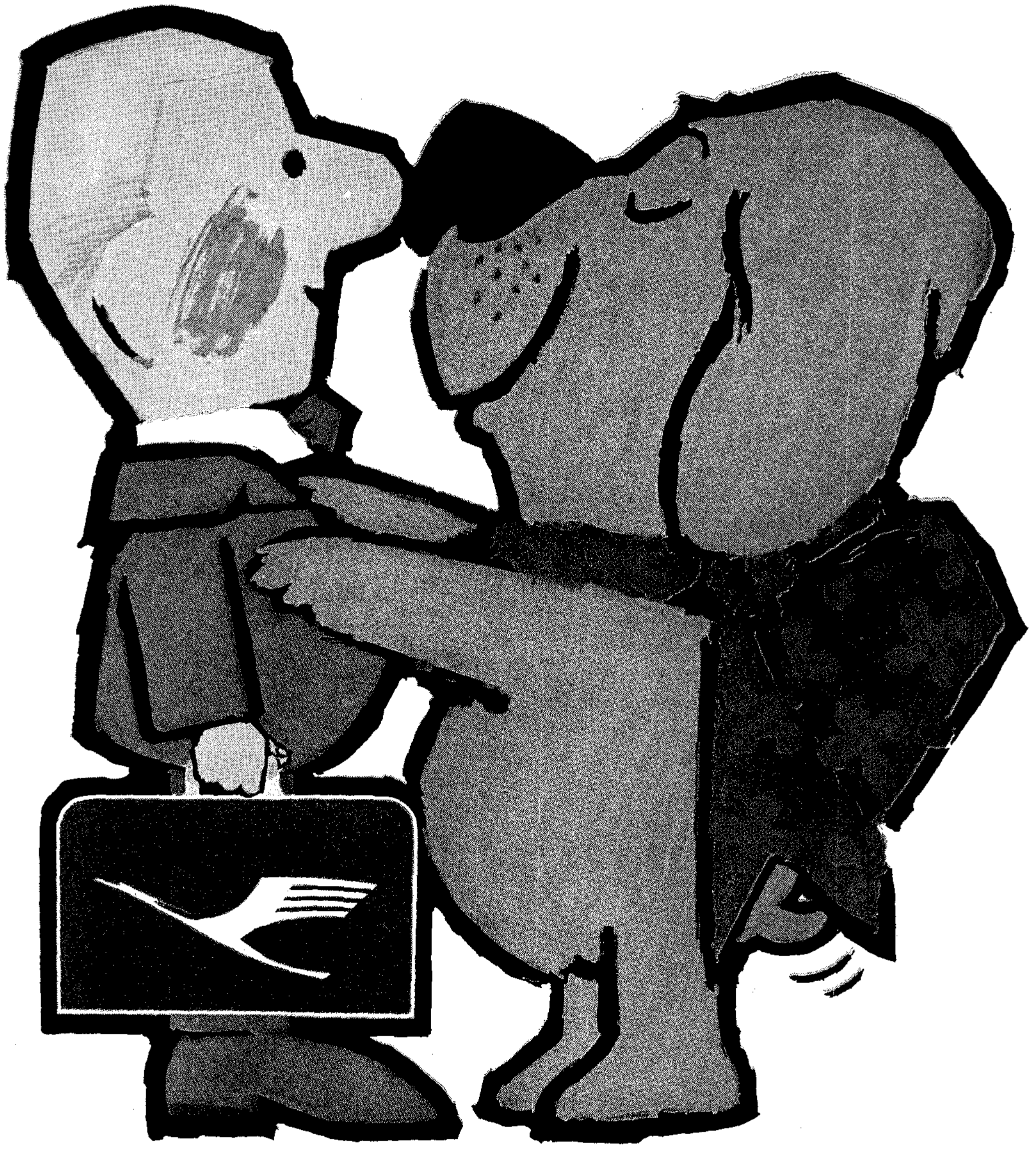

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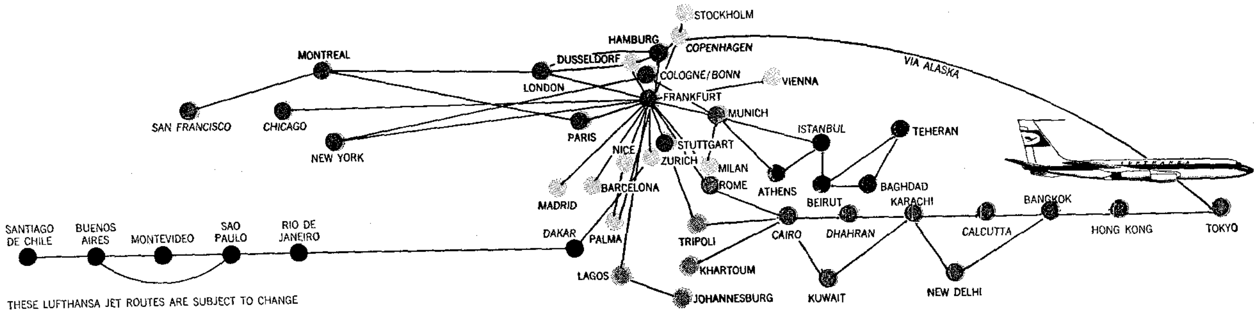
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Hill had watched a demonstration in Baltimore by the manufacturer of Fame Tame in which two birds were tamed—a process that took fifteen minutes per bird. "By a tame bird," he explained, "I mean one which will not fly away when approached, will allow stroking, will perch on one's hand and not bite." He had tamed a bird himself, and had taken some Fame Tame back to the zoo, where he had since tamed twelve birds with it. He went on to note that a bird, like any other animal, has a "critical distance," characteristic of its species; that is, it can be approached only up to a certain point before it flees or attacks. "It is probably a learned behavior," he said, "but whether learned or instinctive, the critical-distance factor, along with unacceptable behavior, is masked or forgotten by imprinting a new way of behaving. The birds which I tamed have undergone no personality changes. . . . In their limited way, they accept people as intimates."

The zoo people showed much interest in this paper.

"What about mating behavior?" somebody asked.

Mr. Watson said that he couldn't answer that question, but that as far as he could see, Fame Tame had not affected the habits of birds known to be monogamous.

Several people asked whether the stuff had been tried on mammals.

Mr. Watson replied that the Baltimore Zoo was disinclined to try experiments on leopards or similarly intractable specimens. "We'll use it on some small cats later," he said.

"Personally, I don't think there's much that's new in it," one zoo man said to me during a lull. "Isn't catnip much the same thing? You know how catnip affects tigers."

Apologetically, I confessed that I didn't, and asked him to explain.

"Why, it works on them the way it does on house cats," he said. "If you give a tiger enough catnip, you can get in close to him and practically pull his ears, and he'll just go on purring."

The meeting returned to the subject of children's zoos. In Dallas, I gathered, the attendants are all college students, the girls in khaki culottes and tan-and-white checked blouses with their names embroidered on the pockets, and the boys, who do only the heavy work, in khaki uniforms. The girls do most of the cleaning up and feeding without objection, the speaker stated, and the room cheered lustily.

Mr. Perkins told us that he had first heard of children's zoos in the late

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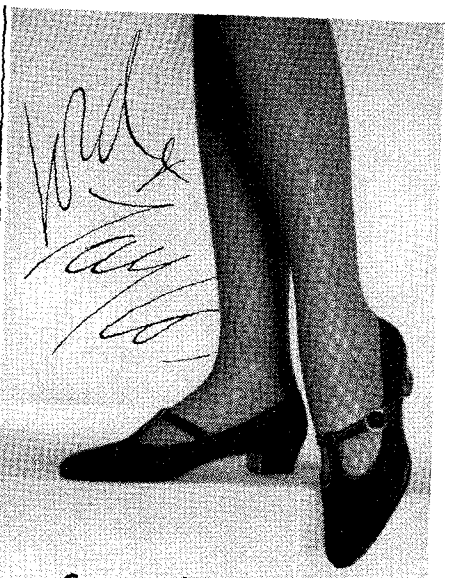
thirties, when Roger Conant, curator of reptiles at the Philadelphia Zoo, came across an English institution called an animal bank, at which a child was permitted to borrow some small beast—a guinea pig, say, or a turtle—and later turn it in for another specimen. Many losses were incurred by the animal bank, Mr. Perkins continued, so it was shut down, but the general idea of something special for children at the zoo lived on.

In proof of this, Daniel Watson, of the Turtle Back Zoo, a children's zoo in West Orange, New Jersey, told us about the operating costs of a small place like his. He had found prairie dogs a good source of extra income, he said, because at Turtle Back the public was allowed to buy food for the prairie dogs from a slot machine, which last season netted the zoo an average of seven dollars and a quarter a day per prairie dog. Penguins, too, had done their bit for the cause, eating smelts that had cost the public a nickel apiece, and Mr. Watson said that great hopes were being entertained for the appetite of a harbor seal who was soon to be installed in his zoo.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and I was growing drowsy. I didn't pay much attention to the plans for a new Milwaukee zoo, which were presented by its director, George Speidel. But then I saw the familiar words "Snakes and Snake Bite" on the program, and at once sat up and took notice. The afternoon speaker on that important subject was Lawrence Curtis, the co-chairman from Fort Worth, and he told us he had brought along a copy of Staff Directive No. 29 for his zoo's herpetarium and proposed to explain it to us. "Some of these points might seem to err on the side of caution, but on the whole we think it's better," he said, and no one argued as he read us the rules. In case of snakebite, the nearest attendant should switch on an emergency alarm system and then proceed with the standard three-step first-aid method—ligature, incision, and suction. Second, the attendant should notify the zoo switchboard—or, if the bite occurred at night, the city telephone system—instructing the operator to call either or both of two doctors, the hospital, the zoo director, the curator, and the herpetarium supervisor. Third, the attendant should select the proper serum in the herpetarium refrigerator—where it should be waiting, packaged and labelled, and with the type of venom specified. Finally, he should take the most readily available means of transport to



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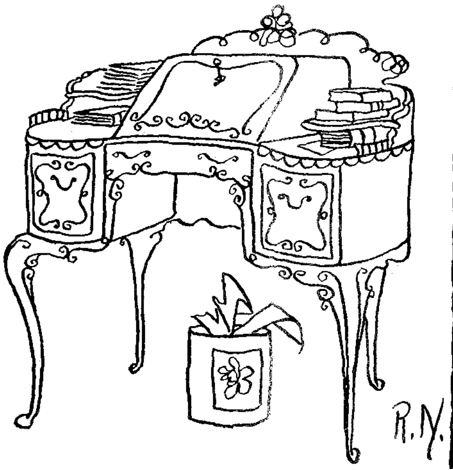
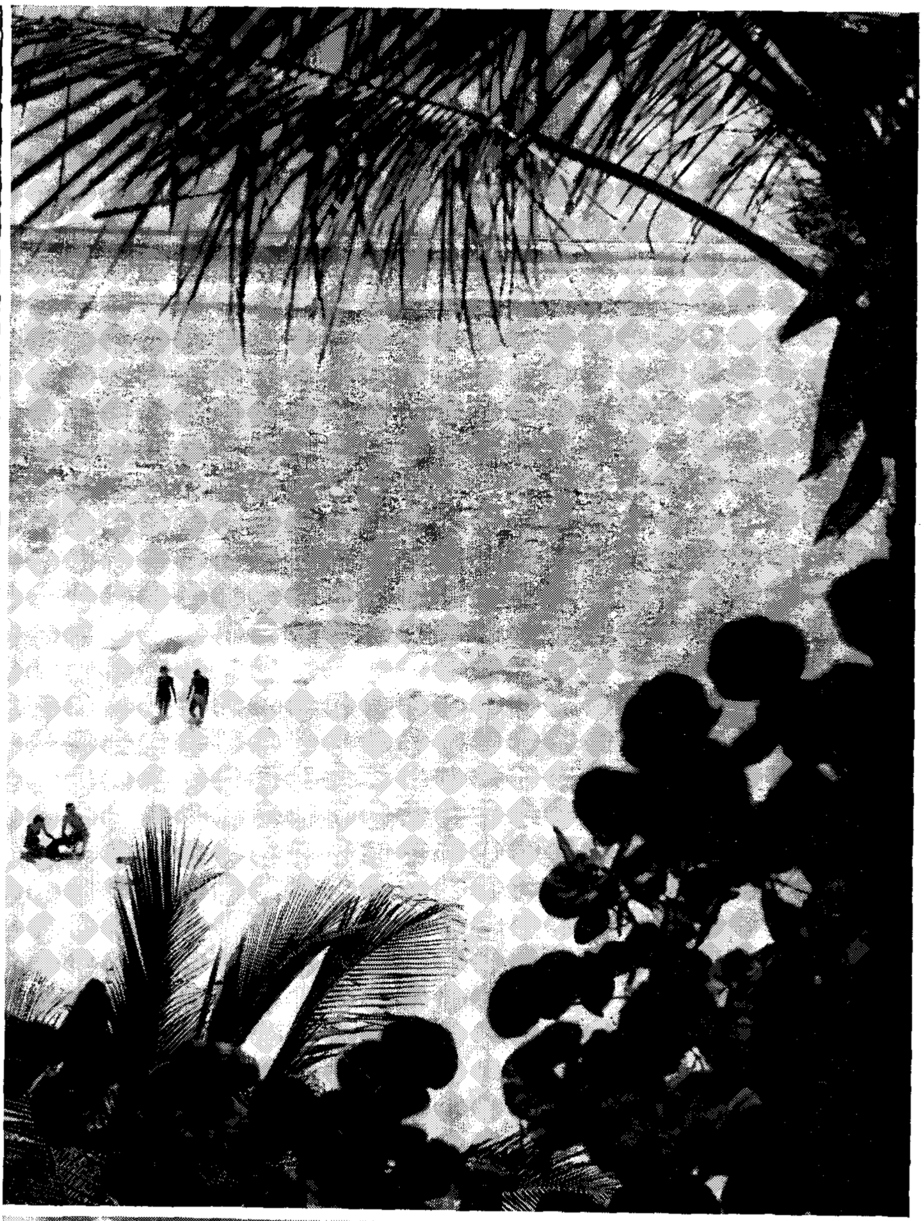
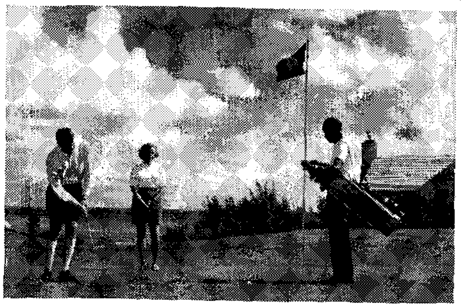
the hospital. "And, as I almost forgot to say, you also take the patient," added Mr. Curtis. "You don't give him any liquor to drink, by the way. That's harmful."

Fort Worth regulations as to venomous creatures in the herpetarium were also drawn up meticulously, we learned. No poisonous snake should be handled by anyone but the supervisor or director. Cages of dangerous snakes on the "hot," or venomous, list should not be opened, ever, except by the supervisor. (This list, I learned later, is a standardized one, and is adhered to by most zoos. As Mr. Farnsworth had suggested, the puff adder does not appear on the list, because he is not aggressive, large, or flighty.) No cage of hot reptiles should be opened unless at least two people are in the building, for in the event a man is bitten he should keep as quiet as possible and not have to put the alarm system into operation by himself. No cage or container of poisonous reptiles should be opened in the presence of outsiders unless the director or someone similarly authoritative is on hand. When venomous snakes are moved, they should be put in red sacks, which should be securely tied and then placed in a cage or container for transit. All cages holding venomous snakes should be tagged "Poisonous," and tags should also inform the reader of the *number* of occupants. "Otherwise, you might possibly mislay one." The Fort Worth Zoo had never yet lost a poisonous reptile, Mr. Curtis said, but on one occasion the staff thought that it had. At three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, when the herpetarium was full of people, the keeper reported that a cobra was missing from one of the cages. In a secluded office, the authorities, sweating with worry, considered possible steps to take. Warn everybody? Out of the question. Evacuate the building without explanation? Better,



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but was this really necessary? The cages opened only one way, toward the back, and all the doors from the back areas leading into the public part of the building were thoroughly snakeproof; a cobra could not possibly get past. If one had got out of his cage, it must have been into the rear of the building, and he was still there. He had to be. The officials set a search in motion, wondering if they had made the right decision, while on the other side of the cages—the public side—people continued to move about innocently and lightheartedly. A child screamed. Mr. Curtis's heart, for one, jumped violently. But it was merely a child screaming. Brows were mopped, and the search went on. "All of a sudden somebody noticed that one of the remaining cobras in that cage looked larger than usual," Mr. Curtis said. "We rushed him to the vet for an X-ray. Sure enough, we'd found our missing snake."

IT was nearly six, and the meeting was adjourned for dinner. I could have hurried through a snack and gone to my room to watch Mr. William Hoff, the executive director of the Cincinnati Zoo, who was our host, appear on television at seven—he has a zoo program once a week—but I didn't, because I spotted Robert Bean in the crowd. It had been announced that morning that Mr. Bean was retiring from the directorship of Brookfield Zoo, near Chicago, and some of the zoo men had observed that he was about the best in the business. His retirement, which was due to health rather than age, was a great pity, they agreed, and one man told me, "He's not going to be completely absent, of course. Bob Bean couldn't exist away from a zoo. He's to be director emeritus at Brookfield, and they don't plan to put another director in his place; they're going to run the zoo with a kind of committee. It's an interesting idea, but, if you ask me, it won't work out. You need a dictatorship to run a zoo."

Now, as we all moved slowly out of the room, I waited for my chance, and when Mr. Bean had finished discussing an animal trade with somebody, I collared him. He suggested a drink in the bar, and that was where we went. He ordered orange juice for himself.

"My liquor intake's rationed, and I used up my allowance at the board meeting this noon," he said. "I'll probably keep on with animals, one way or another. I was born in the

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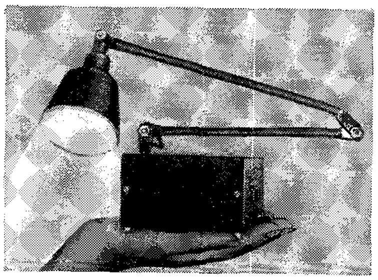

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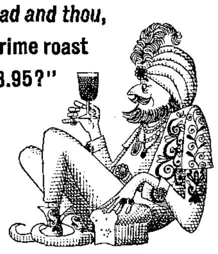

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Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago, on May 27, 1902. My father was bird keeper there at the time. He stayed in the zoo business, of course; few people leave it once they're in. My sister married a zoo man, too. You heard him today—George Speidel, talking about the new place in Milwaukee. Not quite *everybody* in our family is in the zoo business, though. I've got a younger brother who's a philologist; he speaks Roman French. We're not quite sure how that happened. Well, soon after I was born, we moved from Chicago to Milwaukee; my father started the Washington Park Zoo there. If you heard George this afternoon, you know that it looks like a pretty old-fashioned place now, and it's due for a face-lifting, but I can assure you it was the last word in modernity when my father started it. Things change fast in our world. I caddied for the keepers when I was a kid, fetching their cans of beer when they were off duty, helping to mix pheasant feed and take care of setting pheasants—doing as many odd jobs as a boy can possibly squeeze in outside school hours. Then I spent a couple of summer vacations on a stock farm, at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, owned by Fred Pabst—you know, the beer man—looking after his prize cattle. They were strenuous days. Of course, we didn't have antibiotics then, or most of the other aids, and we had to keep all the calves separate to avoid infection." He broke off and appeared to muse a little, then went on, "Come to think of it, I've been looking after other people's animals all my life. I'd like to have a few of my own for a change. Now that I'm retired, maybe I'll own a pair of guinea pigs. Well, to go on, when the First World War came along, I was about twelve, and my contribution to the cause was to paint the fencing at the zoo. That was the first year. The second year, they gave four keepers their vacations at the same time, and I took their places. When they came back, I got two weeks off myself."

Mr. Bean's parents pried him loose from the zoo long enough to send him to the University of Wisconsin, but he didn't stay the course, becoming a dropout of the twenties. ("A great mistake, and I often regret it," he said.) He moved around from one zoo to another and spent some time in Australia, from which he returned to become superintendent of the San Diego Zoo in 1926. "It's amazing to think how much the San Diego Zoo has developed since those days," he said. "It was dirt poor then. I had

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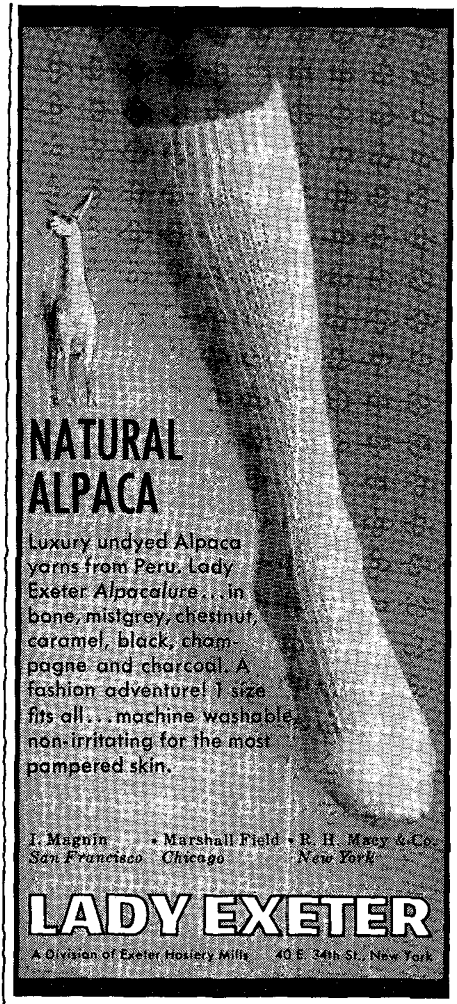
one can of paint the whole year and a half I was there. That's the truth. And now look at it! The depression made San Diego, with the P.W.A. and the W.P.A. and the whole shooting match of government labor. A monument to public works, that's what it is. On July 1, 1927, my father and I went to Brookfield to start a new zoo, under the auspices of the Chicago Zoological Society. There was almost nothing at Brookfield—prairie, swamp, a couple of cottages, and just one real house. We dug a lot of ditches and planted a lot of trees, and opened in 1934. The park was only half as big as it is today, but even so it was pretty big. The first president of the Chicago Zoological Society was John T. McCutcheon, the Chicago *Tribune* political cartoonist; the second was his brother-in-law, Clay Judson; and the third—and current—president is Judson's law partner, William R. Dickinson, Jr., all decent, generous people. They've given me my house, you know, and the leisure to do what I want."

I asked about conservation of animal species, which I happened to know was one of Bean's pet projects.

He shook his head in mild disgust. "It's all talk so far," he said. "People aren't doing enough fast enough. The idea of a bank with animals from different zoos to be borrowed when they're needed—sure, it's a nice idea, but it's going to take fifty or sixty years before it catches on. Not long ago, for example, there was a female Indian rhino named Bessie in the Bronx and a male in Philadelphia. That's not very far away—why shouldn't they have got together? But they didn't, and now Bessie's dead. No, the bank idea hasn't got off the ground. And there's not enough exchanging. Zoo men are too anxious about their own specimens to let them go to other zoos, even on loan. You remember the first giant panda ever to come to the United States? It was toward the end of 1936. We brought that one in—got her from Ruth Harkness. Well, way back then I had the idea of exchanging. I suggested we swap that panda, Su-lin, to the Bronx for three months in exchange for their okapi. They wouldn't consider it. No—people will have to loosen up a lot more before these ideas work out. Zoo people delude themselves about conservation. Maybe you just can't get results in a democracy—I don't know. Royalty, though—they knew how to conserve. Almost anybody with enough authority seems to have a taste for it.



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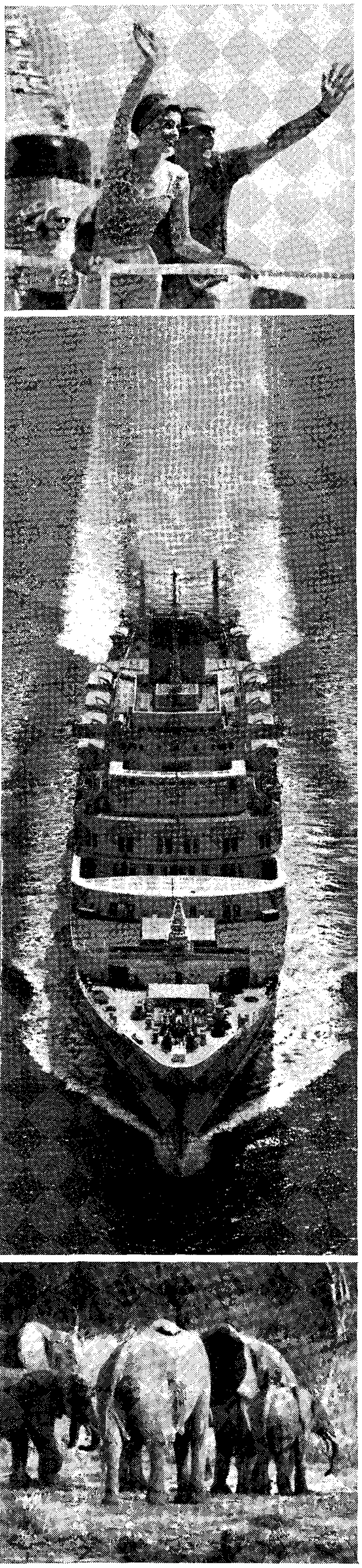
serendipity 3

Germany had the right idea, and the Russians had, too, and still have. Both countries actually kept stuff through the worst of the bombing and fighting, because they were thinking of the future. I hear the Russians have three wild zones fenced in, with animals from all countries. There's a Zoo Center in Moscow, run on purely scientific lines, with one absolute authority in charge. That's what you need for conservation." He stared ahead of him, as if at some faraway outdoor region. "Well, maybe someday it'll happen here," he said. "In the meantime, here I am, retired. Before I get those guinea pigs, I might travel around and find out what's going on at all the other zoos. And I'd like to have another look at Australia."

After my talk with Mr. Bean, I discovered that work was not over for the day. The session carried on after dinner, when we heard more talks, most of them illustrated with slides or movies. Installing a bongo antelope in the Cleveland Zoo, trapping pygmy hippos in West Africa, collecting in Colombia—the vivid color films of sunlit foliage, corralled animals, boats gliding along shallow rivers, birds of incredible brilliance made me forget the one glimpse I'd had through my bedroom window of the Cincinnati streets shining with puddles and splashing with rain. Mohammid Hanif, of the Georgetown Zoo, in British Guiana, showed strangely peaceful slides of two-toed sloths making their leisurely way upside down along branches, and then a climbing porcupine crawling up a tree at the same rate, his limbs as bulky as a Teddy bear's. "You have all, no doubt, heard the Beatles and seen them on television," said Mr. Hanif. "This is just to show you that the Beatles didn't set the style in haircuts." The screen was filled with a closeup of the amazing red-faced spider monkey, glossy black except for his face, and with the hair of his head hanging down as straight and limp as that of an Aztec figure or, indeed, a Beatle.

Soon it was time to adjourn, but we voted to linger for a last offering—studies of an albino rattlesnake. "It's a true albino, as you can see from the pink eyes," its custodian said proudly.

The day had ended as it began, with snakes, I reflected on the way to my room. By this time, however, I was so accustomed to the subject that the chief thought I took with me was not a picture of the albino's gleaming, supple skin or traplike mouth but a recollection of the fact—for some reason very pleas-



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ing—that zoo herpetologists refer to the young of snakes as "pups."

BY popular consensus, Tuesday's star turn was a talk given by Joseph P. McHale, the senior keeper of the Lincoln Park Zoo, where Mr. Bean was born. Mr. McHale imparted a rich collection of odds and ends of knowledge that he had rightly felt would not be covered by the other experts. He recommended a large number of books he had found handy, including reference books on animal care, feeding, and diseases, and even on shows and circuses—"because, after all, we're a Cadillac type of show people ourselves," he said. He mentioned the need for caution in the matter of "donations"—the monkeys, rabbits, and pet foxes that harried young members of the public often present to zoos when they find themselves unable to bear the burden of their care. "Don't take donations from anybody less than eighteen years old," Mr. McHale warned. "If a kid brings an animal in, tell him he's got to have a written certificate from an adult along with it. That's your protection from hounding afterward; otherwise they'll be along to criticize the way you're looking after it. On the other hand, it's nice to give kids a certificate of merit for donations or any other little thing they might do for the zoo. It may not mean much, but it looks impressive and they like it." Abruptly, he switched to a less pleasant topic—the hazards of a keeper's daily work. A slide appeared on the screen showing a hand with the third finger missing. "Ring-finger is what this is called," said Mr. McHale. "No keeper of experience wears a ring; rings get caught in fences or cage doors when you're closing up in a hurry. Don't wear a ring." Before I had really had time to digest this warning, we were wafted away on a Surrealistic procession of more slides. A gentle little red deer behind a fence was characterized by Mr. McHale as "one of the zoo's killers," and he went on, "Always be careful handling these fellows. They kick out, a sharp hoof goes through the skin of the stomach mighty easy, and then they kick some more and churn you up pretty bad. They're dangerous, especially in the spring, when everything's jumping." Of a plain domestic broom, he said, "There are lots of uses you can put a broom to when you need a tool quick. You can even use it the way it was meant to be used. They don't want to sweep anymore—too many college graduates, I guess." Applause and laughter greeted this observation, and then we found ourselves looking at

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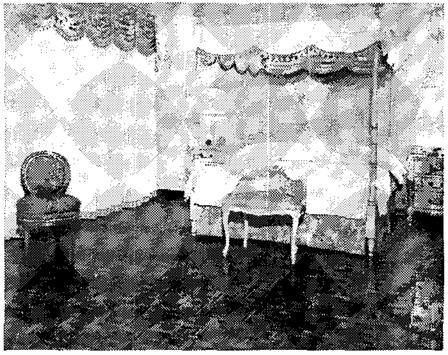

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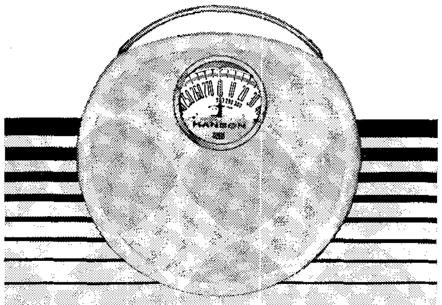

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a pole. "Plain oak stick," said Mr. McHale. "One of the most useful things you can have in a zoo. You can reach things too high to get at otherwise in a cage, or put it through the bars where you have a couple of tigers fighting. Wait until one gets the other down, then hit the one underneath on the head. The one on top thinks he's killed the other one, and goes away. That way, you've saved a valuable animal. Only, try not to do it when the public's watching. People don't understand." Next, we were shown a slide of a small trap. "This is a mercy trap—a nice little trap, in case you don't want to use poison for your vermin," said Mr. McHale. "But if you do"—the slide changed to a box very clearly labelled "Rat Poison"—"this comes in handy. I don't know any zoo in the world that hasn't got a lot more rats than you'd think if you saw it only in the daytime. You ask what harm they do. Well, rats can upset a whole cage of sleeping birds. A rat or mouse running across the bottom of the cage wakes one up and it goes flying off the perch, falling down, and starts up all the others. In the morning, you find two, three birds dead on the floor, and you wonder what happened. It's a good idea to keep a light burning somewhere near your bird cage at night. You put your poisoned corn, or whatever, in this box and leave it around, and you'll get a lot of rats. Might get a squirrel or two as well, but sometimes you have too many squirrels in the zoo anyway." The screen flickered and showed a glassed-in cabinet in which were two rifles. "Better have your gun rack handy near the dangerous animals," said Mr. McHale. "Suppose you get a bear busting loose. The bear's a mean, vicious animal, and the keeper's got to break the glass quick and get up close." Flick! We were looking at a uniformed keeper on one knee and with rifle at the ready, facing some danger just outside the picture. "You've got to be careful with your shooting on account of ricocheting bullets, and that crazy public, people crowding up close," Mr. McHale went on. "Shoot the animal, but don't be satisfied if he falls down. Go up to him and shoot him again, in the head, a couple of times. Make sure. By the way, is your insurance up to date?"

The second half of the day we spent at the Cincinnati Zoo. We had lunch there, and then were told to look around the grounds until four o'clock, when we should be back in the zoo restaurant for an animal-trading session. When I returned to the restaurant, I found it full of people in holiday mood. About

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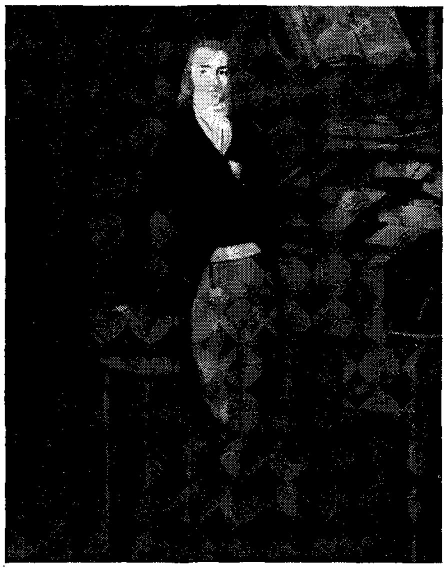

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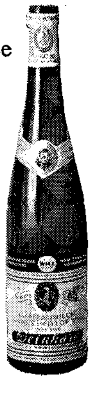

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half the crowd had assembled at the far end of the room and was listening to speakers at a microphone—a sort of catch-as-catch-can auction, at which a man read aloud the offers of other members and pointed the members out to would-be chafferers. At the beginning, the man at the microphone was Walter Stone, but he soon yielded it to a succession of people who wanted to talk for themselves.

Those who weren't interested in the auction milled around the bar, near the door, chatting.

"Aren't you trading?" I asked a man I recognized.

"I got all my trading done the first day—Sunday night. Bartender, a bourbon and water, please," he said.

Before long, I worked my way toward the other end of the room, where scattered phrases rose above the general noise.

"One female cheetah, eight years old, one thousand dollars. Anybody interested?"

"One nilgai, female—very rare. Plenty of males available."

"Three bear cubs, Japanese. Anybody looking for one for your children's zoo?"

"We've got a lot of monkeys going, interested in a trade for a male mandrill. We want a young adult."

"One pair of mute swans."

"The monkeys are taken care of. Any further discussion?"

I now saw that some very earnest discussions were taking place over at the sides of the room or in quiet corners.

More items were mentioned:

"I have innumerable spotted fallow deer and one male coati. I want a female African lion—immediately, if possible."

"A pair of yearling black buck, three hundred fifty. Say, are you just brushing your hair?"—a question addressed to a man in the front row.

Names of animals filled the air.

Three male llamas, hand-tamed, from a children's zoo. The owner would like to get two hundred apiece for them. This was intentionally funny, and everybody laughed.

One yearling mouflon, two hundred—"Yes, we'll negotiate, we'll talk to you."

Two not too young Bengal tigers, female. "We'd like to negotiate. I'll talk to you later."

"We've disposed of the bears. Any discussion on the mouflon?"

An Indian fishing cat . . . a pair of polar bears . . . a pair of koala bears . . . rhesus monkeys. . . .

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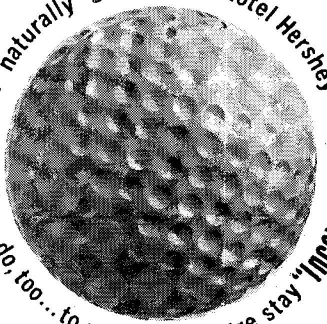

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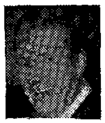


John C. Bruno

"I'm giving away black piranhas," said a harassed-sounding man. "Please take them off my hands."

I had to leave Cincinnati soon afterward, and the thought of what that man's aquarium would be like if those piranhas *weren't* taken off his hands worried me all the way back to New York.

—EMILY HAHN

•

STANDING STILL

Someone is always carting
The scenery off to the wings.
The thickness of the air,
The darkness that darkens there,
Will cover trees and gardens,
Waterfronts and water.

All places that have been
With me will wear away.
I do not lift my voice
Or raise a hand. I am
Not capable of force,
Feeling myself at stake.

And if this movement seems
A kind of theft, well then,
I am no more than witness
To a crime. I have no choice.
My role is forced on me,
It keeps my nerves on edge.

I wish I were at ease
Not sure of where I stand
In the long haul to the wings,
I take things as they come
And let them go. I have
No final say in the matter.

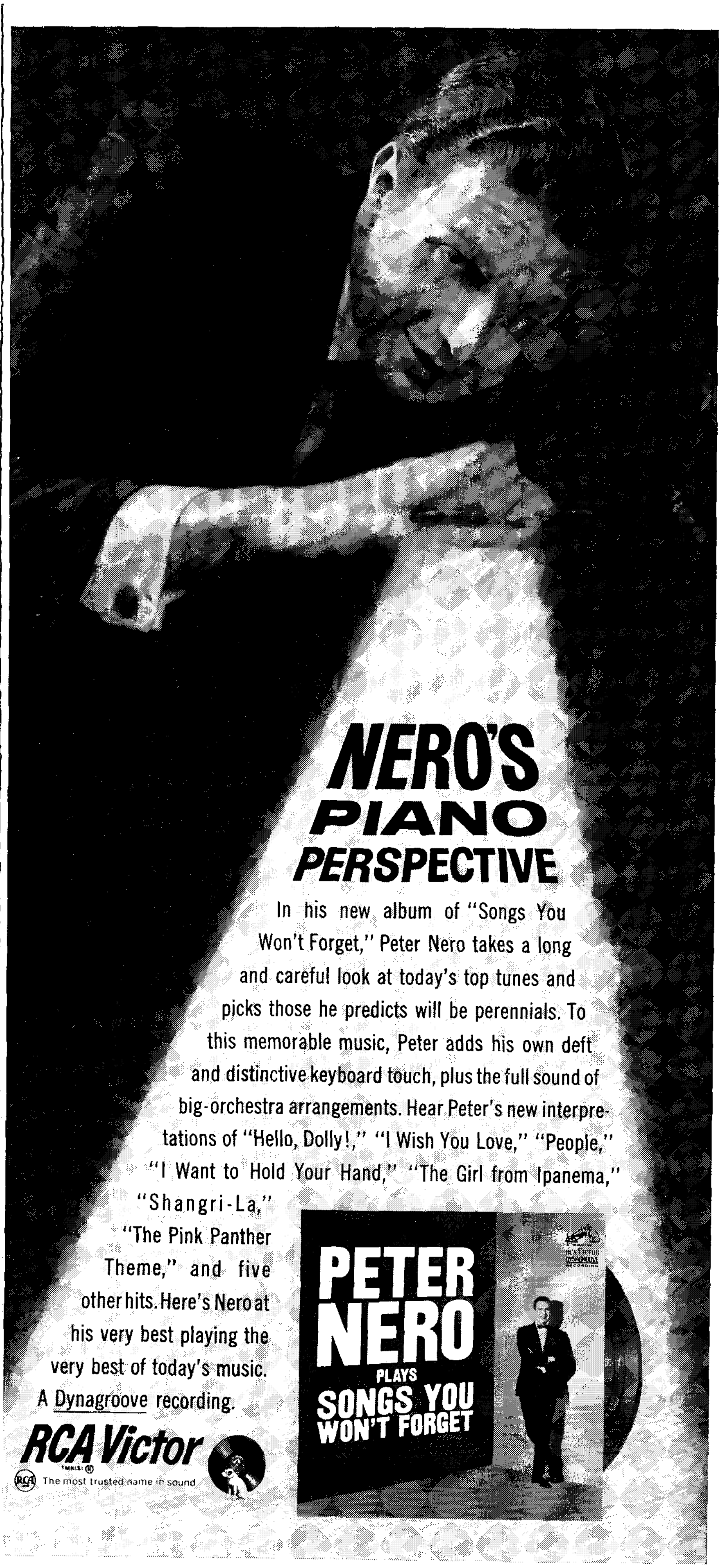
The clicking of switches,
The shuffling behind the scenes
Almost make me suspect
That someone wishes me wrong.
And yet, all that I see
Is level and aboveboard.

How long this will keep up
I am not sure. My time
Is spent recalling all
I can of what has passed.
I try my best to believe
That nothing is wholly lost.

And I don't get anywhere—
My mind does not support
My pastime well. For all
I know, I might do better
To try picking a time
When all this will be over

And the last scene arrive,
The lights dim, and I,
Set free from all the places
I have never really been,
Move on beyond the curtains
Of a closing night.

—MARK STRAND



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QUOGUE, N.Y.
SEPTEMBER 1, 1964

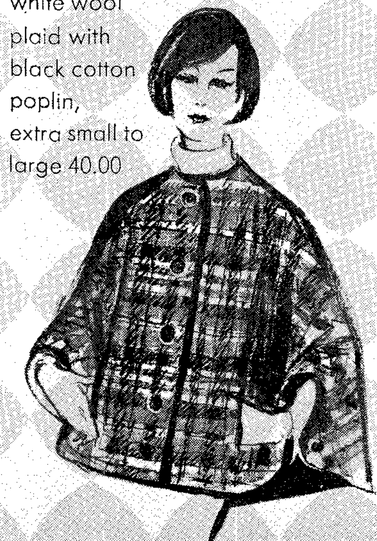
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

THE newspapers and magazines have been pack-jammed—or so it seems to me—with half truths and misinformation concerning the name of that good two-year-old O'Hara. *The New Yorker*, for example, says he was named after the "Boston track-and-field athlete" (The Race Track, August 15, 1964). The human speed merchant, Tom O'Hara, is, of course, from Loyola University, Chicago.

I can and must set the record straight. The horse is not named for me, but I named him.

In August, 1963, my wife and I were Saratoga house guests of Mrs. C. S. Payson, who, as everyone knows, is co-owner with her brother, John Hay Whitney, of the Greentree Stable. Not everyone, but quite a few people know that my wife is a cousin of Mrs. Payson's and Whitney's. After dinner one night a group of us were given paper and pencil and a list of about a dozen unnamed Greentree colts and fillies, with the names of their sires and dams. When I saw that one colt was by Ballymoss out of Track Medal I thought immediately of Tom O'Hara, and suggested that name. But my brother, Tom O'Hara, is a political writer on the *Herald Tribune*, which is owned by Whitney. There were angry cries of "Nepotism!" and "Double Nepotism!" So, as gracefully as I could, I backed down and meekly suggested that the colt be named simply O'Hara. And so he was registered with the Jockey Club. Since then several friends of mine have said, "I see where Jock Whitney named a horse after you." Well, he didn't.

My interest in horses is lifelong and goes back at least two generations before me. As a matter of plain fact, as a horseplayer I am slightly ahead, largely through luck. For instance, once at Santa Anita I had a five-dollar bet down on a horse whose name I unfortunately forget. I had him on the nose, and he ran third. But the win horse and the place horse were disqualified, and my horse got the money. That oddity more than made up for the time I bet on a horse called Dick O'Hara which ran last in the Kentucky Derby in 1930. I should have known



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better than to bet on Dick O'Hara. Dick O'Hara was also the name of a heavyweight prizefighter whom Gene Tunney knocked out in two rounds.

The James O'Hara who was a founder of Bowie, and after whom half of the Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap race was named, was not a relation of mine, although he was acquainted with an uncle of mine named James O'Hara. I believe there was a horse named Jim O'Hara, but he sure as hell was not named after my uncle. The closest I ever came to having a horse named after me was a few years back, when you could occasionally win a few bob on Joey's Pal. I made a few bob on Pal Joey, but that is another story. Or about thirty-five other stories.

To get you off the hook a little, there *was* a Boston foot racer named O'Hara years ago. But he was a marathoner, a twenty-five-miler. A good distance runner.

Faithfully,
JOHN O'HARA

◆

TRAVEL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From an article by an undertaker in the New Britain* (*Conn.*) *Herald*]

One day, while Flo and Kris went shopping, Kent and I went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame and guess what, a funeral service was going on.

We attended the funeral. An organist and four men sang the responses while a priest gave the Mass. The casket was draped with a black pall and on wooden horses in front of the altar. The family was seated in the sanctuary to the left of the altar and friends to the right. When the service ended a man with a heavy cane led in four uniformed pall bearers. They hoisted the casket to their shoulders and followed him out.

The man with the cane, every four steps pounded it on the stone floor with a resounding noise. The family formed a reception line in the church and friends shook their hands and kissed them on both cheeks. After this, the funeral director (he looked like a real Digger O'Dell) led them to the cars. The hearse held the casket and in a seat in back of the driver sat four family members. Then a bus took the rest and off to the cemetery they went. On the back end of the hearse was a hook for the family wreath. It was huge and covered the rear of the hearse from the roof to the street.

I introduced myself to the funeral director hoping he would invite me along, no such luck.

I am more than thankful that I studied French. It sure has helped us all here tremendously, so what I did 30 years ago now comes in handy when in a foreign country. If only my children will realize this and study their languages, I am sure they too will enjoy travel.

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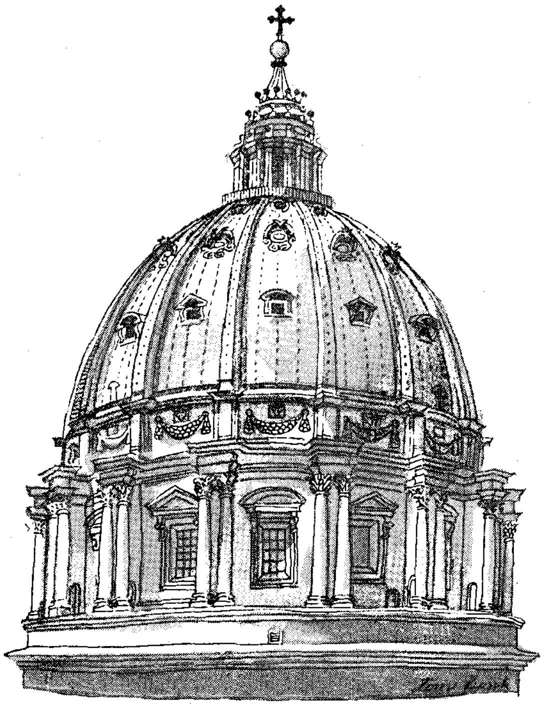
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

SEPTEMBER 10

AS the Council Fathers converge on St. Peter's from all over the world for next Monday's inauguration of the third session of Vatican Council II, observers here are speculating on whether the reform and renewal of the Church will be advanced or stifled by the Council's final outcome. The arrival of some twenty-three hundred bishops and their entourages, including the *periti* (theologians admitted to the Council deliberations), presents some interesting contrasts—cardinals in limousines, batches of bishops in chartered buses, missionary bishops at the wheels of tiny low-priced cars or on shanks' mare. These contrasts are all the more striking because Pope Paul VI recently underscored the need for a return to evangelical simplicity and for a restoration of the spirit—if not the absolute letter—of poverty, in accord with the note first sounded by Pope John when he proposed the goal of *aggiornamento* for the Church today. The hotel proprietors, tailors, and other businessmen of Rome naturally welcome the return of the *mondo ecclesiastico* in the same spirit in which they greeted the throngs of summer tourists, who swarmed the streets this year in greater numbers than ever before. Yet thoughtful prelates here wonder how the display of ecclesiastical pomp and power can be squared with the precepts that Pope Paul enunciated only a few weeks ago to a group of Italian businessmen from Pistoia, whom he greeted in a special audience. To the circle of solemn-faced, dark-suited, prosperous executives the Pope—speaking of capitalism, not Communism—said, "There must be something radically wrong with a system that gives rise to such social injustice." After referring to the social and economic conditions that divide men into opposing camps and create an "implacable struggle to bring about the domination of one class over another," Pope Paul continued, "Who would dare to say that the social pattern resulting from the modern division of labor is a picture of perfection? . . . He who thinks of capitalism today, as many do, in terms of the last century is lagging behind the times. . . . The whole ideological system that sustains you is being put on trial." The impassive faces of his hearers showed not a sign of emotion as they listened. The Pope went on to accuse modern businessmen of ignoring the claims of religion and justice, and of erecting a wall between private morality and business life. "We regard your business activities as forming a part of a wider activity, and the proper activity, of man—his moral activity," he said.



Incisive, passionately uttered words of this kind, aimed at rousing his hearers from lethargy and infusing them with something of his own crusading *élan*, are characteristic of Paul VI these days. He seems desperately anxious for the modern world to give ear to the Christian message. He is especially perplexed and mortified by his own country's abandonment of its religious heritage. The frequency of his references to Italy, and their bluntness, remind Romans very much of Papa Ratti, as they called Pius XI, who was hailed in his day as *italianissimo*. Paul VI misses no opportunity to allude—discreetly but perfectly plainly—to Italian affairs. On August 16th, after offering prayers for the ailing President of Italy, Antonio Segni, he announced, without mentioning him by name, that he would also pray for Palmiro Togliatti, chief of the Italian Communist Party, who lay dying in Moscow. "Another political personality is in the same grave condition as the President," the Pope said. "We will pray to the Madonna to assist him, too." The next day, the Communist Party thanked him for his "sensitive gesture." Pope Paul firmly supports the policy, inaugurated under Pope John, of *un'apertura a sinistra*—a working alliance between the Christian Democratic Party and those parties of the left willing to work with it. In the interest of upholding law and order through a coalition government, he has also taken over from John XXIII the policy of soft-pedalling attacks on Communism—in contrast to the vigorous attitude desired by right-wing elements in the Italian Church and in Italian politics. The Pope has also made it clear that he is very much dedicated to the goal of European unity and looks with disfavor on all manifestations of extreme nationalism, including those of General de Gaulle. The Vatican representatives at the recent Kennedy Round of economic talks in Geneva—the first purely economic conference to which the Holy See has ever sent delegates—were instructed to vote against various proposals that would remove restrictions on businessmen, thus embarrassing and irritating the civilian Italian delegates, who were all in favor of good old laissez-faire capitalism. The reign of Paul has also seen the first dispatch of a permanent delegation of Holy See observers to the United Nations, in New York. Hitherto, the Vatican has had an observer at UNESCO—Pope John himself, when he was nuncio in Paris, was the first—but it had never before taken the step of an official affiliation with the United Nations as a whole. Tradition-minded Romans tell you, over their *cappuccini*, that it takes a few years to determine whether a pope is turning out to be a *zelante* (Pius X is an example) or a *politicante* (such as Leo XIII or Pius XI). To observers here, after only one year in office Paul VI seems to be gravitating toward the latter category.

THE appearance of the Pope's first encyclical letter, "Ecclesiam Suam," was greeted here with somewhat mixed reactions. Signing the document in a brief ceremony on August 6th, Paul modestly, and correctly, remarked that it could not be considered a great encyclical. Yet it is interesting as the first important formal papal document to make wide use of the term "reform," as it is the first to put a formal seal of approval on the "dialogue." The letter's chief objective is to widen the horizon of contemporary thought on the nature and function of the Church, and—like John XXIII's

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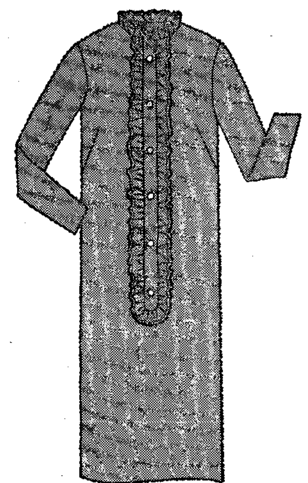

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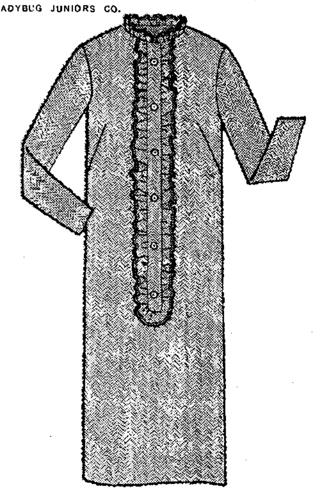

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"Pacem in Terris," the first encyclical to do this—it is addressed not only to the episcopate and the faithful but to all mankind. The Pope makes it clear that it is intended "neither to claim a solemn and strictly doctrinal function, nor to propose particular moral or social teachings, but merely to communicate a fraternal and informal message." The style and mannerisms of the letter are unlike those of any of Pope Paul's predecessors. Whereas Pius XII concentrated on theological intricacy and John XXIII wandered far and wide in a search for collaborators (such as Monsignor Pietro Pavan) who could give expression to his social thought, Paul VI reveals a sinuosity in his thinking that almost inevitably creates a mixed reaction to what he says. After mentioning those who are "stubbornly opposed to the new forms and habits that are commonly regarded as acceptable and suited to the character of our times," he goes on to say, "The word '*aggiornamento*,' rendered *famous by our predecessor of happy* memory, John XXIII, should always be kept in mind as our program of action. We have confirmed it as the guiding criterion of the Ecumenical Council." That is as clear a programmatic statement as can be. Yet he also refers to "modernism"—a turn-of-the-century heresy that attempted to strip Christianity of its supernatural claims—and this is puzzling, especially since the encyclical states categorically that the Church is free of "any specific heresies or disorders." (The mention of modernism was greeted with joy by conservative elements here, to whom *aggiornamento* must seem to border on the old heresy.) In bringing up modernism in a document devoted to the themes of renewal, reform, and dialogue, Paul VI unfortunately reawakened memories of the excesses of the Holy Office in dealing with it early in this century. It is now admitted by even as orthodox a Church historian as Monsignor Michele Maccarrone that the tactics of the heresy-hunters of that era were as un-Christian as the heresy itself. According to recent investigators, these zealots were motivated not by a love of truth but by a personal vindictiveness and hatred that almost destroyed the reputations of some of the Church's finest scholars—the theologian Monsignor Pierre Batiffol, the historian Monsignor Louis Duchesne, and the intrepid Dominican Scripture scholar Père F.-M. Lagrange—none of whom, it turned out, was guilty of modernism after all. It is

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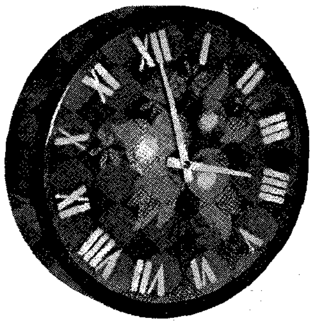

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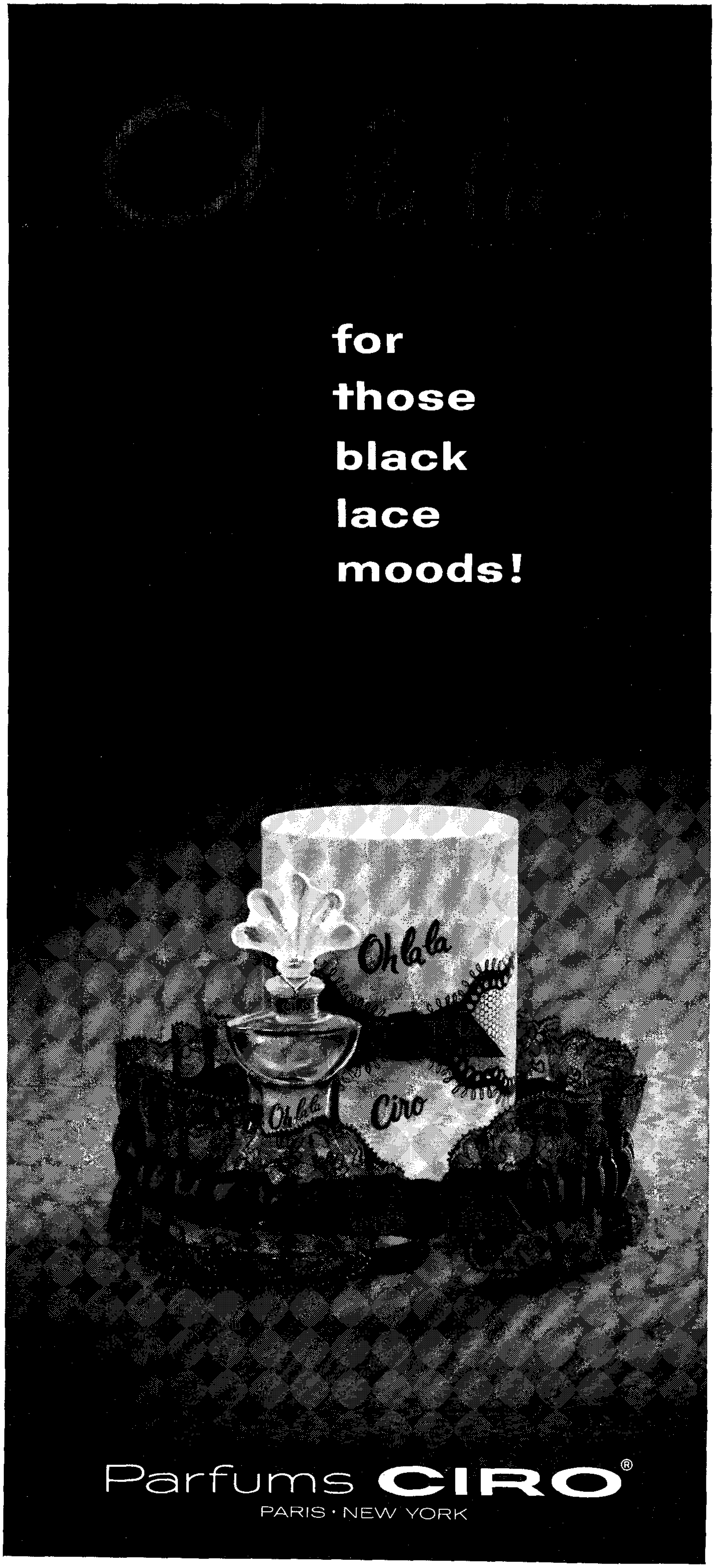
also a part of the sinuosity of this encyclical that while it claims that no specific heresies exist within the Church today, it states that "we could make a similar discourse concerning the errors which circulate even within the Church." It is in the last third of the encyclical, dealing with the dialogue between the Church and the modern world, that Paul is at his best. In these passages, many readers find echoes of Jacques Maritain, whose works were translated into Italian by the Pope when he was Archbishop of Milan.

APPEARING as it did on the eve of the reconvening of the Ecumenical Council, the encyclical was thoroughly scanned for hints concerning the problems facing the Fathers, but it yielded few. The Pope pointed out that the major part of the Council's deliberations was still in the future, and explained that its work "should not be disturbed by this simple, conversational letter of ours." It is certainly true that the Council faces a very heavy schedule in its third session. The number of schemata, or texts, to be considered has been drastically reduced from an original seventy to thirteen, yet there is still a mountain of printed matter for the Council Fathers to sift through. (The booklet containing the schema "De Ecclesia," or "On the Church"—the first to be discussed—runs to some two hundred and twenty pages.) Although many of the schemata, in line with the Pope's instructions to streamline them, have been reduced to mere propositions that can be voted on without any debate or discussion, the final agenda, announced by the Secretary General, Archbishop Pericle Felici, still represents a formidable task. Following the discussion of "De Ecclesia," the Council will take up the revised schema entitled "The Pastoral Duties of Bishops." (Its original form was mercilessly criticized at the last session.) Then will come the schema "On Ecumenism," with its two appended declarations—the first on religious liberty and the second on the Jews and other non-Christians. The debates on these declarations are awaited as high points of the session, especially in view of the interest of American bishops in both of them. The agenda then lists the schema "On Divine Revelation," whose text was drastically revised as a result of scathing criticism made at the first session. Next will come the schema "On the Apostolate of the Laity," which was briefly introduced at the end of the last session, and, finally,



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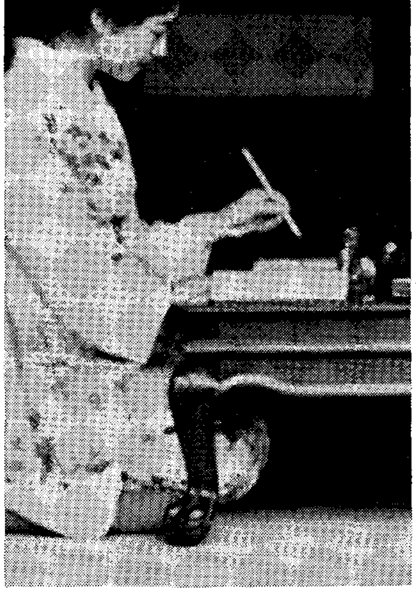

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the important schema "On the Church in the Modern World." The last is a catchall, touching on a number of highly controversial subjects, such as marriage and the church-state relationship. Nobody believes that the Council will be able to get through all this by November 20th, the proposed closing date for the session. In arriving at this opinion, a factor more important than the work load is the not ungrounded fear that the obstructionist tactics adopted by the conservative minority during the session last fall will once again be used. There have been no important changes in personnel. Archbishop Felici is still in charge of the Council's secretariat, and Cardinal Amleto Cicognani, Secretary of State and chairman of the all-important Coördinating Commission, will again be on hand to block effective action on any measure deemed dangerous by the Curia. The Congregation of Seminaries, staffed by some of the most conservative members of the Curia, has already warned seminarians in Rome and elsewhere not to spend time following the proceedings of the Council or listening to Council *periti* lest their outlook be corrupted, and the rectors of seminaries have been ordered not to allow the *periti* to address their students.

A curious reaction against reform and *aggiornamento* has been noted here. Even such progressive leaders as Cardinals Franziskus König, of Vienna, and Bernard Alfrink, of Utrecht, have been sprinkling their speeches lately with repeated warnings against progressing too rapidly. The pattern for this change in emphasis is perhaps dictated by the Pope's own tortuous approach to the goal of reform. One surmise here is that it is all part of an elaborate strategy on his part to achieve his goals indirectly, with the minimum of fuss and disturbance. It may be that he has come to the conclusion that the only way to get around the intransigence and obstinacy of the conservative minority is by means of a feint. The last thing he wants is open revolt on either side. In the opinion of observers here, there are many small but hopeful signs of gain for the progressive point of view. Though each item may seem minor in itself, the aggregate makes an impressive total. For example, two professors at the Biblical Institute—Fathers Stanislas Lyonnet and Maximilian Zerwick—who were suspended from the faculty in 1962 by the Holy Office for, among other things, allegedly challenging the Scriptural basis of papal authority, have been quietly reinstated in

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their teaching posts. A commission has been appointed by the Pope to study all aspects—theological, medical, and sociological—of birth control and determine whether any revision of the Church's official attitude may be possible. (The commission includes lay experts as well as clerical ones.) Cardinal Francesco Roberti, a noted canonist, has been informally charged by the Pope to collect proposals and recommendations for the reform of the Curia. A permanent center for the study of comparative theology, aimed at promoting not only Christian unity but better relations with non-Christian faiths, is to be built in Jerusalem, and is to be staffed by scholars of all faiths. There have twice been exchanges of telegrams between Pope Paul VI and the Russian Orthodox Patriarch Aleksei of Moscow; the Pope sent a message to the Patriarch last Easter, and the Patriarch sent one to the Pope on the anniversary of Pope John's death last June. Finally, the Pope has decided that women auditors will be permitted to attend some meetings of the Council. As Cardinal Augustin Bea, the venerable chief of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, said in an interview, "What has been written about the supposed yielding of Pope Paul VI and his departure from the line and the proposals of Pope John is out of place. Pope Paul VI is undoubtedly proceeding in quite a personal manner, but at the same time he is keeping consistently and vigorously to Pope John's program."

The exact significance of the various moves made by the conservative element may not be clear, but ultimately they are bound to be futile, because the appeal of *aggiornamento* is quite naturally strongest among youthful semi-

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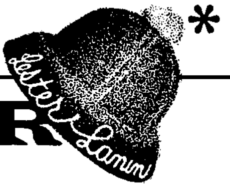

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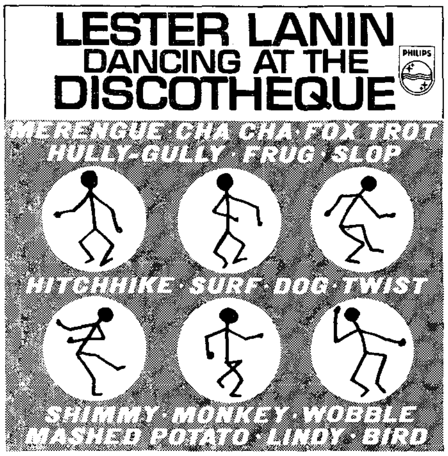
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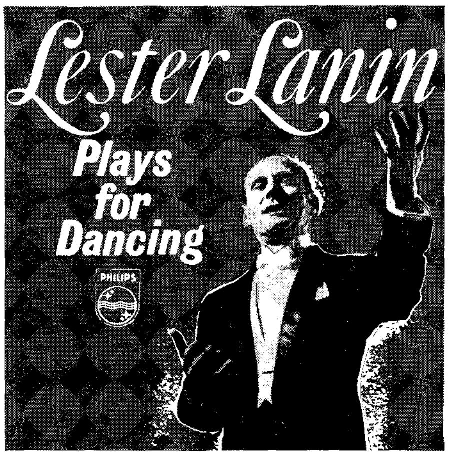

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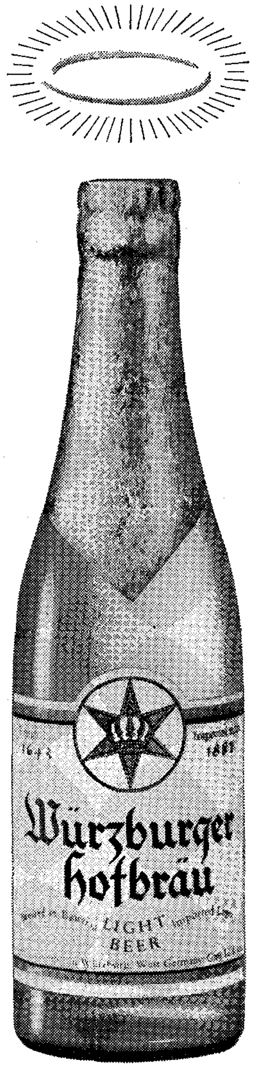

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narians and junior members of the clergy. An angry-young-priest attitude has been evident recently in certain seminaries in Holland and Belgium, as one might expect from areas with a strong tradition of articulate protest, but there has also been one in the United States, and that was unexpected. The incident of the young Los Angeles curate who wrote an open letter to the Pope criticizing his cardinal on a *moral* issue—the equal rights of Negroes—alarmed Roman officials, particularly since the cardinal, James Francis McIntyre, was forced into a corner where, instead of summarily depriving the young man of his ecclesiastical faculties and banishing him from the diocese (as would certainly have happened only a few years ago) he felt he could do no more than transfer him to another parish.

One aspect of the reaction against *aggiornamento* can be found in the statements of two English Catholics, Archbishop John Heenan and Evelyn Waugh. In the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, Archbishop Heenan, the head of the English hierarchy, wrote of what he called the "mythology" of John XXIII in these words: "The mythical John is being built up into a man with phenomenal perception . . . determined to make the Church free for scholars of every degree of immaturity. No longer would restrictions of any kind be put on freedom of thought. Away with censorship! Down with the Roman Curia! Set free the people of God!" According to the Archbishop, the chief difference between Pope John the man and Pope John the myth "is that the real John was no genius," and he added, "My Pope John was more like a benevolent parish priest. I doubt if he had read many of the books of contemporary theologians. He made scholars smile when he told them the name of his favorite bedside book, Father Faber's 'All for Jesus.'" Archbishop Heenan's article also stated that Pope John never seemed very sure of what he wanted for the Church: "He was rather bewildered by the Council. He told me that the idea for holding the Council came to him quite suddenly. . . . The Pope thought that if the Council started in October, it would be over by Christmas. This was like a pathetic echo from the England of 1914 and 1939. Simple people always think a war will be over by Christmas." As for Mr. Waugh, in a letter to the *Catholic Herald* he also presented John XXIII as a rather nice but gullible old man. "Pope John's life at Bergamo, Rome, in the Levant, at Paris and Ven-

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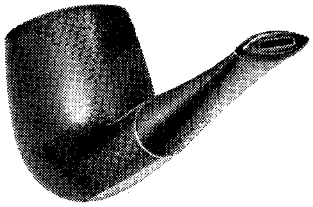

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ice was lived with very meagre association with Protestants until, in his extreme old age, he found himself visited by polite clergymen of various sects whom he greeted, as he did the Russian atheists, with consummate courtesy," Mr. Waugh wrote. "I do not believe he had any conception of the true character of modern Protestantism."

Yet if doubts still exist about the spiritual genius of Pope John, the publication in Rome this year of his diary, "Il Giornale dell'Anima," ought to put them to rest. This big (542 pages), handsomely produced and illustrated volume was edited by his secretary, Don Loris Capovilla. Issued under the imprint of a small Roman publishing house, Edizioni di Storia e Letteratura, the diary went into several printings soon after its appearance and was something of a religious best-seller here, at five thousand lire, or eight dollars, a copy. (An English translation, "Journal of a Soul," is to be published in the United States by McGraw-Hill, which is reported to have paid the Italian publisher an advance of nearly a hundred thousand dollars for book rights—an especially interesting figure when one recalls that at his death Pope John left his family the equivalent of thirty-six dollars.) In one entry, on the eve of the opening of the Council, Pope John writes, "After three years of preparation, laborious to be sure, but also happy and serene, here we are—at the foot of the holy mountain." (This hardly confirms Archbishop Heenan's belief that he expected the Council to be over by Christmas.) The high point of the journal is John's brief entry recording the great moment of inspiration that occurred on January 20, 1959, when "*la parola di Concilio Ecumenico*" came to his lips during a talk with the late Cardinal Tardini, his Secretary of State. The words that follow in the diary are classic: "Because no one had given me the slightest hint of it, the first one to be surprised by my proposal was I myself."

—XAVIER RYNNE

•

A Republican candidate in the West Side 6th Assembly District called yesterday for clarification of the "retreat law," a principle of American jurisprudence carried over from English common law which is rarely understood, which often puts an innocent victim in double jeopardy, victim in double jeopardy, once with his assailant, once with the law.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

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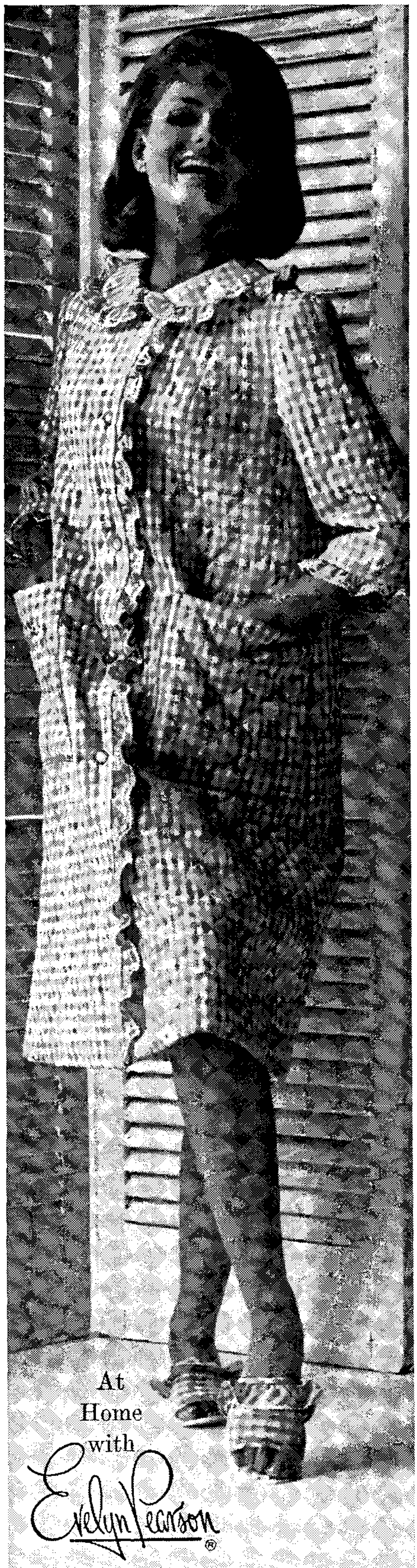

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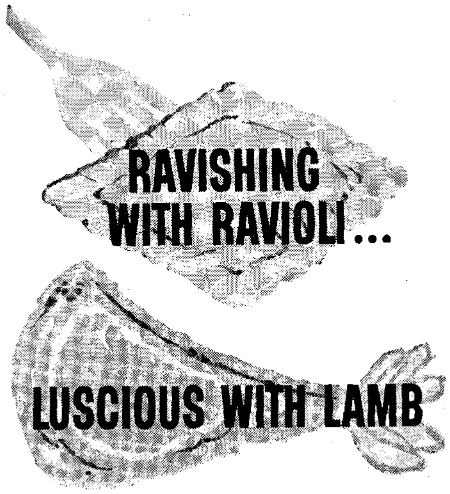
THE RACE TRACK

Busy, Busy

THE New Hampshire Sweepstakes, the Arlington-Washington Futurity, the Matron Stakes, and the World's Playground Stakes all came piling in last Saturday. Earlier in the week, there was the Aqueduct Stakes and before that the Maskette Handicap, so a great deal of skipping around was indulged in by this department. To start off with the event at Rockingham Park, which was the first lottery in this country to be determined by a horse race, I'm pleased to report that it went off as successfully as everybody had thought it would. All told, 1,910,031 tickets at three dollars apiece were sold on the sweepstakes, totting up to $5,730,093, and the race itself was a thriller, with Roman Brother, the odds-on favorite, winning by half a length from Knightly Manner. Purser was third. It was assumed that with the prize money going into six figures, and with so many of the three hundred and thirty-two three-year-old nominees at loose ends, there would be more starters than the track could accommodate, but only eleven went to the post, and that was just as well, because there was as much crowding as you'd see in a Kentucky Derby. Old Stoney was quickest away, and for three-quarters of the mile and three-sixteenths he held the lead over Wil Rad, a colt from California who was ridden by Longden, and Prairie Schooner. Roman Brother began slowly; in fact, for the first quarter he was tenth, only a couple of lengths ahead of Bupers. Then he began to move, and, sweeping past everything, took the lead in the last furlong despite the challenge of Knightly Manner, who came up fast on the rail. The purse was $144,820, and Roman Brother's share of it was $94,133. Each of the six holders of sweepstakes tickets on him collected $100,000.

Although it was the most important day in the history of the Rockingham track, which Bet-a-Million Gates built in the piny New Hampshire woods in 1906, and which Lou Smith took over in 1933 and has been running ever since, attendance was far below expectations. Only 17,781 spectators were in the stand and infield, compared to a turnout of 31,478 on Labor Day. No doubt the predictions in the press



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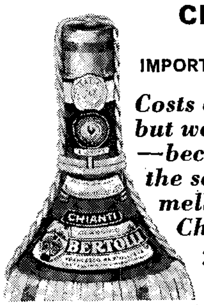

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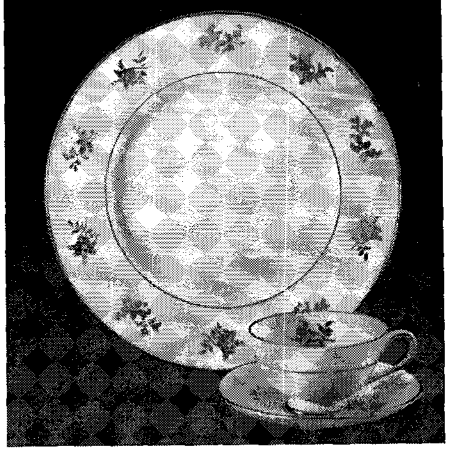

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that there would be a crowd of at least fifty thousand on the grounds prompted customers to stay away. (This has happened on several occasions at Belmont Park.) Well, next year the purse will be more than $250,000, and there will probably be a different story to tell. While we're on the subject, tickets on the 1965 Sweepstakes were on sale at Rockingham all last week and were being punched out at the rate of two hundred a day. But then you don't have to wait for the next New Hampshire Sweepstakes to make a score; at Roosevelt Raceway the other evening, the twin double paid $172,726.

AS you've probably heard, Chicago's Arlington-Washington Futurity has the biggest purse in racing—this year it was $349,925—and Jockey Shoemaker has an eye for the high dollar and for a winner. So when the horse he was scheduled to ride in the Futurity—I'm Nashville—was scratched, he applied for the mount on Sadair, who won the Saratoga Special last month, and he got it, too, even though Valenzuela, Kelso's favorite rider, had been engaged by Sadair's stable for the race. Shoemaker must know how to pick them, because, from all accounts, Sadair was much the best of the fourteen runners. He left the gate smartly and was closest to the lively pace set by Umbrella Fella as far as the turn for home, at which point he took the lead, going on to win by a couple of lengths. Royal Gunner, Umbrella Fella's stablemate, about whom I'd been hearing a lot, was third. Time Tested, the hope of New York horseplayers, was never in the picture.

KELSO is himself again. Coming from far behind in the last three furlongs of the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on Labor Day, he raced Gun Bow into submission after a furious struggle, to win by nearly a length. Saidam was third, half a dozen lengths behind. Kelso may not be the greatest race horse ever turned out in America (aging shellbacks hold that this distinction belongs to Man o' War), but he certainly is the most popular. There was applause for him as he was led to the paddock (he looked better than I've ever seen him), and there was louder handclapping, plus shouts of encouragement, as he paraded to the post, and more of the same when he went into the starting gate, but all this was barely a whisper compared to the roar from the stand as his number went up, and I've never heard an ovation for a horse—not even for Native Dancer

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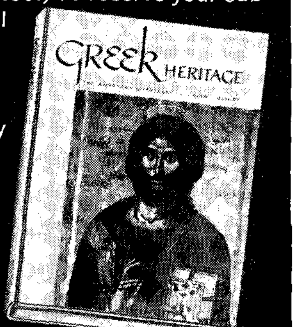

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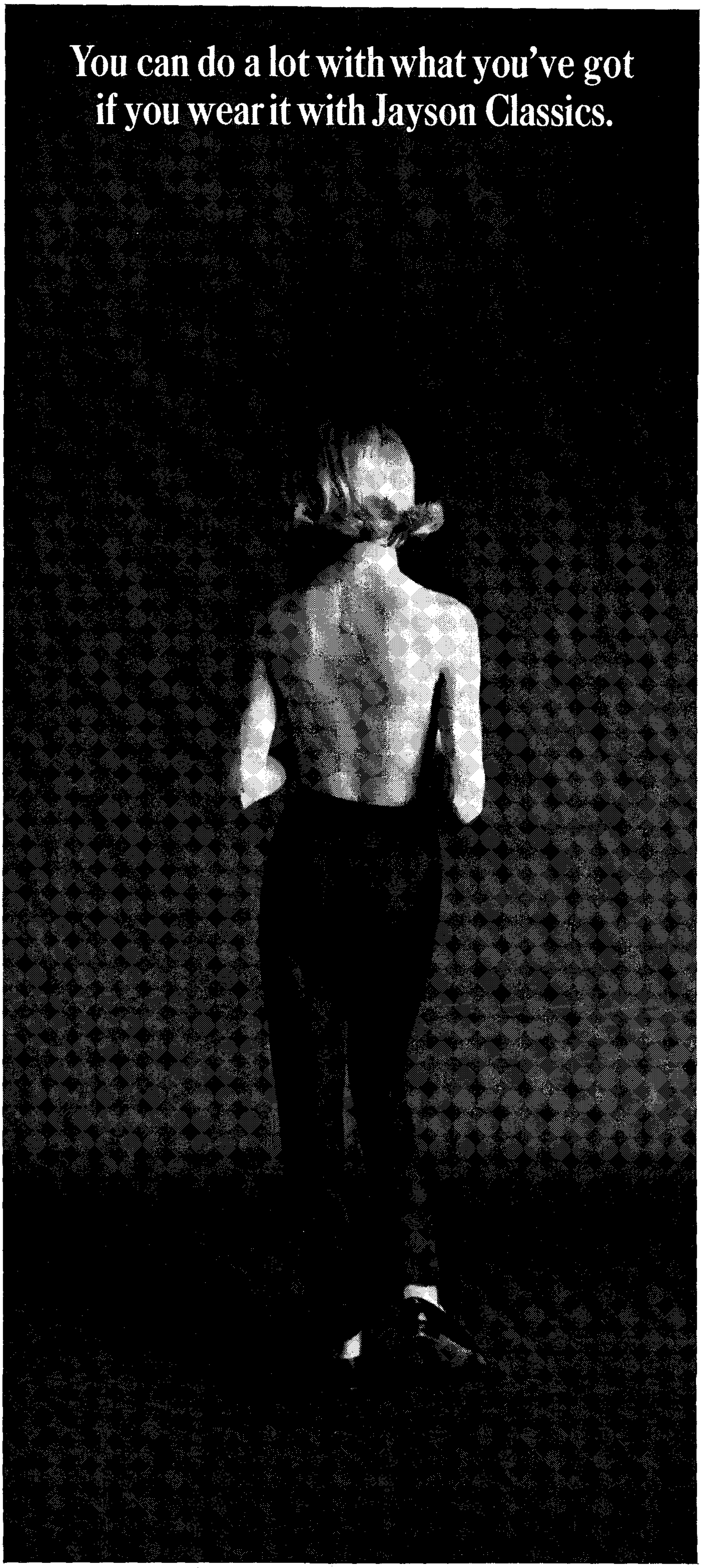
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or Stymie—like the one that greeted him when he was led into the winner's circle. Mind you, he wasn't the favorite in the betting—Gun Bow was, at 11–20—but it sounded as if many of Gun Bow's backers were cheering, too.

As for the race, Gun Bow took the lead in the first few strides and for six of the nine furlongs increased it as he went along. Going down the backstretch, he was in front by five lengths, just breezing, and Blum, who rode him, was sitting straight up in the saddle, the picture of assurance. Kelso got away second, and Valenzuela, his rider, kept hustling him along—something he doesn't usually do. On the far turn, Kelso began his run, and, closing the gap with almost every stride, caught Gun Bow as they swung into the homestretch. It was a smashing performance for a seven-year-old who has been taking on the best for five seasons. Still, I can't help thinking—with no desire to belittle the credit due Kelso, his rider, and his trainer—that it was lucky for him that Blum was such a poor judge of pace that afternoon. Gun Bow did the first quarter in 0:23⅕ and the next in 0:23⅖ (second-class horses run that fast), and at the half he was still on a tight rein and far in front. The third quarter was run in 0:24⅕, and the fourth in 0:24⅘. It was in this quarter that Kelso overhauled Gun Bow. Second-guessing is easy, but if Blum had asked his mount for speed on the turn for home, the way he did in the Brooklyn, when Gun Bow beat Kelso, he might not have been caught. Anyhow, it was a great race, and Kelso deserves full marks.

RECENTLY, it was suggested in these notes that Candalita could be our best two-year-old filly. She added the prized Matron Stakes to her list at Aqueduct last Saturday. Having taken the lead at the start, she was never headed, and won by a length from Admiring. Another race at Aqueduct worth remembering was the Maskette Handicap, in which Tosmah gave big weight to a dozen other fillies and beat them, with no apparent effort, by six lengths or so. Though she is big, burly, and rather lacking in quality, she reminds me of Gallorette, one of our top race mares—not in conformation but in the powerful way she runs. . . . Just for the record, Bosun romped off with the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City, beating Whistling Kettle, Beaupy, and ten other two-year-olds. —AUDAX MINOR

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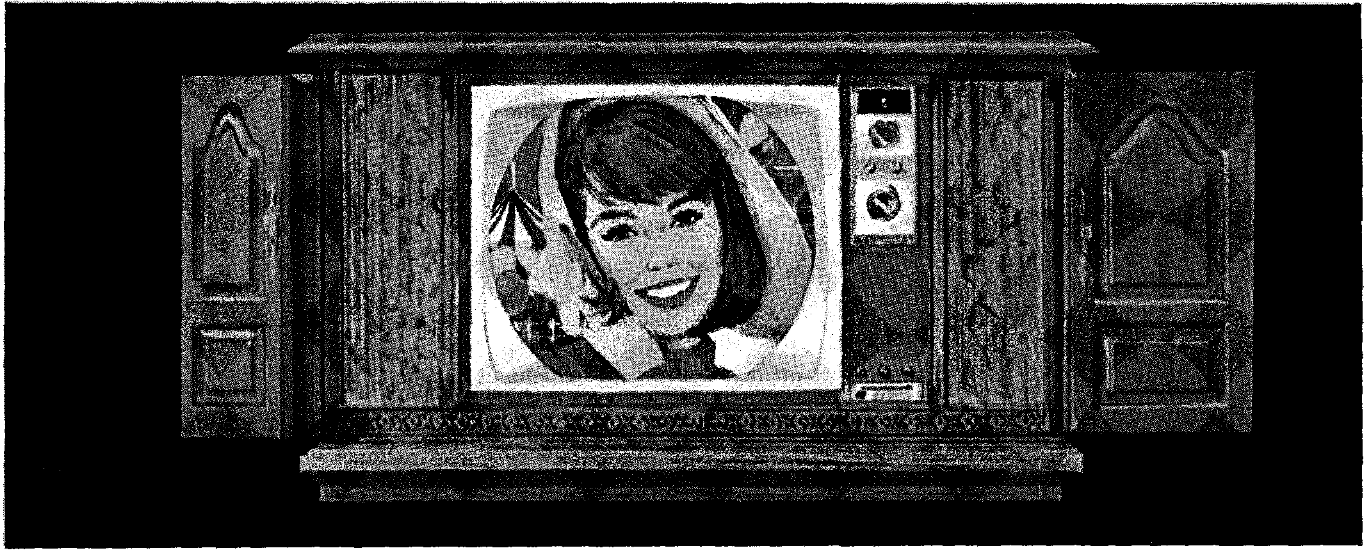

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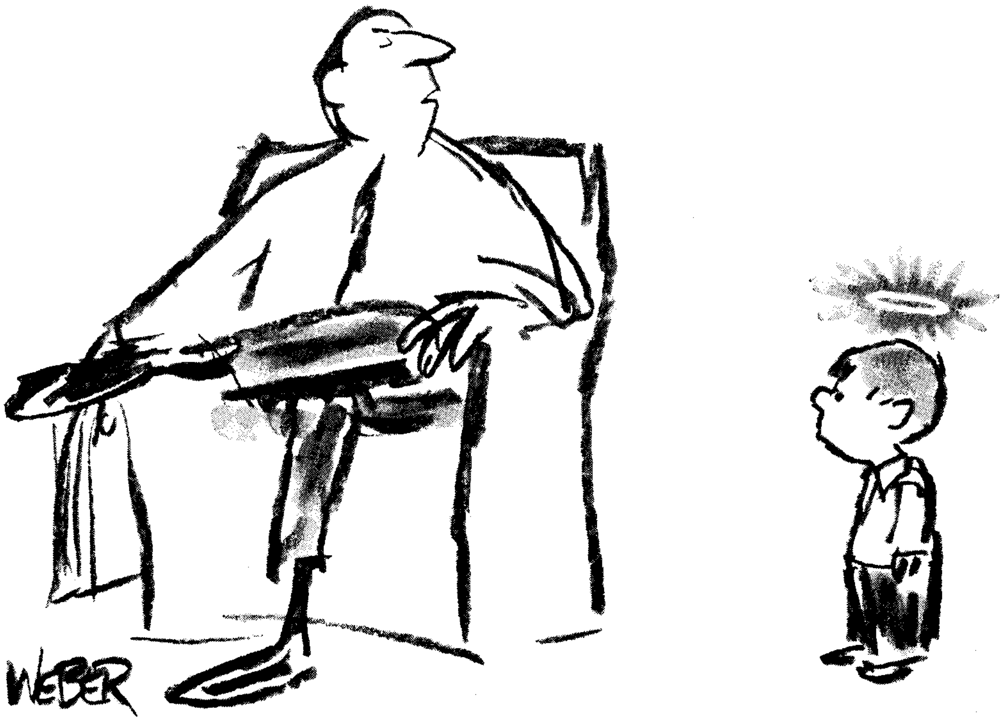
LETTER FROM SAIGON

SEPTEMBER 9

IN my memory of Saigon's recent weeks of agony, the single episode that stands out most vividly occurred on Thursday, August 27th, at about nine in the evening, while I was having dinner with some friends on the veranda of the Continental Hotel. It had been an insane sort of day since shortly after noon, when the siesta hour was abruptly interrupted by the appearance all over town of hundreds of young men and women bicyclists, who seemed to have come out of nowhere and to be heading in every direction. This was the beginning of the huge demonstrations by predominantly Catholic crowds in answer to the Buddhist and student demonstrations of the previous six days, and the bicyclists were actually heading for some twenty predetermined gathering points scattered around the city. In midafternoon, during the biggest Catholic demonstration, which took place in front of the Vietnamese military headquarters, on the outskirts of Saigon, six persons were killed when Army troops drawn up inside the gates behind rolls of barbed wire fired above the heads of the surging demonstrators and in front of their feet, and the bullets ricocheted downward off the ceiling of the ornamental entranceway or upward from the pavement. At dusk, I had gone to visit a Vietnamese friend who lives on one of the city's busiest thoroughfares, and while trapped in a small taxi in a dusty traffic jam that was even worse than the usual traffic jam at that time of day, I saw at least twenty young men with bloodied bandages on their heads or arms or legs—the consequence of battles waged with knives and clubs in front of the government radio station and in the market area, and at various other spots. These had left seven more people dead and at least forty seriously injured. Now, at nine o'clock, the city seemed to have calmed down—temporarily, at least—and over our dinner my friends and I were discussing the implications of the day's events, which had raised the tension between the Buddhists and the Catholics to new heights and had resulted in the emergency installation late that afternoon of what appeared to be a totally unworkable triumvirate of competing generals to control the nation's affairs for the next two months. During this time, an attempt would be made to organize a new government to replace the one still theoretically headed by General Nguyen Khanh, who was one of the triumvirate of generals, and also, apparently, was still Premier, though he had resigned as President two days earlier. Actually, no one knew just what Khanh's status was or what kind of interim government, if any, was in control, and everybody at the dinner table concluded that the prevailing anarchy in the absence of any clear leadership made the situation all but hopeless. Then, as we were having coffee, we heard fresh shouts from higher up Tu Do, the street running alongside the veranda, but for some reason—probably because we were worn out by the day's events—we did not bother to get up. We simply sat there and waited. The shouts grew louder, and then, running pell-mell past us out in the street and along the sidewalks, came perhaps three hundred boys, barefoot and dressed in ragged shirts and shorts. Their ages ranged from eight or nine to sixteen or seventeen, and the larger boys carried sticks about four feet long, while the smaller boys brandished shorter clubs. Anyone could see that these were not ordinary Buddhist youths but Teddy boys and ragtail kids, and there could be no doubt that someone—and it was later fairly well established that the someone was agents of the Communist Vietcong, who had been consistently taking advantage of the popular unrest—had got them together, issued them uniformly sized cudgels, and paid them to make trouble. As they swept past—it turned out that they were heading for a nearby statue commemorating the death of a young girl who was killed by the police a year ago, during the Buddhist disorders that helped bring about the fall of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime—the piercing shrieks of the smaller boys sounded like shrill bird cries above the raucous shouts of the older ones, whose voices were just changing. As I watched them swing into the broad square in front of the hotel, I was reminded of William Golding's novel "Lord of the Flies." I felt that his story of murderous instincts breaking out among a group of boys was coming to life before my eyes, except that here the savagery was organized and fomented by adults, instead of being instinctive. Anyway, these stampeding, club-wielding children seemed to me the saddest manifestation so far of Vietnam's threatened disintegration.

The boys rampaged through the streets until long after midnight—the hour of the curfew, which they utterly disregarded—and then straggled off home. They were back the next morning, though, and in the afternoon one of them was among four more persons killed as street battles involving Buddhists, Catholics, and mixed bands of



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hooligans spread throughout the city. The local police and all troops within the city limits had been disarmed by government order, to forestall the same sort of charges of police brutality that had plagued the Diem regime, and they simply stood by and watched as the mobs roamed at will, sometimes commandeering trucks and buses. Not until Saturday, when paratroops were rushed into town and the police were authorized to use guns and bayonets to keep the demonstrators in check, was order reëstablished. By then, however, the disintegration had gone so far that I, for one, felt grave doubts about Vietnam's ability to survive. In the next five or six days, my doubts diminished only slightly. General Khanh was in the mountain resort of Dalat, north of Saigon, where he was said to be suffering from exhaustion and also to be pondering his future and the future of his country, and as the government foundered, a sort of vacuum engulfed the capital. There were repeated rumors of a new coup, and the moment certainly seemed ripe for one. Two groups, in particular, posed a threat. One was the Dai Viet, a right-wing nationalist political party, which had abandoned an earlier alliance with the government and was now plotting against Khanh, with the collusion of at least one top-ranking general and a number of senior officers in key commands around Saigon. The other was the so-called Colonels' Group, composed of the commanding officers and staffs of divisions and regiments that had played a decisive role in the coup that overthrew Diem last November; feeling themselves cheated of the spoils of victory at that time, the officers had become increasingly discontented as they watched the bickering of the generals who were supposedly running the country. During the night of September 2nd, dissident troops, most of them aligned with the Dai Viet, actually began to move on the city; what brought them to a halt was quick action by some of the Colonels' Group, who had got wind of the plot and—for the time being, it appeared—had decided to string along with General Khanh on the chance that he would come to life again. Both the Buddhists and local college students—the latter have recently organized themselves into half a dozen loosely defined factions—were adding to the prevailing turmoil by issuing veiled threats of further action, while in the city of Hué, in central Vietnam, a burgeoning movement with distinct overtones of separatism was also attacking the temporary government. Finally, on Thursday,

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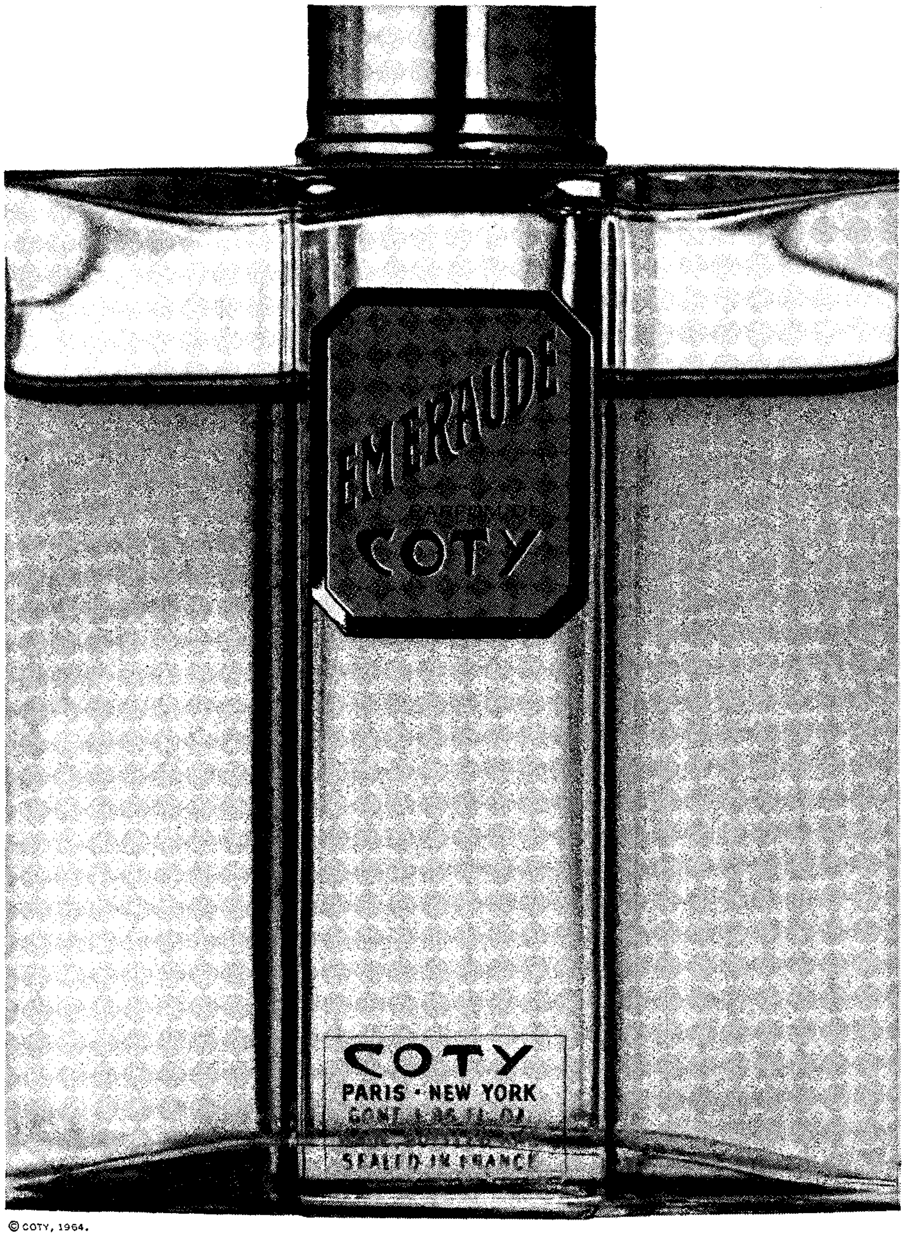
September 3rd, General Khanh returned to the capital and the following day announced a tentative program for getting the country back on its feet and setting up administrative machinery to carry it through the next two months. Under the direction of the triumvirate, a new provisional government of civilians is to replace the military, while a High Council, composed of about fifteen leading citizens of all walks of life, including religious and political figures, is to draft a new constitution and work out the procedures for selecting a National Congress of about two hundred persons, which will serve until a new National Assembly is elected next fall. At the moment, it appears that even if the civilian elements can get together, and stick together, which isn't very likely, and even if both the religious climate and the political climate become peaceful, which is still less likely, the formula proposed by Khanh for setting up democratic institutions will be difficult to apply.

LOOKED at in the perspective of the last seven months, the present crisis seems to have been inevitable, for it was the product of a unique set of circumstances. Perhaps the most important was the predicament with which General Khanh was faced after he seized power, last January 30th—a predicament arising out of the peculiarities of his character. In overthrowing the November junta, headed by General Duong Van Minh, Khanh and his fellow-conspirators accused four of General Minh's top aides—falsely, it now appears—of collaborating secretly with the French to make Vietnam neutralist. Since Khanh never proved his charges, there came to seem something shoddy about the way he had taken over, and since he had always been somewhat of an isolated and lonely figure anyway, he was unable to acquire either the heroic stature or the national popularity that might have enabled him to create a unified government. The consequence was that he simply drifted, month after month, while his mistakes mounted up. A sort of pattern evolved, revealing Khanh to be a man whose surface sophistication did not altogether hide his unsureness of himself. He repeatedly veered between a state of absolute immobility, in which he appeared incapable either of taking strong measures when he should take them or of making concessions when they seemed advisable, and a state of something like panic, in which he almost invariably took the strong measures, or made the concessions, at



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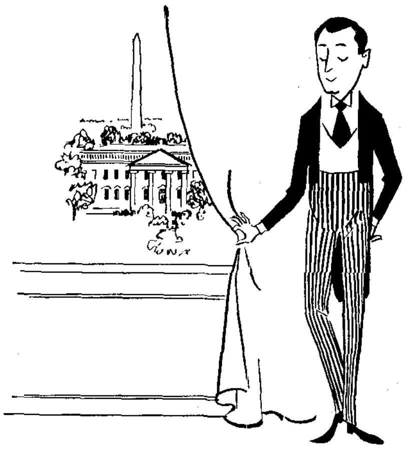
the wrong time and in the wrong way, and thus played into the hands of his enemies.

A second factor contributing to the crisis was the manner in which American diplomacy was, or was not, applied. From the day Khanh took power, the American position was that he was "our boy," and repeated statements, originating both here and in Washington, made it clear that we would back him all the way in his efforts to govern the country and continue the war against the Vietcong. The schedule of American military and economic aid was stepped up, and there was a fresh influx of "brain trusters" into Saigon and of technicians into the provinces to expedite the pacification program that Khanh had introduced. But what we failed to do, it is now being openly said by those who have watched the crisis unfold, was to use our diplomatic influence at opportune moments in such a way that Khanh—who needed strong advice, and who, because he lacked any close Vietnamese friends, was especially dependent on the Americans—would take appropriate steps to save the situation. Instead, we drifted just about as aimlessly as he did, and were just as immobile as he was, and when we did act, our timing, like his, was consistently off. The important thing, people here feel, is not whether this was the fault of Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor, who replaced Henry Cabot Lodge in July, or of the Embassy staff, or of the State Department or the White House back home—although it has become rather painfully clear that the personal relationship between Khanh and Taylor is not nearly as close as the one that developed between Khanh and Lodge. What is important is that our policy, or lack of policy, revealed some flaws in our own national character. It pointed up, for instance, our habit of backing one man so completely that alternatives in various contingencies are not sufficiently considered, and it also showed that in concentrating on individuals we have tended to neglect the aspirations of the mass of the people, which find expression through the emergence of political parties and trade unions, for example, and of community and religious movements.

Our diplomacy has another flaw as well, which a foreign diplomatic friend of mine has summed up as follows: "The whole American diplomatic system has become so cumbersome in itself, so convoluted and involuted, that it's practically impossible nowadays for



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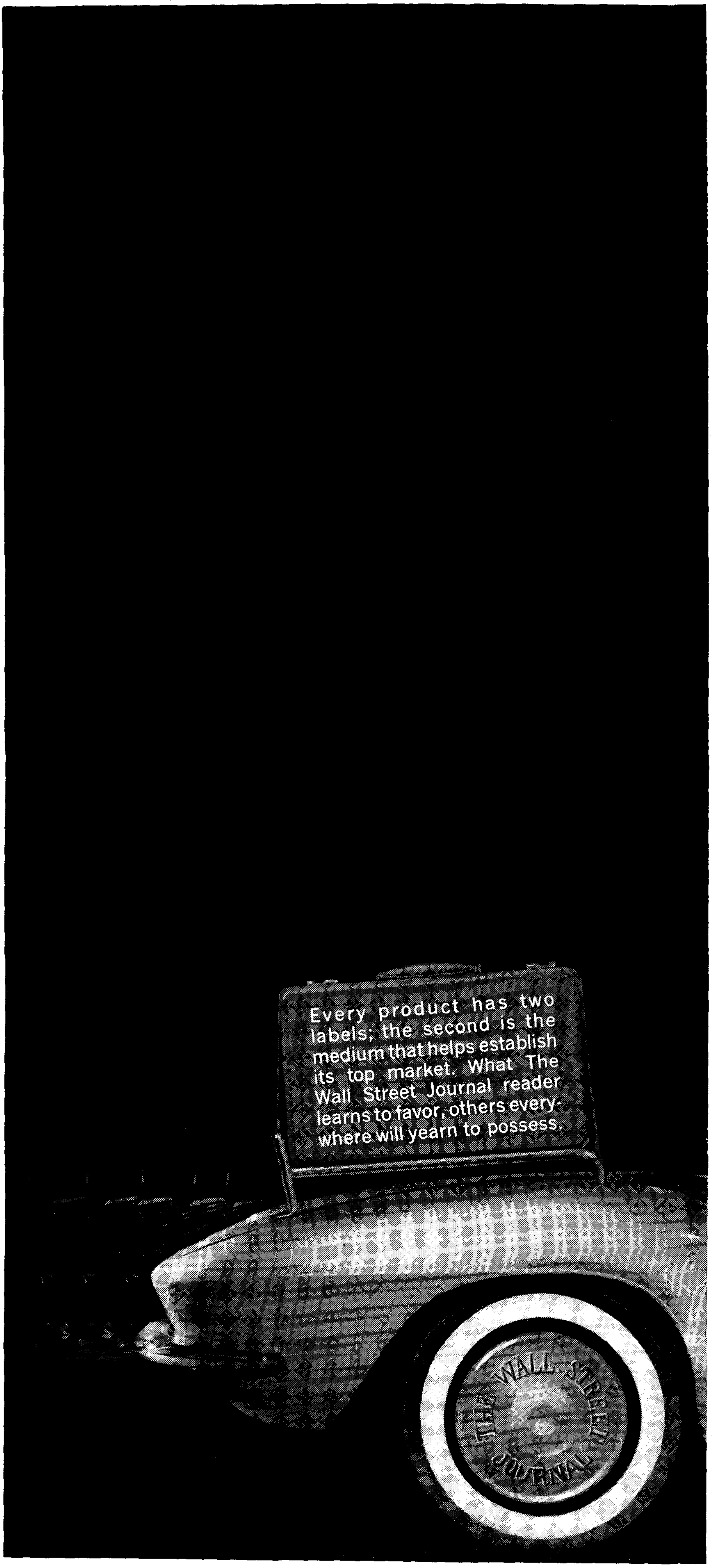
your people to make a decision in a hurry and act on it. Too many matters, it seems, have to be referred to Washington, where they go through a myriad of channels—from the White House to the State Department to the Pentagon to the Central Intelligence Agency, and so on. The result is that practically nothing gets done in time. The same thing is true of all of us to some extent, I suppose, but the American system of government seems especially geared to provoking uncertainty and delay." Whatever the validity of this appraisal, there is no denying that although Ambassador Taylor has been making some decisions on the spot, his peculiar status as a military man without much political experience, combined with the complicated nature of the Vietnamese problem and the fact that, in this election year, the Johnson administration has taken a special interest in the whole Vietnamese situation, has meant that much of what has been done or not done in Saigon has been strongly influenced by Washington. Resiliency and imaginative diplomacy in the field have thus been correspondingly inhibited.

A third factor contributing to the crisis was the inherent jealousy and mistrust that have traditionally existed among all Vietnamese—not only generals, politicians, and religious leaders but the people under them—and have virtually precluded any cohesion or consistency in the current war effort. Not long ago, an American diplomat was impelled to ask, "Is there one Vietnamese anywhere who has a good thing to say about another?" Certainly the divisiveness and self-destructiveness that are endemic here became particularly flagrant after the overthrow of the Diem regime and reached a climax in the events of the last month. Individual was pitted against individual, and group against group, the motivating impulse in nearly every case being greed for money or power or the desire for self-preservation, rather than the preservation of the country in time of war. As an old Vietnamese saying goes, "At times such as this, insects turn into human beings." Strangely, General Khanh, despite all his mistakes and despite charges that he was trying to be a dictator, has emerged as one of the few exceptions. Most neutral observers are now concluding that the Vietnamese may well be incapable of burying their differences and governing themselves. The question, then, is: Are the Americans finally prepared to play a more decisive political role?

A fourth factor in the development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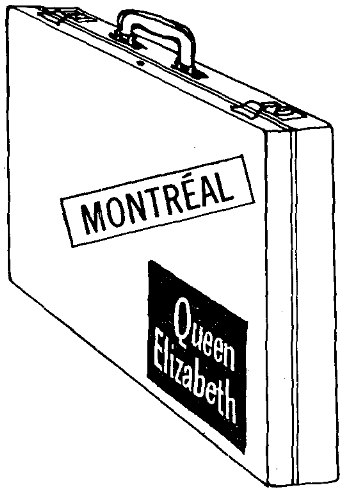
of the crisis—and a most provocative one, since it has also been an ever-present and increasingly powerful factor in the entire Vietnamese situation—was the part played by the Buddhist militants and by the Communists. Their roles were separate, but they were parallel, and each intensified the destructive effect of the other. The Communists made their expected moves. Not only did the Vietcong help provoke the crisis by working among certain elements in the city—most notably the various student factions and the mobs of hoodlums—but, once the violence had begun, Communist agents, brought in for the purpose, fanned it as hard as they could. During this period, they concentrated almost entirely on a political offensive rather than a military one, but now renewed Vietcong military action is expected, accompanying and backing up continued political and terrorist activity. Moreover, I have learned that in the last few weeks the Communist government in Hanoi has sent in a number of high-ranking military and political men who have relatives in the Saigon government and in the Army. It is a common thing in Vietnam for families to be divided; many southerners have brothers or sisters or other relatives in the north. This is the first time, however, that the Communists have tried to use family relationships in making a direct or indirect approach to South Vietnamese leaders—they would never have dared do such a thing in the days of the Diem regime—and the decision shows just how shaky they think the government here is and just how close to victory they think they may be. Among the men who are said to have come south and to be in the vicinity of Saigon right now is a brother of General Duong Van Minh, the former Chief of State who is now one of the three generals on the triumvirate. It is also seen as conceivable here that the Vietcong, having observed how readily the mobs defied the Army in the city's streets, will soon attempt a coup of its own. In any event, the National Liberation Front, which is the clandestine arm of the Communists in South Vietnam, is urging an increase in mob violence.

The situation involving the Buddhists is a more complicated one. It was the militant Buddhists who were largely responsible for provoking the government crisis and forcing it to come to a head in the streets. The leading strategist of this group is Tri Quang, a highly ambitious forty-two-year-old monk, whose primary strength lies among the



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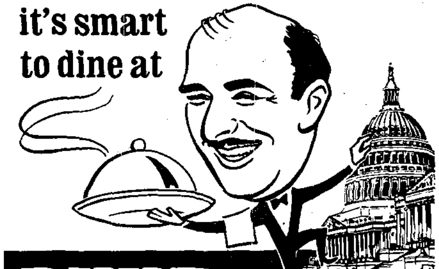

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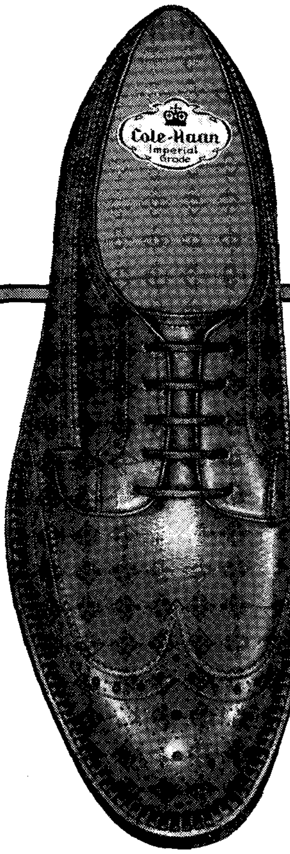
Buddhist masses in central Vietnam. Beginning in 1946, he worked with the Communist Vietminh for four years, and he is known to have had official contacts with North Vietnamese Buddhist elements as late as 1958. He is said to have allowed his pagodas in central Vietnam to be used as refuges for Vietcong agents and soldiers, and also for deserters from the South Vietnam Army. Although he claims that his interests are purely religious, he has shown himself, first during the campaign against Diem and again now, to be intensely concerned with political matters, and although he denies that he is either a Communist or a neutralist, there are those here who maintain that he is surely one or the other, or else plays their game in such a way that, whether he is using them or they are using him, the result in terms of chaos and disintegration is the same. Official American opinion, which was formerly divided about Tri Quang and rather inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, has swung firmly against him, and he is now being described in reports as "a dangerous man." Tri Quang's long-term aim, it is widely believed, is to make Vietnam a Buddhist neutralist nation in the Southeast Asia bloc, on the order of Ceylon and Burma. His short-term aim, as became apparent during the recent crisis, is to guide events in such a way that his own position among the masses will be enhanced, enabling him to emerge—as he more or less has—as something of an autonomous "religious war lord" in central Vietnam. One way he achieved a good part of this aim was by using trained Buddhist organizers to gain a hold on the student demonstrations against General Khanh on the weekend of August 21st, which touched off the crisis. It quickly became apparent that the bona-fide student leaders were unable to control the rank and file, and that the militant Buddhists, including some who were not even students, were running the show—going back to the pagodas for orders and then returning to the scene of the demonstrations. Around the same time, the Buddhists injected themselves openly into the situation by demanding that the government cease its continued acts of repression against them—there had indeed been such acts, but they were only isolated instances, which the Buddhists exaggerated—and Tri Quang cleverly kept the ball rolling by alternating a moderate line and a tough one. The moderate line was voiced by another Buddhist leader, Tam Chau, who had been in competition with Tri Quang



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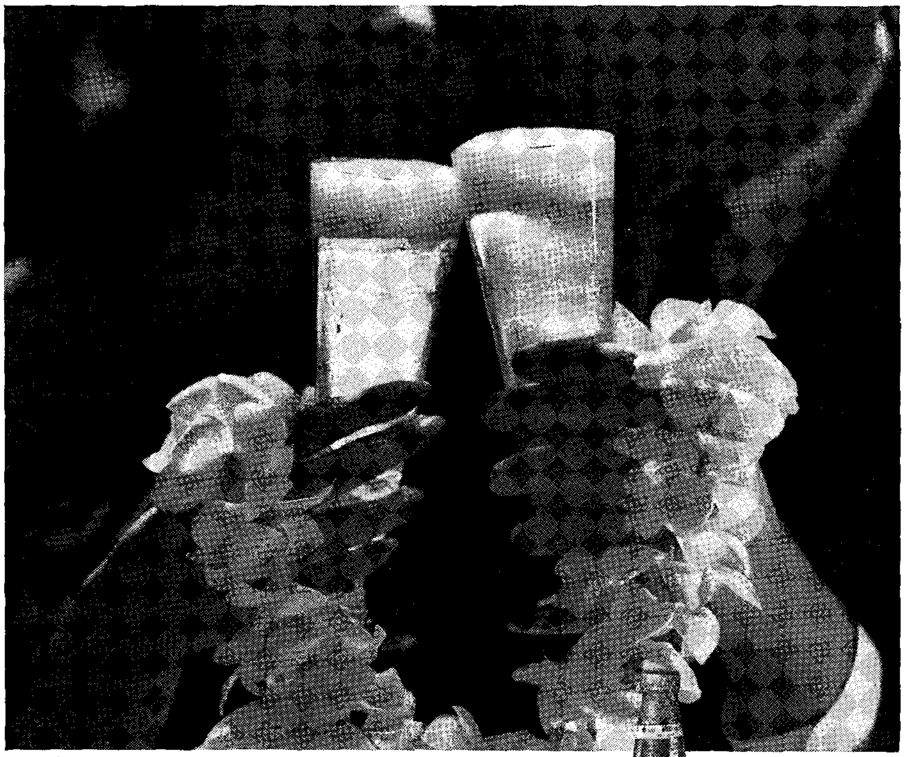

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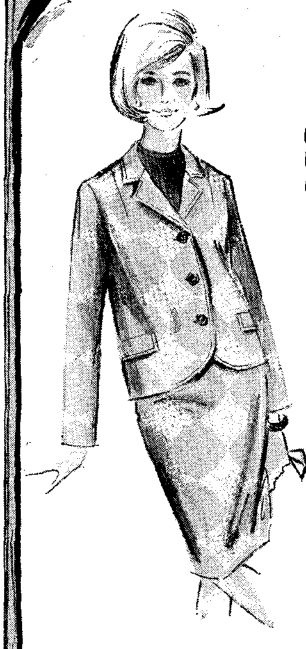
for control of the Buddhist masses in the south, and probably had greater influence in this region, but who in this case had to go along with Tri Quang if he wanted to maintain his position in the eyes of the Buddhist people in the countryside. Toward the end of the crisis, General Khanh was able to produce a letter pledging unified support of his government and signed by both Tri Quang and Tam Chau. There are people here who say that this letter cost the government something like twenty-two million piastres (around three hundred thousand dollars). This sort of transaction has never been uncommon in Vietnam, and the Buddhists unquestionably needed money for their recently intensified drive to attract more followers to the pagodas; besides, they had gained most of the concessions they wanted from the government, and had established themselves more firmly than ever in the central part of the country, so they could afford to relax briefly and make a show of unity before entering new demands. It seems unlikely that the Buddhists—or at least the dominant Tri Quang element—will really want to coöperate with the new Khanh government; they may pretend to, but their basic aim of establishing Buddhist supremacy in the country will surely remain paramount.

As for the incipient separatist movement in Hué, Tri Quang has publicly denied having any wish to establish an autonomous government. So has his principal lay lieutenant, Dr. Le Khac Quyen, who is the medical dean at the University of Hué, and who now also heads a new People's Revolutionary Committee, and so has Brevet General Nguyen Chanh Thi, the commander of the 1st Division and a highly emotional man, who has also worked closely with Tri Quang and who vehemently upheld the students' right to demonstrate in Hué. However, the tactics of the Hué group don't bear these statements out. While the leaders of the People's Revolutionary Committee profess to be anti-Communist and anti-neutralist, the language and most of the aims of the committee have a strong Communist ring to them. Dr. Quyen, with whom I recently had a long conversation, is a strange mixture of vague social theorist (he talks about wanting to establish syndicates of workers and professional people, *à la* Mussolini and some of the early European Socialists) and practical politician, who obviously has a lot of opportunism in his makeup. He made it clear that he has no love for the Saigon government, and he said that it is his committee's intention to



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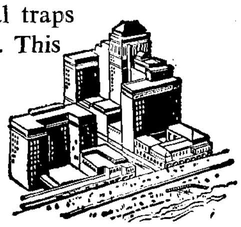

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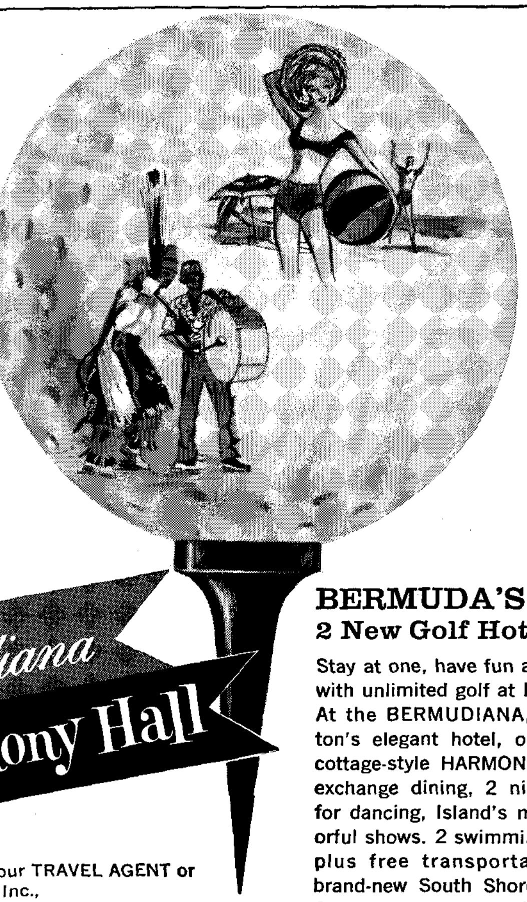
call a national convention, possibly on its own, with the aim of "establishing a revolutionary and clean government," and to summon a series of smaller provincial assemblies for the same purpose. These, it appears, would be "rump parliaments," assembled just at the time the government was facing the difficult task of selecting a new legislature to represent all elements in the country. In sum, these leaders in central Vietnam, though they pledge a guarded loyalty to Saigon, give every indication of being ready to go their own way whenever they may decide that this is desirable. The only thing that could hold them back is their awareness that central Vietnam is an economically backward region, without much rice, and that they might have trouble going it alone. If they should decide to risk it anyway, there can be little doubt that a large chunk of Vietnam would soon succumb to the Communists.

IN tracing the background of the recent crisis, one must first consider the November revolution and the forces, most of them inchoate, that it released. During the nine years of the Diem regime, and during the far longer period of French control before that, there had been no freedom of expression in Vietnam, and no democratic forms of any sort. When Diem fell, the dam burst. The desire to say what one wanted and to play a role in the society then emerging became all but obsessive, and it found expression more in clichés than in reasoned, constructive terms. This was true of political parties, of the religious movements, of student organizations, and of the press. Democracy was a new game, which everyone wanted to play, without understanding the rules. Moreover, at a time when the nation was in a serious predicament, the rules would have to be made quite limiting. But the military men who had taken power knew next to nothing about political theory or the facts of political life, so they had no idea how to design limited freedoms. As for the newly emancipated elements who were demanding more freedom, they had no idea how to temper these demands in view of the problems of a nation at war. On top of all that, there was a deep bitterness, the heritage of long years of oppression, and out of this grew a desire for personal and group vengeance. In such an atmosphere, chaos was bound to ensue.

The November junta, which lasted three months, did virtually nothing to meet the social and political challenge. Khanh, when he took over, began to



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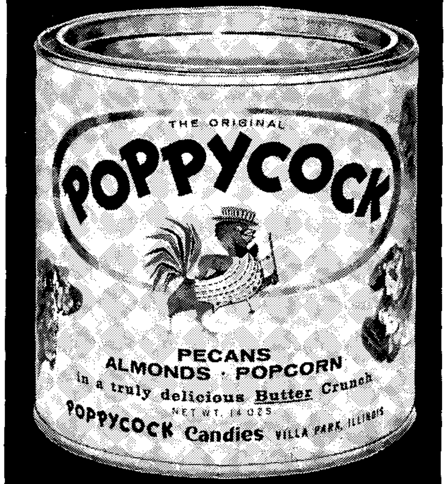
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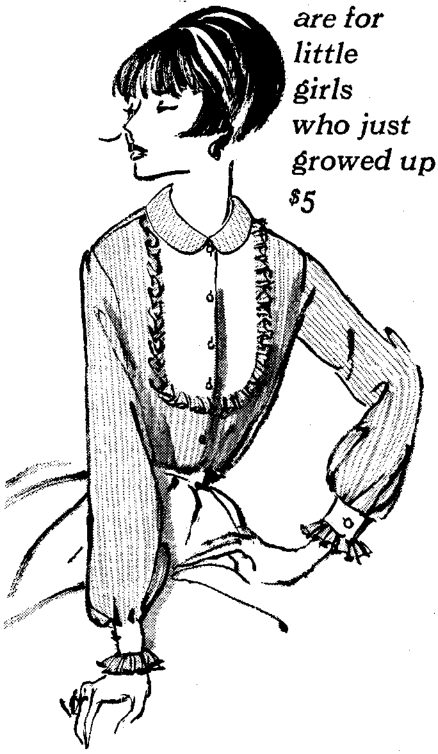
move in the direction of establishing democratic forms, but as soon as he did so, he recoiled. For example, he scheduled discussions with political leaders, but the talks got off to a poor start, so he abandoned them; it may be that it was too soon to think in terms of political parties and free elections, but Khanh would have done better not to open the door to the politicians at all than to open it a crack and then slam it shut—a move that simply aroused fresh discontent. Discontent on the part of the Buddhists also mounted quickly in some of the provinces, especially in central Vietnam, where a number of former Diem officials—notably members of the Can Lao, a secret political society that had been created by Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Nhu—were still holding lower-level jobs. The Catholic minority reacted to the Buddhist anger by claiming that they had become the object of Buddhist revenge, and tension soon found release in violence, leading to a number of deaths. This was just the sort of situation that Tri Quang had wanted, and he made the most of it, using it as a springboard for dynamic appeals to the masses and for attacks on the Saigon government. He adopted a xenophobic line as well, directing his criticism mostly against the Americans, who, he said, didn't understand the Vietnamese mind and should let the Vietnamese settle their own problems. While all this was going on, the university students in Saigon and Hué, who traditionally had not played much of a political role in Vietnam—certainly nothing like that played by their counterparts in China and, more recently, in Korea—began stirring, apparently without any clear appreciation of what they really wanted. Finally, in Saigon, the press went on a spree, indulging in savage castigation or in rumors of a kind that addled still further the people's already confused ideas and opinions of what was happening in the country. After a time, in the interests of security, the newspapers were partly muzzled again.

In attempting to deal with these essentially political matters, General Khanh, who is essentially a military man, found himself in deeper and deeper water. In mid-July, with the discontent still rising, he tried to counter it by rallying the nation to an attack on North Vietnam. This was not American policy, however, so it brought him into sharp conflict with Ambassador Taylor—an encounter that did little to strengthen their rather tenuous relationship. At this time, too, Khanh was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suddenly faced with the serious threat of a coup; this threat, like the later one, came from the Dai Viet, the plot, everyone surmised, being the work of Dr. Nguyen Ton Hoan, the leader of the Party, who was one of Khanh's three Vice-Premiers. He is said to have had the help of several Dai Viet military men, and the only thing that made the plotters hesitate, apparently, was a fear that even if they captured the government they would be unable to win the support of the Americans. Then, early in August, just when Khanh's position was at its shakiest, came the American air attacks on North Vietnamese patrol boats and naval bases in retaliation against the North Vietnamese attacks on the destroyer Maddox in the Gulf of Tonkin. Khanh hailed the American action not in the manner of a man who had just won a reprieve from collapse but with the poised assurance of a truly vindicated prophet. In a radio address, he solemnly called on the Vietnamese "to keep calm so as to clearly see your responsibilities in the face of events, brush aside private differences, and willingly submit yourself to the national discipline." What he did not do, and what many Vietnamese and one or two Americans told him he should have done, was arrest the leaders of the plot against him, including the dissident military elements, and thereby prevent the seeds of opposition from sprouting. Instead, on August 7th, he declared a state of emergency to exist throughout the country and imposed a number of restrictions on the liberties of the Vietnamese population; full censorship was reimposed, for one thing, and, for another, the government undertook to control the distribution of food.

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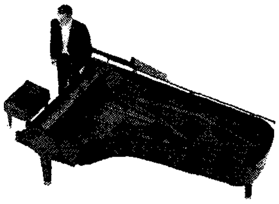

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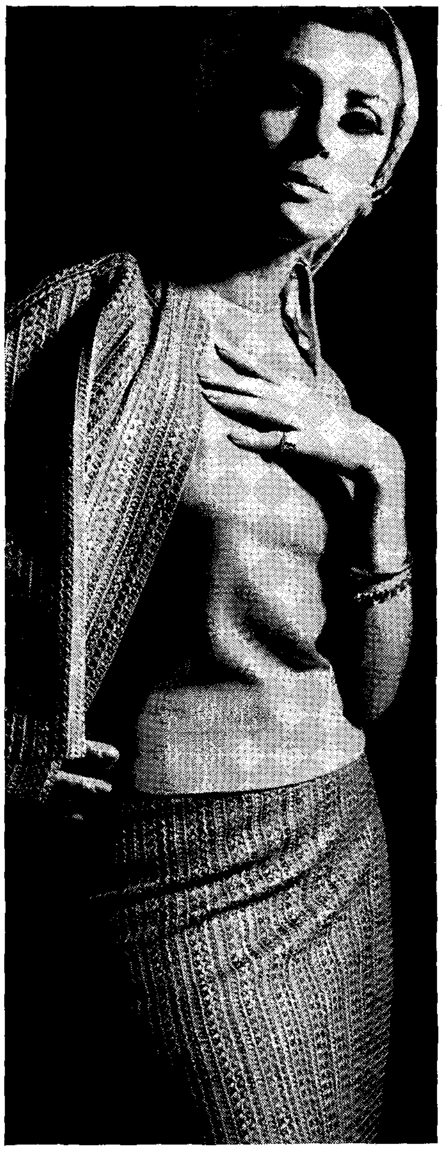

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Khanh committed what many people here consider his biggest blunder. Acting precipitately, he ignored various drafts for a new constitution that had been submitted to him by political groups and by independent jurists, and issued a hastily drawn and badly conceived constitution of his own, which gave him virtually supreme power. Khanh had previously shown the draft to Ambassador Taylor and to Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson, and they had persuaded him to tone down certain passages and insert a bill of rights, but they had not advised him to hold off altogether. Khanh got the Military Revolutionary Council, a group of sixty-two officers who were supposedly the highest ruling body in the nation, to approve his constitution at a special session. He thereupon automatically became President as well as Prime Minister, and thereby got rid of a thorn in his side that some people feel the Americans should have helped him remove sooner. This was General Minh, the sulky and inactive Chief of State, whose post the new constitution abolished. Relations between Khanh and Minh had always been bad and had lately been growing worse, but Ambassador Taylor had kept on trying to patch things up between them. Because Taylor was an old friend of Minh's, these efforts only aroused Khanh's suspicions of the Ambassador, even though Taylor kept assuring him that he had America's support. Today, critics here are saying that if the Americans had dealt more resolutely with the Minh problem, Minh could have been prevailed upon to leave the country, at least temporarily, and his departure would have done much to clear the air.

The week of August 16th probably offered Khanh his last chance to allay the unrest in a peaceful fashion. Had Khanh immediately shown some signs of carrying out his pledge to establish a broadly based civilian government to work under his new authority, the students and Buddhists might not have protested as strongly as they did against his constitution, and all that followed might have been avoided. But Khanh did nothing—he was in one of his phases of immobility—and the Americans did nothing, either; in fact, during that week Ambassador Taylor did not even see Khanh. Privately, several Vietnamese officials, including members of Khanh's Cabinet, warned their American friends that if Khanh was not pressed to take some steps to placate the civilian and religious elements, there would be bloodshed, but

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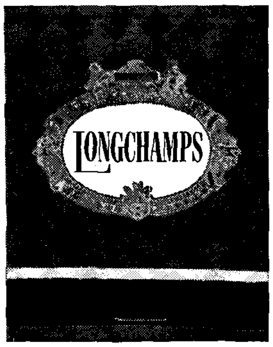

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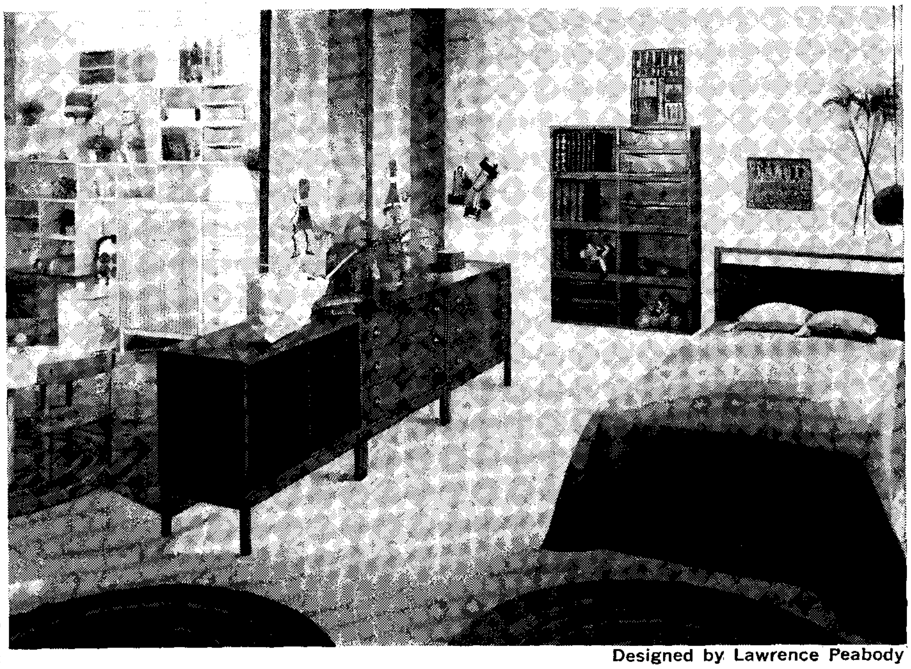
though the advice was passed on to the Embassy, it was not acted upon. By August 21st, when the students held their first serious demonstration, the lid was ready to blow off, yet if Khanh had taken political action within a few hours the worst might still have been avoided. Instead, Khanh chose this moment to temporize. He met with a group of students, agreed to some of their demands for a liberalizing of restrictions, and drew diagrams on a blackboard in his office in an attempt to show them that the new constitution really contained a proper balance of powers. The students remained dissatisfied, and their rallies became increasingly disorderly. On August 23rd, they stormed the radio station and the Information Ministry, shouting that their views had been distorted.

As early as August 21st, too, the Buddhists' dissatisfaction with Khanh became manifest. Tam Chau, as president of the Buddhist Institute for Secular Affairs, declared on that day that "our stand is getting tougher now," and it was made clear that the Buddhists were going to use "pressure as well as diplomacy" to get Khanh to take action against their alleged oppressors—namely, the former members of Ngo Dinh Nhu's Can Lao Party. Many observers feel that it was at this point, when both the Buddhists and the Communists were beginning to move in on the student demonstrations, that a distinct pattern of coöperation developed between the two groups. However that may be, there is little reason to doubt that at that point the Communists and the Buddhists were working toward the same objectives and that the bona-fide student leaders and the student rank and file were victimized. Some government officials encouraged the Catholics to provide a kind of buffer force between the Vietcong and the Buddhists, but while this idea was tactically sound, it, too, got out of hand, for Vietcong-directed hoodlums infiltrated the Catholic columns and incited clashes with the Buddhists. From the beginning, the Communists worked hard to set one religious group against the other, and the hoodlums, who included a large number of delinquents recently discharged from a labor camp, were their chief instruments.

By August 23rd, the Buddhists, who had formed a Movement for the Salvation of Endangered Buddhism (it was similar to last year's League for the Salvation of Buddhism, which led the attack against Diem), were moving into high gear. As the student demonstrations continued, bombs were set



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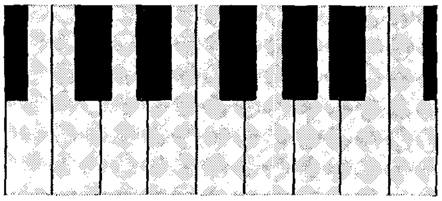
off at various places about town, probably by the Vietcong, and both Buddhist and student demonstrations had by now spread to other cities, among them Hué and Da Nang. The position of the government was still that "the use of force on our side could give our enemies reason to overthrow us." The enemies, including the old Dai Viet crowd, were certainly active, and on the night of August 24th there were rumors of still another coup. It turned out later that the Dai Viet generals were indeed ready to move that evening, but that General Tran Thien Khiem, the Minister of Defense, who had all along been trying to make up his mind whether to support the Dai Viet or stick with Khanh, whom he had helped propel into power, advised them to hold off—which they did until the night of September 2nd, when they made their final attempt.

General Khanh, who upon being faced with a severe crisis has always tended to withdraw literally as well as figuratively into a kind of ivory tower, was now commuting almost nightly between Saigon and Cap Saint Jacques, a headland about forty miles southeast of the capital, where he had a private base of operations. On the evening of August 24th, he asked the three top Buddhist leaders—Tam Chau, Tri Quang, and Thien Minh, who is Tri Quang's chief aide—to come down there for discussions. They peremptorily refused, whereupon Khanh rushed back to Saigon and met with them there. The Buddhists presented Khanh with a list of eight demands, which included the dismissal of all Can Lao officials, the abolition of the August 16th constitution, the establishment of councils to insure full freedom of religion and expression, and the holding of free elections before November 1, 1965. Instead of patiently discussing each point with the three Buddhist leaders, Khanh told them that he wanted to consult the Americans. At 1 A.M. on August 25th, accordingly, an unusual conference took place between Khanh and Ambassadors Taylor and Johnson, during which Taylor is said to have advised Khanh to accept the Buddhist demands in principle but to be tougher than he had been and refuse to knuckle down to any minority. The conference lasted until three in the morning, and by five Khanh had issued a communiqué in which he promised to "revise" the new constitution, to diminish press censorship, to rectify local abuses by arranging "field-court" trials for persons accused of perpetrating them, and to permit a continuation of the demon-



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strations with the proviso that anyone responsible for acts of disorder should be punished. These concessions failed to satisfy either the students or the Buddhists, and later that morning thousands of angry demonstrators gathered in front of the Prime Minister's headquarters, near the center of town. Khanh went bravely outside, faced the demonstrators, and assured them calmly that he had no wish to be a dictator. He did not make any further promises to meet their demands, expressly refusing to countenance the total abrogation of the August 16th constitution or the establishment of a civilian government, nor did he make any effort to have the unruly mob broken up, though when he spoke with Taylor he had indicated that he was prepared to do so. He withdrew as suddenly as he had appeared, and then, in midafternoon, came the stunning announcement from military headquarters: he was quitting, the constitution would be withdrawn, and the Military Revolutionary Council would meet the next day to choose a new head of state and would then dissolve itself.

On August 26th and again on August 27th, the Military Revolutionary Council met in the spacious headquarters compound, and it must have been a highly histrionic session, for it is said that a dozen or so of the generals wept openly and engaged in a mass *mea culpa*, blaming themselves for numerous failures over the past several months. This, it appears, was chiefly for the benefit of the colonels on the council, in whose eyes the generals wanted to justify themselves, if only because the colonels held the balance of power and might choose not only to make decisions but to take action themselves. Khanh unquestionably hurt his cause by bringing to the meeting the four generals of the first junta, who had been under house surveillance in Dalat for more than three months, even though, at the urging of the Americans, they had been tried early n June on the charge of plotting with the French and no proof of their guilt had been presented. Most neutral observers felt that he should have arranged weeks earlier for these generals o be sent out of Vietnam, and that he Americans should have helped with the arrangements by inviting the generals to attend Army schools in he United States, an accepted method of getting unwanted elements out of he country. Now Khanh hoped to orestall a bid by General Minh for a eturn to power by raising the spectre of a return of the four generals as

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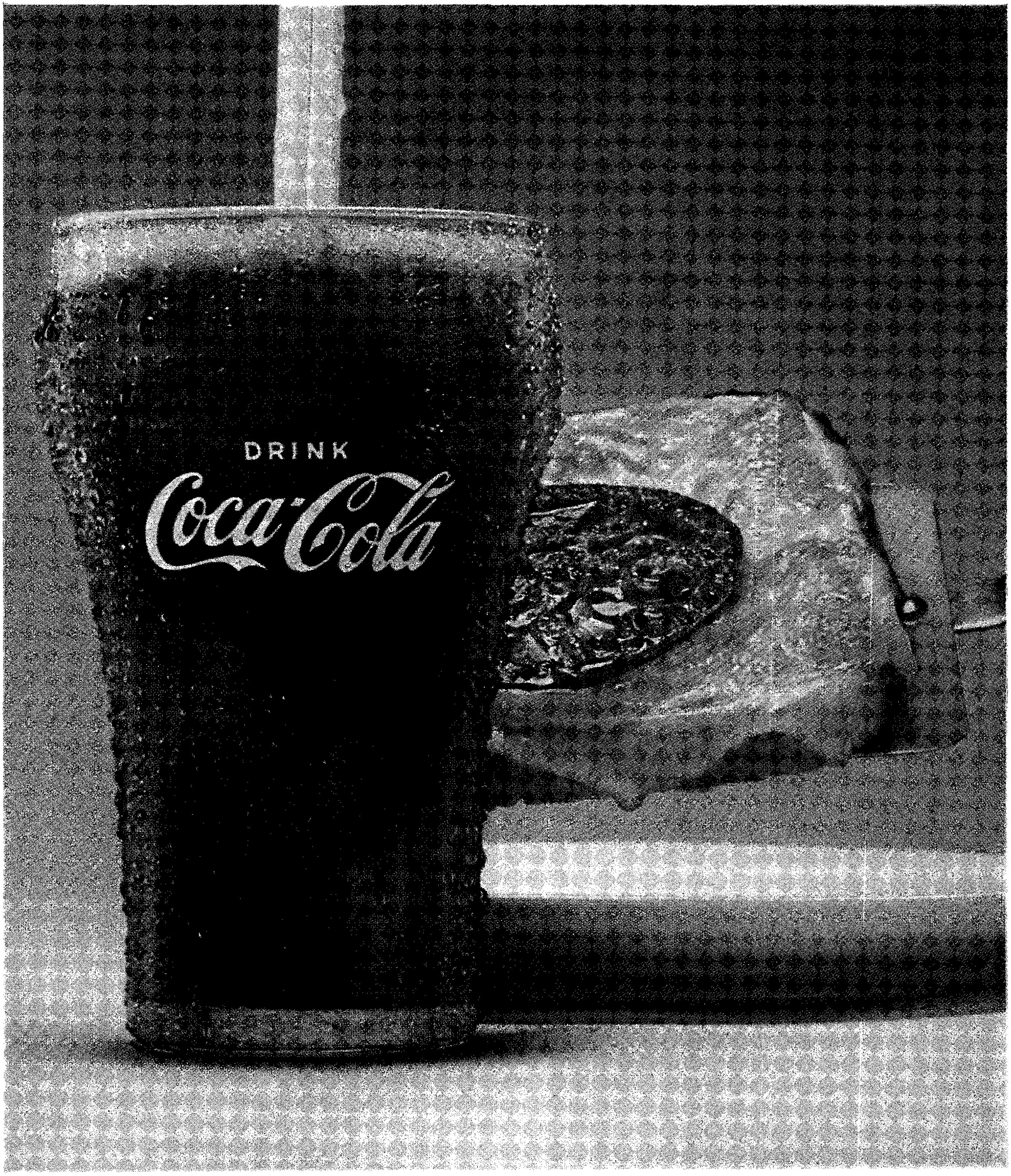

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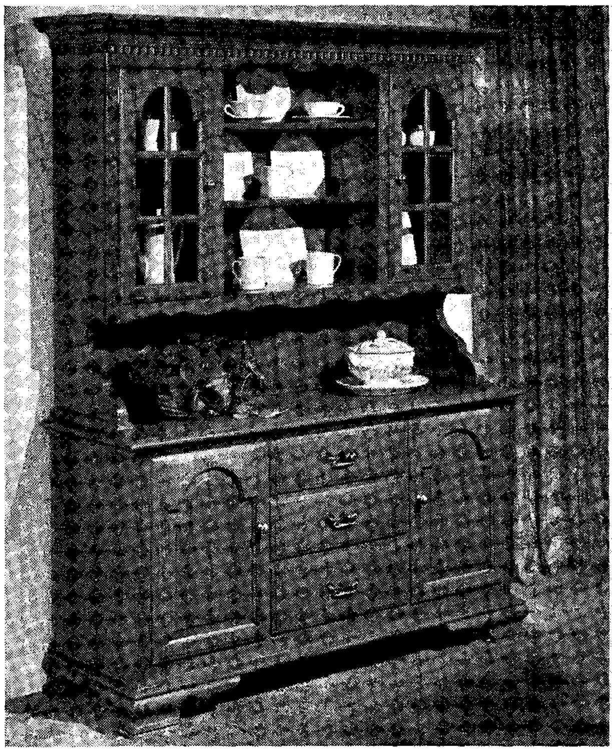
well, since they would presumably be reinstalled with Minh. His plan failed, for the Council refused to seat the four men, and after spending most of August 26th in a private house in the headquarters compound they were whisked back to Dalat. The maneuver actually helped Khanh's chief rival—General Khiem, the Defense Minister, whom a minority of the Council was supporting for the leadership—and the manner in which Khanh had announced that the Council would be dissolved, without consulting its entire membership first, had not won him any new friends. Nevertheless, after two days of weeping and bickering, during which General Khiem had unsuccessfully attempted to name General Minh Premier and himself Chief of State, the Council renamed General Khanh Premier. Khanh refused to serve if either of his two rivals should be named President. The Council then voted to reinstall him by himself, imposing only a few restrictions on his powers, but he refused again, because he felt that the minority vote against him, while relatively small, had caused him to lose face. The temporary triumvirate of Khanh, Minh, and Khiem was thereupon set up as a last resort, and immediately afterward Khanh made his appearance before the crowd there at the gates—a predominantly Catholic crowd—to apologize for the shooting of the six persons and to plead for unity and patience. After that, he took off for his week in Dalat, worn out, and the triumvirate never got off the ground. Nguyen Xuan Oanh, a Harvard-trained economist who had been one of Khanh's Vice-Premiers, served as acting Premier while Khanh was resting and thinking, but Oanh quickly became something of a laughingstock locally, because he made an unwise show of importance and because he spoke English a lot better than he spoke Vietnamese. By the time Khanh returned, almost everybody was glad to have him back, and right now, if he is not quite the indispensable man, he is just about the only man who has a chance of holding the country's government together.

AS the situation stands at the moment, the clock has, in effect, been turned back to August 15th, before the promulgation of Khanh's dictatorial constitution started all the trouble. In some ways, though, Khanh is in a stronger position now than he was as President with full powers. Minh has been made chairman of the triumvirate,



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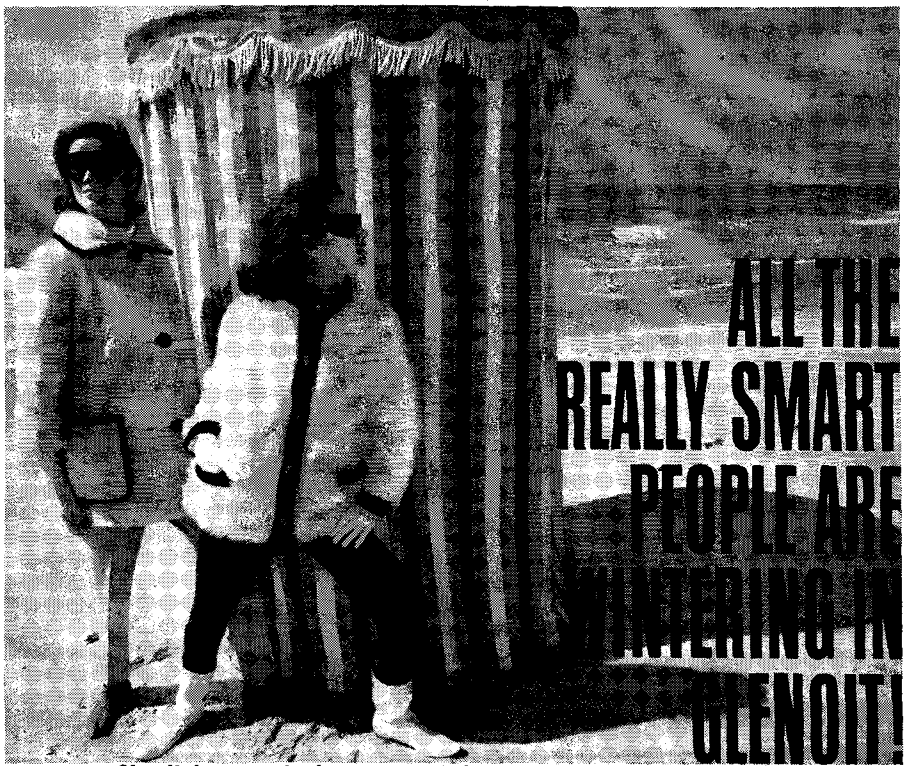
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but his job is less important than his earlier one of Chief of State. Now it is Khanh, rather than Minh, who has the sympathy of most of the people, though Minh is still popular with the militant Buddhists, who hope to use him for their own purposes. Minh's continued presence, and that of the four Dalat generals, who, it now seems, may be given new jobs in the government, would seem to presage trouble. Whether Khanh can avoid this by capitalizing on his new-found strength and by living up to certain promises he has made on several occasions—to get rid of various influences that have alienated the Buddhists, in particular, and have done his own cause no good, either—remains to be seen. These influences include a number of officers and Can Lao officials whom the Buddhists oppose, and some of the officers and officials who have been privately plotting against him. So far, he has at least managed to get Dr. Hoan, the head of the main Dai Viet branch, to resign as Vice-Premier and to leave the country (a large sum of money was involved here, too, it is said), and soon several of the most troublesome generals, among them General Nguyen Van Thieu, the Chief of Staff and a Dai Viet partisan, and General Do Cao Tri, the II Corps commander, who has been the *bête noire* of the Buddhists, are to go abroad for an indefinite time, probably as ambassadors. Khanh's other chief rival, General Khiem, who is the third member of the non-functioning triumvirate, may take an extended leave of absence.

If there are no further coup threats, which under the present circumstances in Saigon remains a big if, Khanh may now have an opportunity to move ahead pretty much on his own. His first and biggest task will be to get the High Council chosen and start the machinery for the selection of the National Congress in such a way that the Buddhists, the Catholics, the political leaders, and so on will participate. The Buddhists remain the principal stumbling block, for they are determined to go on playing a political role. While they have announced their tentative support of Khanh, Tri Quang's well-disciplined organization has declared that the support will be maintained only if the government proves itself to be "really revolutionary and democratic." If it doesn't—and they appear to have established themselves as sole judges of whether it does or not—they will provoke more demonstrations, they say, and, with the help of the students, will call national strikes and perhaps shut down the Saigon markets. The Bud-

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dhists have confidently announced that they consider themselves "directly related to anyone joining the ranks of the people and ready to sacrifice himself for Buddhism and the homeland." This is the sort of bold statement that the Vietcong can only welcome, and there is no doubt that the Communists will continue to do what they can to encourage dissidence and rebellion. While Khanh has the backing, for the moment at least, of all the top Army commanders, they are a notoriously fickle lot, and the government still stands on a shaky foundation. Unity in the Army, even if it lasts, is only a prerequisite to the necessary appeal to the masses over the heads of Tri Quang and the Buddhists. The government still faces the task of creating an identity of its own, primarily by formulating an institutional framework for the nation that the bulk of the people in the countryside can comprehend and believe in.

There are some people here who believe that a kind of catharsis has taken place—that the experience of mobs running wild and of blind killing has had a chastening effect, leading the Vietnamese to understand at last that they will stand or fall together. It is too soon to tell whether or not this is so, but one thing appears certain: unless any future violence is dealt with firmly, and unless the interim government responds to the demands of the students and the religious and political groups for more civilian control and for the safeguarding of individual liberties, there is scant hope indeed for the future. The situation is one with a built-in paradox. A nation at war, and waging an uphill struggle at that, must be forcefully led, so the military must play the key role. At the same time, the democratic aspirations of the people, whether these are expressed naturally or are enunciated for various motives by pressure groups, must be served. More than one nation has fallen in an attempt to walk this kind of tightrope, especially when it has a disciplined and effective enemy controlling a good part of its territory. What happens in the next few weeks or months will almost surely determine the ability of Vietnam to survive independently. The alternative is obvious.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

With a flash of his wry, blue-eyed humor, the novelist might have added (but didn't) that . . . —*Fern Marja Eckman in the Post.*

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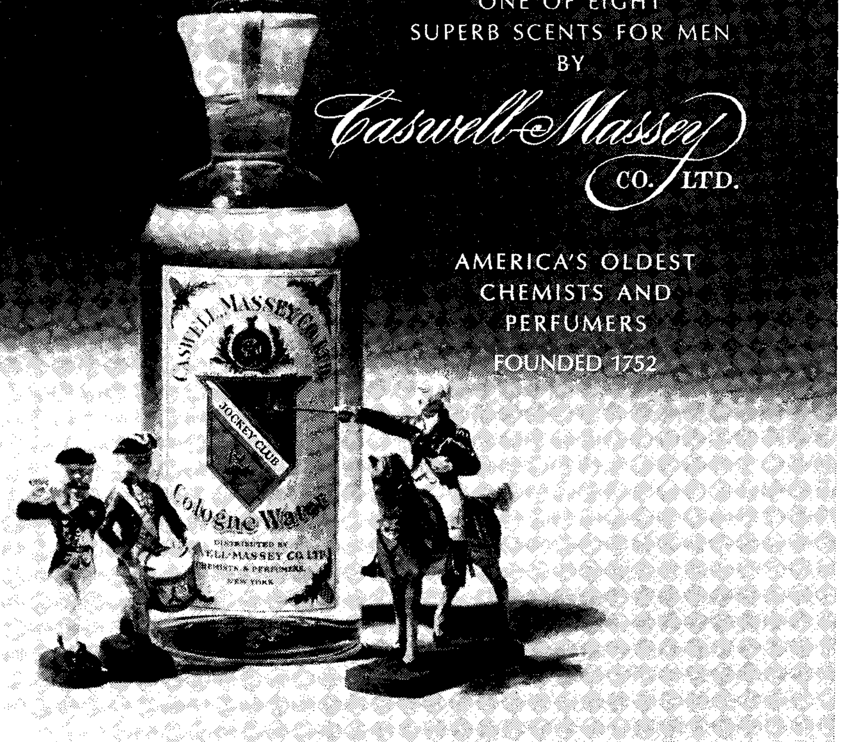

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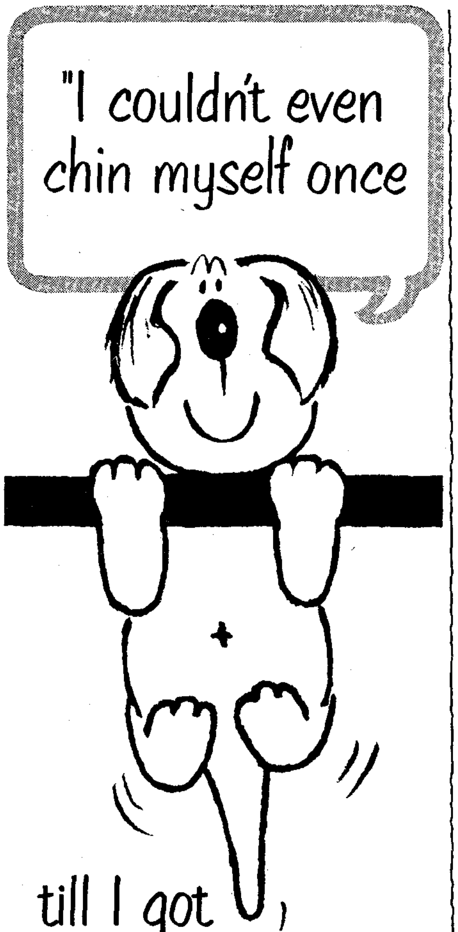
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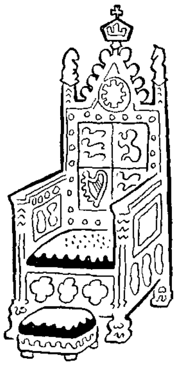
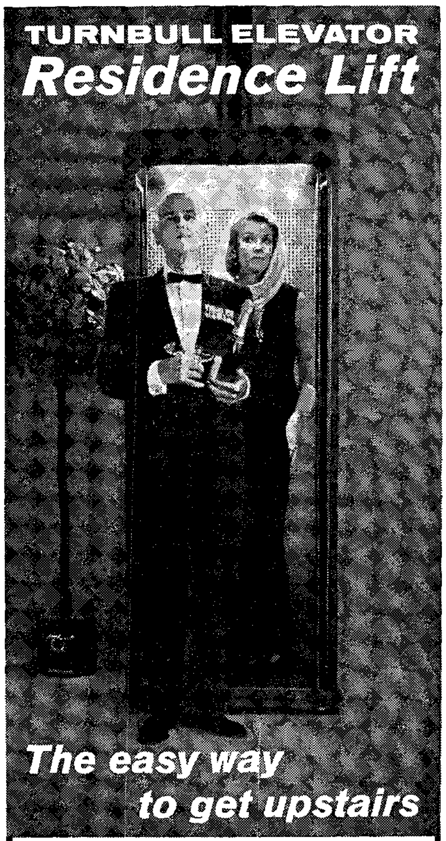


SEPTEMBER 9

THE Prime Minister is expected to announce the date of the election any moment now, which will not be a moment too soon for large numbers of irritable citizens who have been trying to make business and personal travel plans while guessing when they will be wanted here to vote. Most signs point to October 15th as the day. There is nothing like this much certainty, though, as to which party will be sitting on the Government benches when the new House of Commons finally gets back to work. Even the anxiously watched public-opinion polls are handing out answers as unhelpful as their "Don't Know" samples. Though the *Daily Telegraph* poll still gives Labour a clear lead, other newspaper-sponsored oracles show the Conservatives beginning to draw slightly in front. All that is plain is that a Government of either side returned with a vulnerable narrow majority—which is what these perplexed figures suggest would happen if the election took place tomorrow—would be serious news for all, in view of the recent warnings on the dangerous state of the nation's economic health that is likely to develop this autumn. It has been noticeable that in spite of the gloomy headlines about the drop in sterling, the City has remained cheerfully buoyant, in rising hopes, apparently, of a Conservative victory borne in on the last lap of this long, good summer. There has been day after day of splendid weather of the kind supposed to warm the cockles of voters' hearts toward the sitting Government. But it is the closing weeks of the campaign, when the "Don't Know"s suddenly do know, that tell the real tale, and many Conservatives are alarmed by the present wave of bounding optimism that seems to be sweeping through their party. They are afraid it is being too readily assumed that the electorate, now getting down to work again and comparing holiday sunburns, has comfortably forgotten the shocks and uneasy eye-openers of last summer, with its celebrated morals cases, the indignation over unscrupulous property rackets, the



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simmering resentments of the pay pause, and the rest of the grievances that resulted in a flashing of dour messages of dwindled confidence from by-elections. Those who insist that there has indeed been a change in the past months are certain that the new leadership has pulled the Party firmly together, and that Sir Alec Douglas-Home's very British blend of the pleasant amateur and the astute professional is going down favorably in the country.

There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Harold Wilson, who is amateur in nothing, has just landed the first extremely telling blow of the campaign in the major speech he made this week to the Trades Union Congress in Blackpool and to the national audience listening thoughtfully outside. At many points, it echoed his speech at the Labour conference at Scarborough last October, when he presented a blueprint for a new, modern Britain. This time, in a bid to get the unions behind him in the big economic test he could be facing as Prime Minister this autumn, he told them bluntly what sort of deal they would get from a Labour Government in return for coming into line on a wage policy, for dropping old restrictive practices, and for setting their sights on "exciting change"—very plain speaking indeed to an audience of which large sections have long been conservatively averse to giving up an inch of their hard-won ground. They are reported to have applauded him soberly but not wildly, as well they might.

The contrast between Mr. Wilson's speech as a preëlection performance and anything that has been uttered so far by any Conservative leader was immediately noted in the press and among critical Tories, who think that the Party is making a serious mistake by candidly pitching the tone of its own appeal—so far, at least—no higher than the electorate's acquisitive instincts. There was much uncomplimentary comment even in some pro-Conservative papers, and a chorus of derision from viewers, over a recent Conservative television broadcast that offered not the usual Ministerial figure but a jolly commercial featuring a young couple who chirpily plugged the news that life under the Tories paid off with bigger and better washing machines and other material benefits. The Party's campaign manifesto, not yet out, is expected to concentrate on the national prosperity—which on the face of it looks good, whatever hard facts may uncomfortably obtrude after October—

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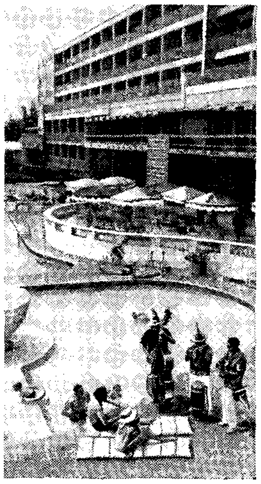

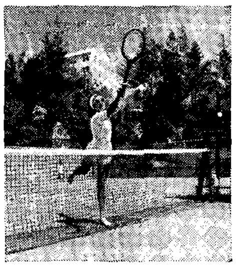

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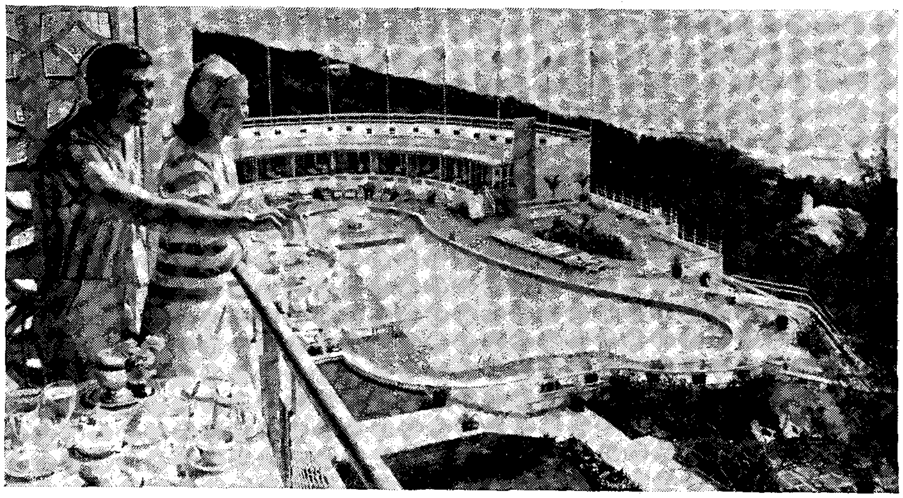

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and the folly of putting it to risk by a change at the top.

The Liberals got off the mark quicker than either of their big opponents, with a preëlection rally of the faithful held last week at Central Hall, Westminster. As usual, they and their leader, Mr. Jo Grimond, were full of vigor and hope, although the public-opinion polls, this time speaking in unison, have cut them cruelly back to size from their suddenly inflated importance on the political scene two years ago. As the Liberals pointed out, the major parties have since then been forced, in flattering imitation, to help themselves to intelligent Liberal ideas and insert them in their policies. All the same, in spite of last week's glowing speeches, most observers rate their prospects as bleak.

THE late-summer theatre season, both in London and at the various festivals, has been exceptionally lively this year, with several stimulating things for the holiday crowds to see. It now takes time to get seats at the big old Aldwych Theatre, the London home of the internationally admired Royal Shakespeare Company of Stratford, since its current repertory of plays came in for violent discussion—resulting in bigger box-office queues, of course. The debate started up after the opening of the company's new production, "The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade"—condensed by arguing Londoners, to save breath, to "Marat-Sade." The ball was set rolling by a forthright attack on the policies of the company and its directors, Peter Hall and Peter Brook, made by the impresario Mr. Emile Littler, who is president of the Society of West End Theatre Managers and himself a member of the Royal Shakespeare's executive council. Mr. Littler declared himself outraged by the violence and obscenity of the themes that appear to attract modern playwrights, and in particular by "the program of dirty plays at the Aldwych." He went on to say, "They are entirely out of keeping with our public image and with having the Queen as our patron"—this last a loyal but perhaps pedantic point, some felt, since Her Majesty's interest in her players is apparently not as keen as was that of the first Elizabeth. The attacked repertoire includes Roger Vitrac's black comedy "Victor," Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," Harold Pinter's "The Birth-

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day Party," and David Rudkin's "Afore Night Come." Mr. Littler singled out the last-named work as a sample of what he meant, it being about a group of casual fruit pickers in a Worcestershire orchard who commit a ritual murder of one of their number (an Irish tramp), score him with the sign of the Cross, and decapitate him with a pitchfork—a theme that might understandably turn lots of theatregoers queasy. Mr. Peter Cadbury, the head of the Keith Prowse ticket agency, then joined in to say that the sort of plays put on by the Royal Shakespeare Company could scare off "the family audience," who go to the theatre to have a nice, uncomplicated time, and might result in damage to box-office receipts all over. Considering the good houses that the Aldwych has had all summer for serious plays, while several light "commercial" entertainments have been dismal uncommercial flops, it seems that family tastes may be changing. The debate is still continuing in the correspondence columns of the *Times* and elsewhere, with the London critics leaping into the ring to support the Royal Shakespeare Company and with Sir Fordham Flower, the chairman of the Stratford Theatre board of governors, stoutly backing Mr. Hall. It is being pointed out that the Greek tragedies can furnish things as horrible as ever took place in a Worcestershire orchard, and that large areas of Shakespeare are not for the squeamish. Peter Hall's unique mounting of the histories, from "Richard II" right through the bloody convulsion of the Wars of the Roses to the murderous "Richard III," is now being given in full at the Stratford Festival without anyone's raising a peep of protest, it seems, though the gore and the brutal horrors are certainly plentiful.

"Marat-Sade," which started all this up, is a dazzling theatrical experience. Its author, Peter Weiss, a Swedish citizen who emigrated from Germany before the war, has written what amounts to a rather overlong, abstract, and difficult debate on the subjects of dictatorship, liberty, and the individual—a shock indeed to anyone who may have expected something titillating after Mr. Littler's strictures. It has been made unforgettable by Peter Brook's stunning production. Mr. Weiss found a convenient formula for presenting what he wanted to say in the historically correct facts that de Sade, having survived his long imprisonment in the Bastille, was from 1803 to 1814 an inmate of the asylum at Charenton, where the singu-

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larly modern-minded director, M. de Coulmier, encouraged him to produce plays acted by the patients as good therapeutic treatment. The local quality enjoyed attending these performances by the poor, mad wretches, hoping to be disgusted or frightened, or both. The present play's set, the work of a talented young designer, Sally Jacobs, is—appropriately for the theme of Marat's murder—the bathhouse of the asylum, its sitz tubs and plank gratings brightened only by the tricolor draped over the portrait of the Emperor. Into this setting a graciously smiling great lady and her daughter, escorted by M. de Coulmier, expectantly pick their way to their seats. De Sade, played with melancholy power by Patrick Magee as a still aristocratically dominant figure in spite of his soiled shirt and kneebreeches, sits on the side of his charade, clasping his promptbook like a compère, sometimes listening in silence, sometimes getting up to become a participant in the debate on man's violence. His speeches are the voice of instinct, of the unbridled "world of bodies," pitched against the icy, disciplined, fanatic voice of reason issuing from the white-turbaned form of Marat (excellently played by Clive Revill), who sits driving his quill pen in the familiar closed tub and waiting for Corday's knock at the door. A new young actress, Glenda Jackson, is pathetic and beautiful in the part-within-a-part of Charlotte Corday as played by a deranged girl who is gently guided on and off stage by two Sisters of Mercy. The lunatics, who are the mob, are directed by Mr. Brook like a ballet, and swarm the stage in a succession of powerful theatrical pictures that sometimes recall Goya or a Hogarthian madhouse scene. Four of them, fantastically made up as clownish citizens of the Terror, break frequently into catchy explanatory ditties as, with amiable winks at the audience, they tip buckets of red, blue, and black paint down the gratings, symbolizing the common, aristocratic, and evil blood shed in the massacre. When the Aldwych roars its final applause, M. de Coulmier's flock of unfortunates, lined up grinning in their Pierrot-like baggy garments, applaud right back, the way the Russians do, as though to say, "Who is the real mob—us behind the bars or you?" It is an electrifying show, which would have been a hit even without the present controversy.

Sir Laurence Olivier's National Theatre Company has been appearing down at Chichester in a festival program headed by his superb "Othello." The other sellout of the festival was an

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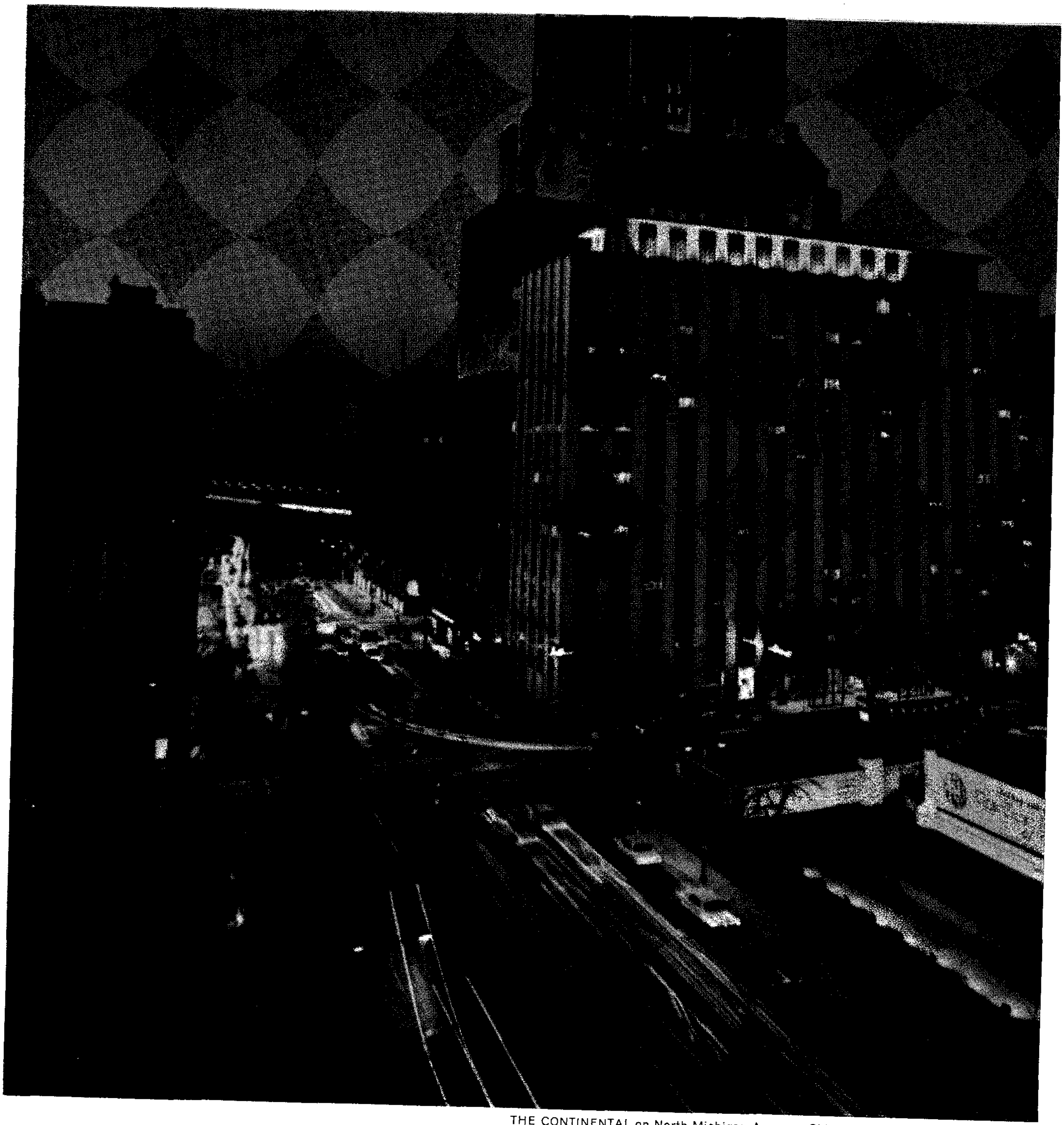

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extremely interesting new play, "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," by Peter Shaffer, who wrote "Five Finger Exercise." The idea of this one extends him to octaves, being Pizarro's astonishing conquest of Peru. The small expedition, under its banners of Christ, struggles across the Andes—this bit done in excellent, exciting mime—into the royal city of the Incas and captures the ruler, the living incarnation of the sun. Much of the play consists of philosophical arguments between old Pizarro, sick and skeptical, and the Inca god-king, magnificently assured of his own immortality. Pizarro loves him but reluctantly consents to his murder to save the rebellious Spaniards from disaster. The Inca expectantly and the old Catholic half believingly wait for sunrise, when the Inca has promised that his father the sun will appear over the mountains and save him. Nothing happens. An excellent actor, Robert Stephens, looked like a beautiful, calm bronze as the god-king. Produced by John Dexter, the play was a spectacle magnificently suited to Chichester's not always acoustically kind, circular open stage, filling it with waves of Indians garbed in snow-white plumage, cloaks, headdresses of peacock feathers, and impassive golden masks as blank as the unanswering sun.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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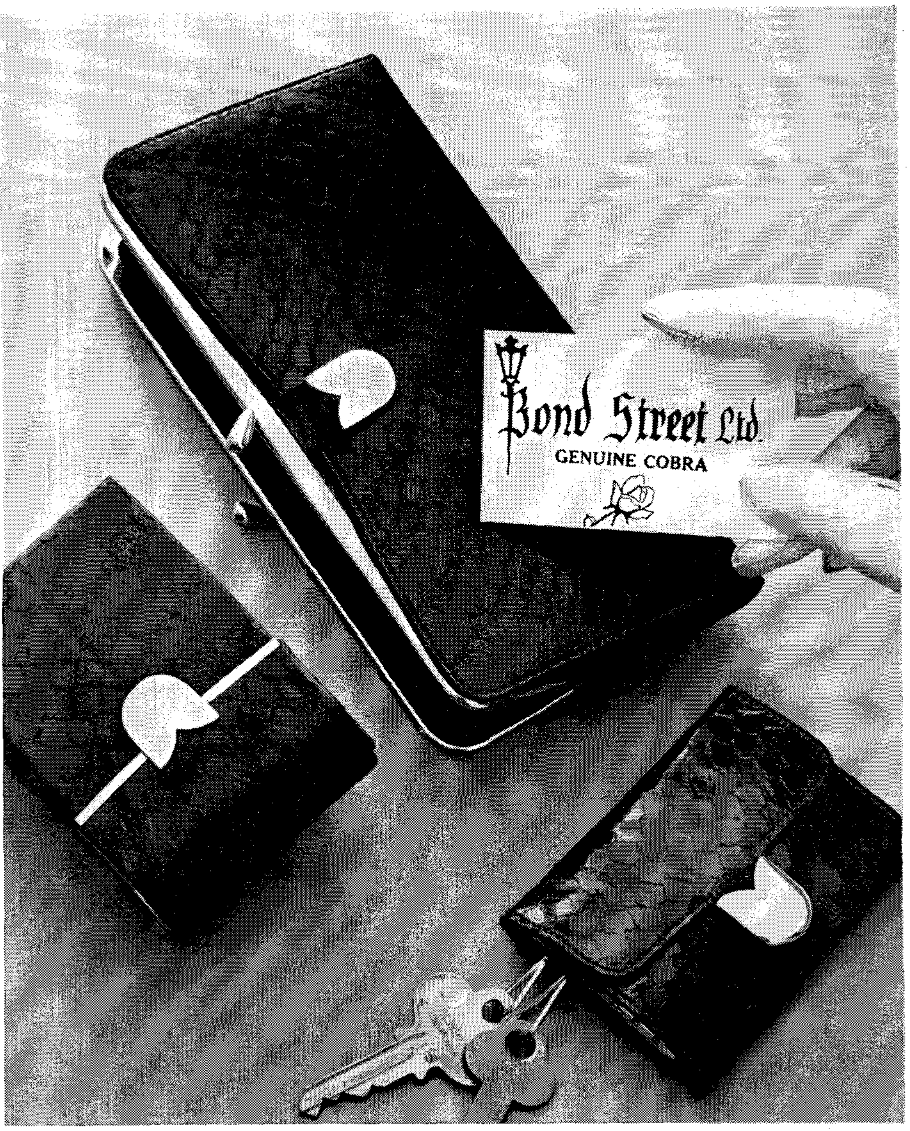

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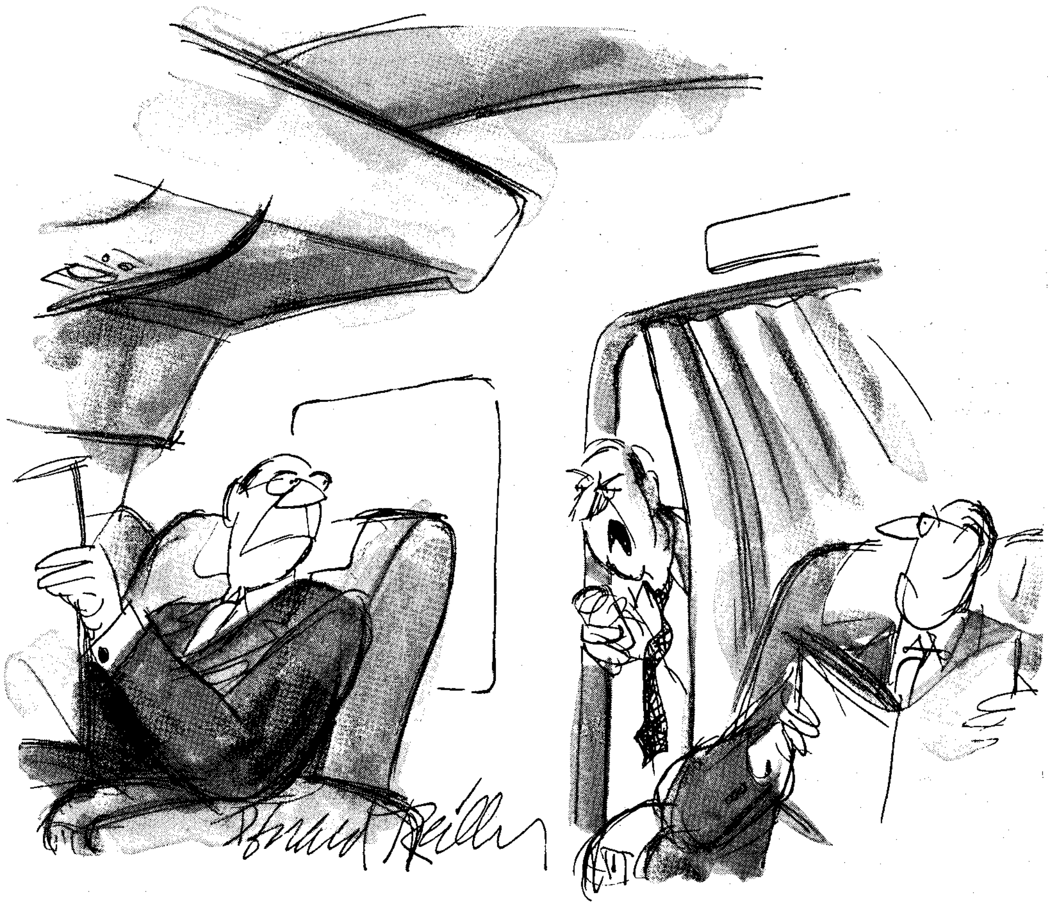
BOOKS

Lament

"THE CHILDREN AT THE GATE," by Edward Lewis Wallant, brings a lightning career to a melancholy close. Between the late fifties and December, 1962, when he died of a stroke at the age of thirty-six, Wallant completed all four of his published novels. (Actually, he wrote six novels in that period—the two earliest were passed over by his publisher, Harcourt, Brace & World—while at the same time earning his living as an art director for an advertising agency.) Because the last two published novels are in many ways better than the first two, and because of the deceptively steady, year-after-year appearance of his work, it seems absurdly wrong that there will be no more.

Wallant was an old-fashioned novelist whose sense of pity embraced himself and society. Indeed, he was a reformer-novelist (though never a tract writer) who was haunted by one of the major evils of his time—the passiveness induced by a surfeit of suffering. His last three books repeat, with ingenious variations, the combative, restorative vision set forth in the first one, "The Human Season." In it Joe Berman, a fifty-nine-year-old plumber, reacts to his wife's death by sinking almost bodily into bereavement. He tries to explain to his married daughter the difference between his sorrow and hers: "You talk about sad, about mourning. . . . What you got is like a sad movie. You think about the old times, about the things that are over . . . and you're sad, you cry a little. . . . It's not that way with me at all! Tonight I was by Riebold for supper and he started bringing up something that happened years ago. So careful he is, afraid to say the wrong thing, I might get hurt. You know all I felt? I'll tell you—*irritated!* See, I'm not crying for the good old days. I'm crying because I'm dead. . . . I can't help you *mourn,* I can't be *sad* with you. I'm a million miles underneath sad." Near the end of the book, Wallant the rejuvenator, the healer, steps in; his ways, quite properly, are mysterious. Berman uncharacteristically takes a day off and goes to the beach. The sun and the sea and the sand seem to pour into him. For the first time in months, he registers and records. On his way home, he walks through the neighborhood he lived in when he was a boy. It is cramped and shabby, and he nearly gets involved in a drunken fight between a Negro and a white man. A thunderstorm breaks, and he walks on, soaked and sated, and when he gets home, a tumbler clicks heavily and immovably into place inside him and his grieving ends. He calls his daughter and tells her that, after all, he will move in with her. Wallant wrote almost wholly of the poor or beleaguered, and he wrote of them with a devotion and intensity that precluded clichés. Not even the young Steinbeck would have dared a weeping plumber.

"The Pawnbroker," which was published in 1961, is a furious and shocking improvisation on "The Human Season." The passive, self-imprisoned hero is Sol Nazerman, a European Jewish scholar who emigrates to New York after the last war and learns pawnbroking. (Many of Wallant's figures have old-country ties.) The concentration camps have deprived him of his wife and children, some of his very bones, his ambition, and his emotions. Both pain and delight roll off him, and he runs his Harlem pawnshop with hard efficiency. Again Wallant the compassionate appears. We have known for half the book that Nazerman's young assistant, Jesus Ortiz, is planning to help rob the shop. But when the robbery happens, Ortiz, unconsciously under the sway of the monolithic Nazerman, takes the bullet fired at Nazerman and is killed. Nazerman is stunned, and the ice jam within him breaks, and he begins to uncontrollably mourn—for his wife and children, for Ortiz, and for himself. Nazerman is a singular accomplishment, but in this book Wallant also demonstrated for the first time that he was a rare combination—a first-rate storyteller who is a master of homely detail. Like Robert M. Coates, who has often documented similar milieus, he uncannily makes us grateful for every sight and smell and



"Yaah! Yaah! First Class!"

sound of Nazerman's miserable existence.

"The Children at the Gate" was written after "The Pawnbroker," but it was the last of the four Wallant novels to be published. In a way, it caps the earlier ones, and apparently it freed him for the quite different approach of "The Tenants of Moonbloom," which was brought out last year. In "The Children at the Gate," Wallant's frozen, embittered hero is a nineteen-year-old named Angelo DeMarco. His childhood has been poor and harsh, and he has turned against his religion. Enter Wallant's *deus ex machina*—a strange, selfless Jew, Sammy Kahan, who is an orderly at the hospital where DeMarco delivers orders for a drugstore. Sammy, though as put upon as DeMarco, is his opposite. He is the pitying, compassionate fool. He dances and jokes and sings his way through the wards, and he steals drugs for the patients most in pain. DeMarco despises Sammy because Sammy effortlessly sidesteps his little-boy cynicism, and yet he cannot stay away from him. Sammy the godly jester has shaken DeMarco the godless tough, and in perverse self-defense DeMarco tells the hospital authorities about Sammy's thievery. Sammy kills himself, and DeMarco falls into a deep, mystifying illness. When he recovers, he finds that Sammy's sweet, mad soul has become a part of him, a corrective alter-self, and he leaves home to start a new life. "The Children at the Gate" is tight and brutal and affecting. It also has an impatient, chafing air, as if Wallant himself—heretofore so solemn and long-faced—had just awakened from the paralysis of his heroes.

Fantasy is valuable when it plays directly over reality, and not when it turns inward. "The Tenants of Moonbloom" is a comic fantasy that steadily embellishes the drone of reality. Norman Moonbloom, a gentle parody of Wallant's earlier heroes, is a late developer rather than a passive sufferer. A thirty-three-year-old bachelor, he has spent fourteen years in college, sipping at accounting, art, podiatry, literature, dentistry, and the rabbinate. When his small inheritance is at last exhausted, he is hired as a rent collector by his brother, who owns four decaying New York apartment houses. Moonbloom studies the occupants of the buildings with the same easy detachment he granted his textbooks. His detachment, in fact, is total, and he becomes a glass-bottomed boat drifting slowly over the brilliant, luxuriant garden of his tenants. These include a pair of sisters and the spoiled,

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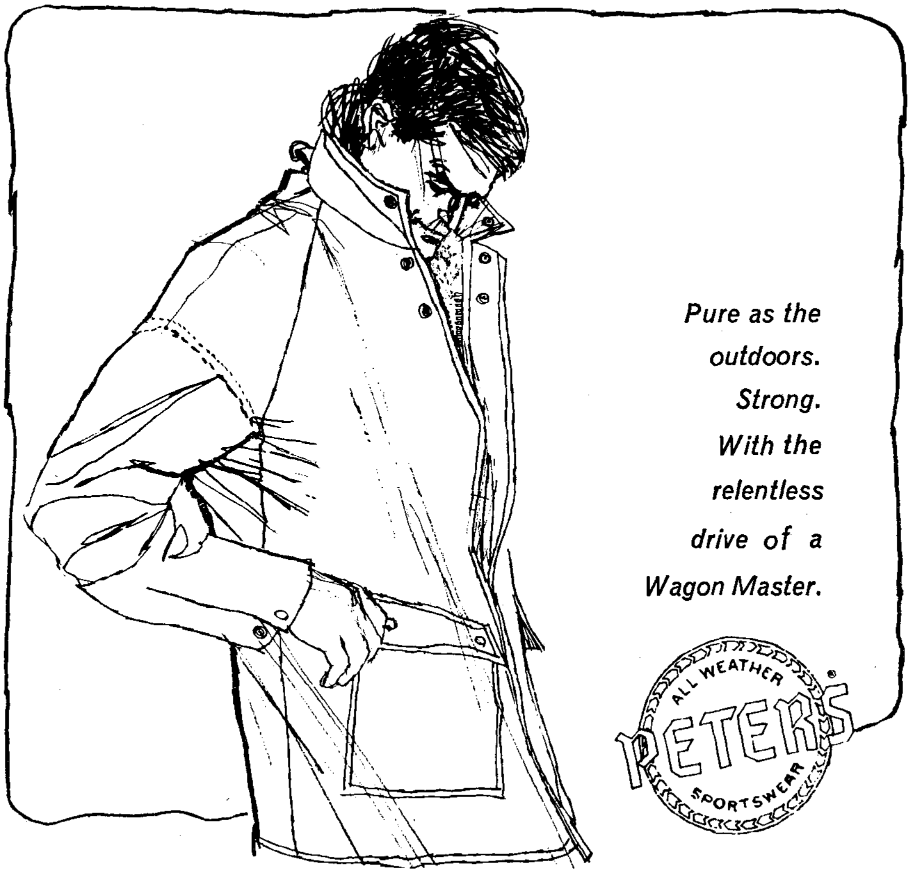

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loutish nephew they have raised; an athletic instructor who plays endless catch with his small son in his apartment while shouting T. S. Eliot; a huge, filthy, ruined Russian refugee, over a hundred years old, who appears to sprout from the dirt in his room; a dissolute battleship blonde whose worshipping father still regards her as a bobbing five-year-old; and an aging couple whose marriage is comfortably predicated on a mutually appreciated, never mentioned nest of circumspections. Moonbloom moves benignly through this garden, observing its sounds and movements, and when tenants request repairs he smiles and nods, jots their requests down, and does nothing. His kindliness mollifies them and their politeness soothes him. Then Moonbloom falls ill, and the juices of sickness and convalescence do their work. When he returns, everything has changed:

> The hallway looked strange and filled him with uneasiness; from the way his body strained against imbalance, its floor might have been tilted. For a moment he looked at the rough, dust-pocketed stucco on the walls, wondering if this were dream and the prismatic reminiscences of his illness were the real life he lived.... "What is dream?" he said to himself with exaggerated theatricality, but then lost his smile as he felt the walls press their texture on him with breath-taking clarity. Nothing had ever *been* so real! He could see himself in the large, shapeless suit, the comical bootlegger's hat, a slight bundle of a man with a clean, new, discount-store shirt and a tie so somber that it lay like an apology over his chest. He could see his frail mouth and his bruised-looking eyes planted on a thin man's face that caught the faint reflection from the top of a ball-point pen in the breast pocket. He could see even the Red Cross button from another year, caught in the clumsy lapel—one of the tags he used to identify himself.

Moonbloom's glass-bottomed boat has sprung a leak and sunk; he feels the nettles and burs of the tenants' complaints stinging him and sticking to him, and he grows restive and petulant. To counter his sudden awareness of the tenants, he embarks on an extravagant, self-protective program of repair and refurbishing. Unbeknownst to his miserly brother and with the help of the underpaid janitor, Moonbloom plasters and paints, unstops toilets, lances swollen, cancerous-looking walls, installs giant lights in dark halls, replaces washers, and unsticks windows. He works himself to an exhausted, exhilarated sliver, and when the job is done he has no idea whether or not the tenants are pleased. And he doesn't care. He has met the enemy and won. He returns to his basement office and waits for a visit from his enraged broth-

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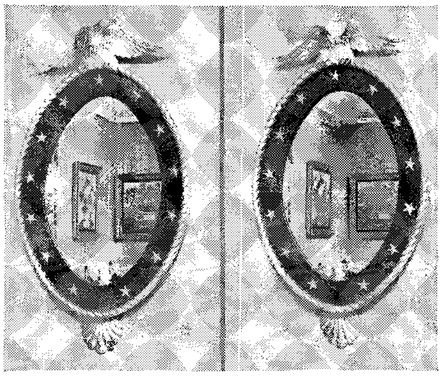

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er. The book ends on this fine, giddy note:

> As he waited, he noticed that the last letter of his name [on the office window] had now been totally scraped away. Somehow it freed the word, opened it up so that the o's bubbled out endlessly. . . . It thrilled him with his own endlessness, and, almost laughing, he followed its course.
>
> Moonbloooo-ooo . . .

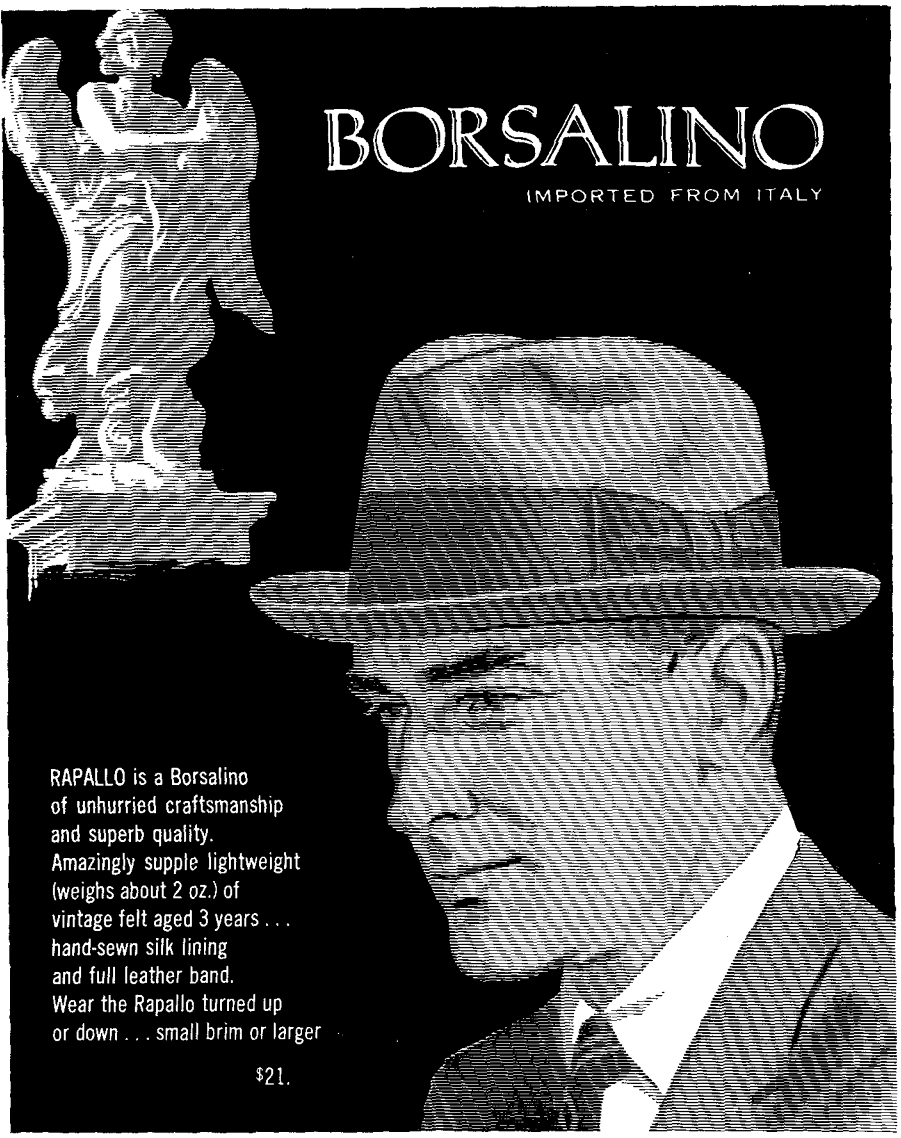
Wallant's earlier novels were written by an obsessed, highly gifted amateur. Because he was hauled heedlessly along by his visions of rescue and regeneration, his prose was careless and sometimes sophomore-poetic, and his characters were often unevenly trimmed. Sentimentality hovered in the middle distance. But in "The Tenants of Moonbloom" he discovered what every first-rate novelist knows—how to wind the steel spring of humor. His career had begun. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A MOTHER'S KISSES, by Bruce Jay Friedman (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Friedman's portrait of an abnormally aggressive, possessive mother is alive and convincing, but it is malformed, as though the writer—a talented man—were not so much showing as showing off. Private truths are not necessarily universal truths, and this revelation of what goes on between the loud, luscious Meg and her unattractive seventeen-year-old son, Joseph, belongs in the very small, mean neighborhoods of literature. The feeling persists throughout the work that if the characterization of Meg were not so exaggeratedly, even grotesquely, Jewish, the lady would have no personality at all. The wretched son has no personality anyway. The scene changes, but the atmosphere remains American, urban, crowded, and stale.

KINGDOM OF ILLUSION, by Edward R. F. Sheehan (Random House). The kingdom of illusion is Al Khadra, in the Arabian desert. Mohammed VII, the mythically handsome and good-hearted young king of Al Khadra, imagines that he has power and a future. His Prime Minister, the equally young and almost equally handsome Mustafa, imagines that he can play games of diplomatic chance with both Russia and the United States and still come out ahead; Sean Fitzgibbon, the American Ambassador, imagines that his decency will provide him with armor against his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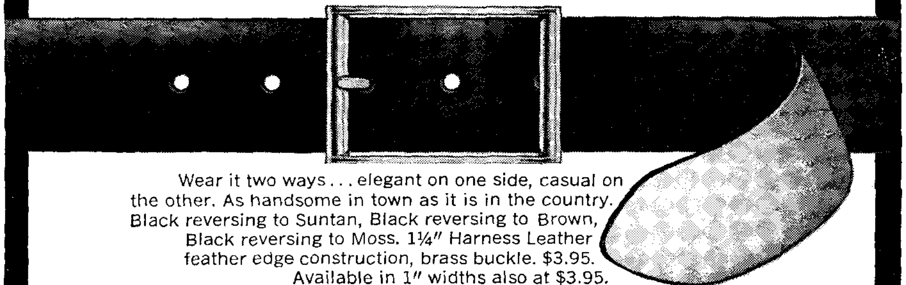
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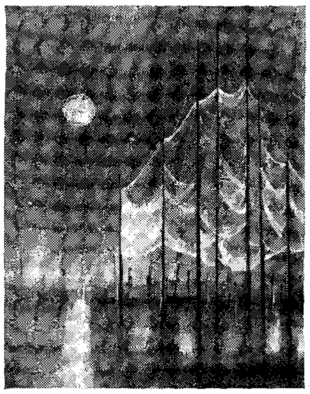

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enemies; Christopher Grundoon, the Ambassador's aide, imagines that everything is going to be all right; and Paul Pullmotor, the slimy special envoy from the State Department, imagines himself to be invulnerable. Mr. Sheehan, a delightful writer, makes all his characters so interesting that we cannot help wishing he had given more space to each of them; the ending of the book cuts us off much too soon from a world that we could have gone on reading about for hours and hours. This is a first novel.

Here Goes Kitten, by Robert Gover (Grove). A sequel to "One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding." J. C. Holland, the white prig, has been graduated from his college into the civil service, while Kitten, the ribald Negro girl, has been graduated from her bordello into nightclub entertainment. The two still recount, in alternate chapters, their disparate versions of slick comic episodes. Like "One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding," this book demands a perfect ear for dialogue. The author, however, has no ear for dialogue at all.

GENERAL

Ferdinand Magellan, Circumnavigator: His Life and Explorations, by Charles McKew Parr, with an introduction by Captain Edward L. Beach, U.S.N. (Crowell). The definitive biography, and a fascinating book, too. Mr. Parr's sense of background is all-encompassing; in addition to the strange seas and the fabulous Indies that Magellan knew, he shows us Magellan's Europe, involved in old unities (the Church, the Holy Roman Empire) and in new rivalries (nationalism, the competition among international financiers—Fuggers versus Medicis). Magellan himself, a petty, provincial Portuguese noble, had no such comprehensive view of his times; quixotry and greed were the motives that sped him on his exciting travels, sailing and fighting all over the globe. He had good qualities and bad luck, a combination that gave him no worldly success—only lasting, and, Mr. Parr insists, deserved, glory.

The War Dispatches of Stephen Crane, edited, with an introduction and notes, by R. W. Stallman and E. R. Hagemann (New York University Press). This book—the work of a professor of English at the University of Connecticut (Stallman) and a former instructor

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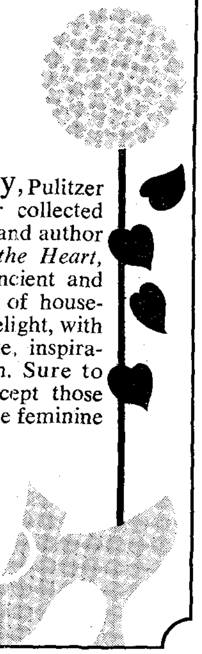

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of English at the University of California—is not exactly what its title proclaims it to be. It contains most (about forty) of the news stories that Crane filed from Greece to the New York *Journal* during the Greco-Turkish War of 1897 and from Cuba to the *Journal* and the New York *World* during the Spanish-American War of 1898, plus two long background pieces on the Boer War. It also contains, however, a number of news stories by other correspondents (Richard Harding Davis, John Bass, Charles H. Thrall), several of Crane's short stories (including "Death and the Child" and "The Price of the Harness"), a short play by Crane ("Drama in Cuba"), and four parodies of Crane's feature style, including a superb takeoff by Frank Norris: "A Mere Boy stood on a pile of blue stones. His attitude was regardant. The day was seal brown. . . ." Crane's war dispatches are surprisingly readable, the reason being that most of them are not news stories at all but vignettes, and the best of these are stamped with his peculiar genius: "Under a bush lay a D. Company private shot through the ankle. Two comrades were ministering to him. He too did not seem then in pain. His expression was of a man weary, weary, weary." Maps and three portraits of Crane.

THE LOST SHIPS, by Peter Throckmorton (Little, Brown). Mr. Throckmorton is a young American wanderer who in 1958 wandered onto the Aegean coast of Turkey, fell in with a team of Turkish sponge-divers, and in their company discovered the remains of a Cypriot ship that, in approximately 1300 B.C., sank in nearly a hundred feet of water with a cargo of bronze tools and copper ingots. In this book, he most entertainingly describes the events leading up to that extraordinary discovery—"the largest and most important such hoard discovered by preclassical archaeologists"—and the equally extraordinary exertions that eventually, in 1960, led to its excavation. He also describes such peripheral things as the absolute inertia of Turkish customs officials, the decompression sickness and deep-water narcosis that constantly threaten the diver, and the bust-head pleasures of drinking raki. Illustrated with many fine photographs, most of them by the author, and maps.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS, by Robert Baldick (Macmillan). The author, who

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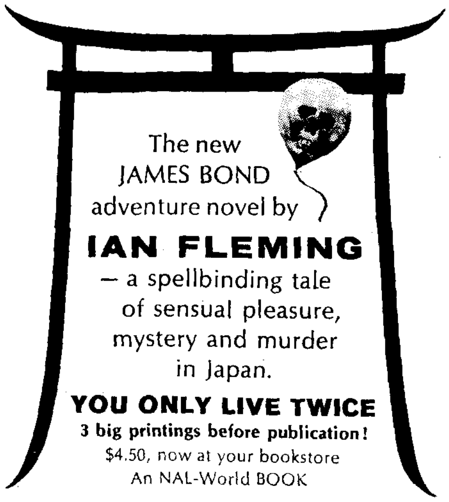

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If an investor knew exactly why stock prices rise and fall, obviously he could make his purchases and sales at the most profitable times and so amass a fortune. But the truth is that there is no such lucky investor. About all that even the most sophisticated student of the stock market can do is to make an educated guess, based on available facts and figures.

Actually, there is something else he can do that won't cost him a cent and may help him a lot. He can put his investment problems up to our Research Department, telling Research about his circumstances and his aims and asking for their suggestions. Mind you, our Researchers can do no more than make an educated guess themselves—but we believe their guess is somewhat more educated than the average investor's, since Research has more information about companies and industries and more experience in interpreting that information than the average investor.

If you'd like a sample of our Research Department's thinking before you get down to cases, their quarterly *"Guide for Investors"* is just off press. It condenses comment on the business outlook and the market's prospects plus a list of securities suggested for various investment objectives into just four pages, and it's yours for the asking.

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teaches at Oxford and has written extensively and well on French culture, tells the story of the German siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War. He writes from the point of view of the French, and his account is both harrowing and inspiring. The French professional soldiers were incompetent, and most of the politicians were out of town, trying to make peace with Germany, but the civilians of Paris, starving, freezing, and doing their best to be allowed to fight, were incredibly heroic. In the siege and its aftermath, the Commune, Mr. Baldick sees the origin of a split between Paris and the provinces and between workers and the bourgeoisie; other historians feel that these divisions existed earlier. The significance of 1870 may be something else—that Paris then set a standard by which, perhaps unfairly, Paris was judged in 1940.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE, by Ian Fleming (New American Library). This book, the publishers tell us, is the next-to-last of the late Mr. Fleming's reports on that bloodthirsty keeper of world peace, James Bond. It is, unhappily, a tedious and silly one. The scene is Japan, the international menace whose eradication Commander Bond undertakes is a mad botanist named Dr. Guntram Shatterhand, and there is a lovely and compliant girl named Kissy Suzuki—but all this accounts only for the book's silliness. The tedium—a far more serious flaw—stems from Mr. Fleming's reluctance to get down to business until we have had a tour of Japan and Japanese culture: " 'Bondo-san, I wonder if I will ever get you to appreciate the nuances of the Japanese *tanka*, or of the *haiku*, which are the classical forms of Japanese verse. Have you ever heard of Basshō, for instance?' "

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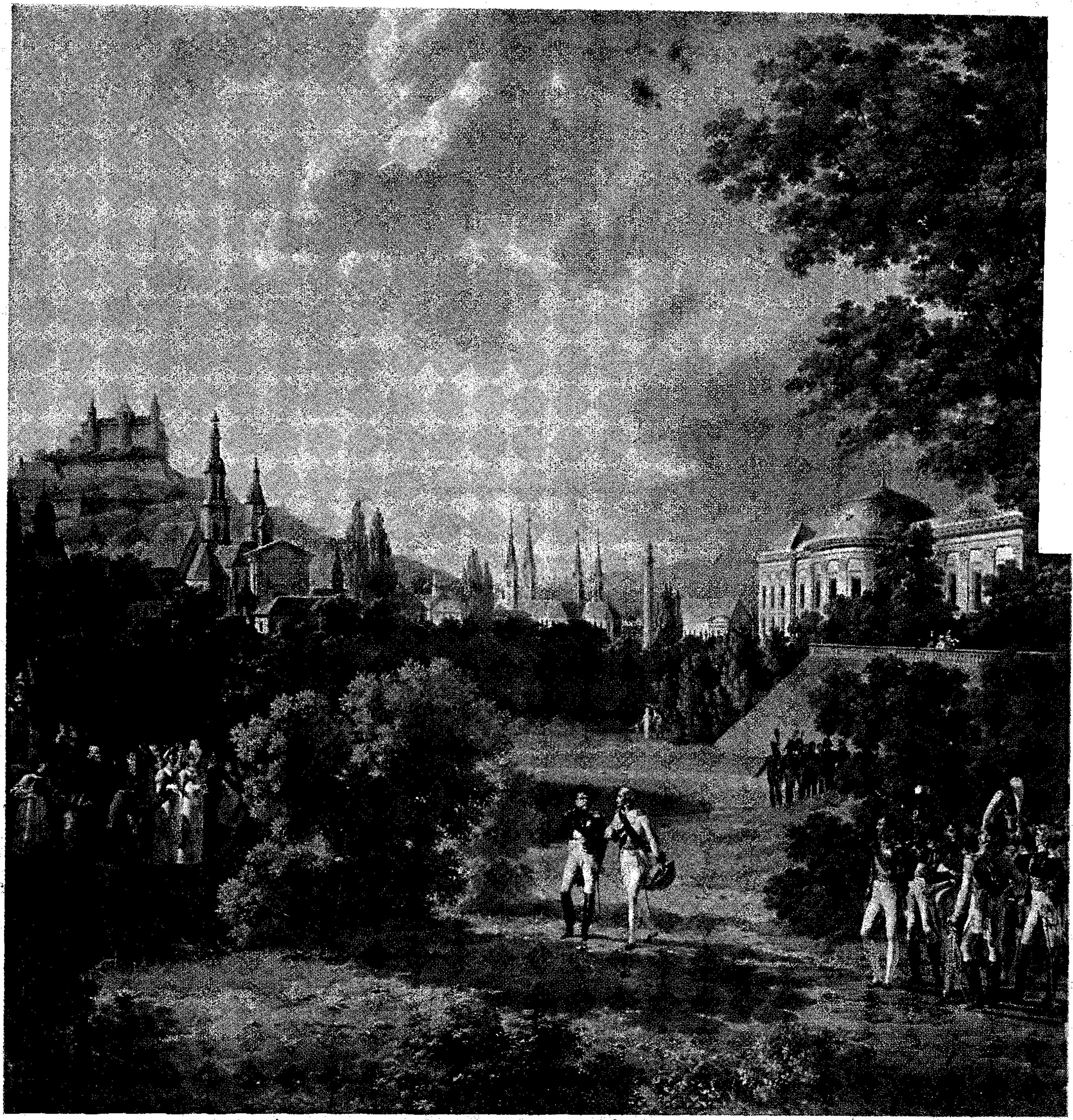

Entrevue de Napoléon et du Grand-duc Ferdinand à Wurtzbourg. Détail de la peinture par Hippolyte Lecomte. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon confers with his host at Würzburg, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose niece, Marie-Louise, was destined to become the second Empress of the French in 1810. A few days after this interview, Napoleon attacked Prussia and was completely victorious at Jena and Auerstädt on October 14, 1806.

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